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TALES OF THE BORDERS

AND OF SCOTLAND.

VOLUME I.

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WILSON'S HISTORICAL, TRADITIONARY, AND IMAGINATIVE

TALES OF THE BORDERS.

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THE

ADVENTURES OF LAUNCELOT ERRINGTON AND HIS NEPHEW MARK.

A TALE OF LINDISFERNE.

Every person in Islandshire has heard of the adventures of bold Launcelot Errington and his nephew Mark. They were both seamen. Launcelot was skipper and owner of a small coasting brig, and his nephew was his mate. They were related to the Erringtons of Beaufront, an ancient Northumbrian family remarkable for its devotion to the House of Stuart. It was in the October of 1715 that Launcelot ran his brig into Holy Island roads, and cast anchor about midway between the castle and the abbey. Every person on the island knew Launcelot, for he often paid it a visit, and especially on returning from a trip across the "herring pond," on which occasions he never failed to lighten the hearts of the fishermen by dealing out to them a cargo of "the real genuine moonlight," or in less classic phrase, Brandy and Geneva. But in the particular instance referred to, his vessel was light, and apparently had only ballast on board to keep her in sailing trim. The islanders were therefore disappointed, and they wondered what had brought him into their harbour then, there being no wind or appearance of weather that need cause him to seek shelter; and he being a bold, active fellow, and owner of his own vessel withal, it was impossible that he could have put in (as the manner of some is) merely to skulk for a day or two. But the object of Launcelot's putting into the island will appear.

"Boy!" cried he to an urchin who resembled a water-imp, and who was mopping the deck near the top of the cabin stairs, "go to the forecastle and tell my nevy Mark that I want him, and don't you be after coming back mopping there unless I send for you. You hear that?"

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the boy.

In less than a minute, Mark Errington, a tall, powerful, and fine-looking young seaman, entered the cabin.

"Sit down, Mark, my lad," said his uncle; and Mark sat down. "I say, nevy," added Launcelot, "I'll bet you're wondering what has caused me to run the brig in here, when you expected I was to go right across to Hamburgh."

"Why, I do think it a little strange, uncle," said the nephew; "but you know it is your business and not mine. The ship is your own, and you can do as you like I suppose."

"Well said, Mark, my boy," replied Launcelot, "you speak like a fellow that has some sense about; and I tell you what, if you go on as you have done, the brig shall be yours one o' these days."

"Don't talk of that, uncle," said the youth, "I am very well as I am, and wouldn't think myself better by you hurting yourself."

"Hurting myself!" repeated Launcelot, "d'ye think I couldn't live as well as I do now, though the brig were at Davy Jones to-morrow? Don't you suppose but that I can leave her to you when I like, and something worth more than her when I die too? I have no family of my own, and you are my brother's son, Mark—and I say, my lad, that while you are his son, you are my heir. So make yourself useful, my hearty,—draw a cork, and let us have a peep at the old island through 'moonlight.' And Mark drew the cork of a bottle of brandy which stood upon the table.

Launcelot filled the glasses, and added, "I say, Mark, let us drink—*the King!*"

"With all my heart, sir," said the other; "only before I do so, I should like to know what king you mean, uncle. Is it he that came here from Hanover last year when the queen died, or he that is across the water and that should be king?"

"Smash it! Mark," said the skipper, "I did'nt think thou was the lad that would hae needed to hae asked such a question. Why, isn't your name Errington? Aren't you my brother's son? And you pretend to ask me what king I mean? Why then I mean our king—king James! and here's luck to him in a bumper."

"So be it," responded Mark, and after drinking his glass, he added, "but, uncle, the Hanoverians, the Commons and the Lords, and the army too? the people almost to a man on the side of the elector of Hanover, and I should like to know if you think there is any likelihood of the king returning to this country,—if there would be any chance for him if he should return, or if his cause is really kept alive?"

"Why, Mark, man," returned Launcelot, "is that all thou knows about it? Listen, lad, and I will tell thee something if thou art a true Errington. You know that I was ashore when we were at Shields last week, for four or five days?"

"I must know that," replied the nephew, "for you left the brig under my charge; but I didn't know where you were or what you were doing, and as I say, it was no business of mine to ask."

"Right again, my lad," continued Launcelot, "then shalt have the ship, for thou dost deserve her. But I will tell thee what I was doing on shore. I was on the king's service—I was seeing what I could do for him. Ye ask me if the cause be kept alive! Why, man, does the wind blow when ye take in a reef?

You know Mr. Foster, the member for the county, don't you?"

"I do—perfectly well," replied Mark.

"Then if you do," added Launcelot, "you know a chip of the right block. He is a Trojan, every inch of him—a king's man to the back-bone. The king will never stand in need of a friend while such a man as Foster is alive. But as I was telling you of being ashore last week, I went across the country as far as Corbridge, and at the house of our relation, Thomas Errington of Beaufront, I met Mr. Foster, no longer member for Northumberland in the elector's parliament, but General of his Majesty's forces south of the Tweed."

"I can't say I understand you well," interrupted Mark, "what forces do you mean?"

"Why, hark ye, lad," said Launcelot, "the spirit that used to stir up our fathers in the days of old is alive again in Northumberland, and our friends have mounted the saddle and drawn the sword for the king. At Beaufront I did not only meet General Foster, (for such, as I told you, he now is,) but I also met that excellent young nobleman, the Earl of Derwentwater, his brother Charles Ratcliffe, and Captain Shafton, with Mr. Swinburn of Capheaton, all the Charletons of Reedsmouth, Philip Hodgson of Sandow, the Sandersons of Holy, Shafton of Bavington, and his son Jobiya of Beswell, with twenty others, and all their followers, mounted, armed and ready for the field! The sight warmed my heart, Mark. It made me feel twenty years younger than I am. Our relation is one of the chief commanders under General Foster; and when I saw so many noble fellows round me, all ready to lay down their lives in the good and true cause, my blood took fire, and I went forward to the General, and snatching out my hand—'I beg your pardon, Mr. Foster,' said I, 'but you were good enough to say that I was of some service to you, by my vote and otherwise at the last election, and I should only like to know if I cannot be useful now; my heart is as warm as any man's in the cause, and my arm is none of the [illegible]' 'Ah! my old friend Launcelot,' said he, 'I [illegible] glad to find you here. We just want such [illegible] you—you can be of much service to us.' [illegible] I don't know your honour,' said I, 'that I am very like a spirit; I should rather think that I am a piece of as good and as heavy flesh and blood as the most of folk. But, however, only tell me how I can be of service to the cause, and by St. George! General, the thing is done!' And so, Mark"——

"Well, what then?" asked the nephew.

"What then?" continued Launcelot, "why, he told me how I could be of service to him, to be sure. But come, lad, I think we wouldn't be the worse of another drop of the 'moonlight,' just to brighten both eyes; so pour out another, and let us drink—'Luck to the Earl of Mar and the right cause.'"

"With all my heart," said Mark; and they drank success to the Earl of Mar.

"I say, navy," resumed Launcelot after a pause, "what do you think of the Castle on the island here—do you think you and I could take it?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mark, "that is a good joke!—the first shot from their batteries would send the little bug out of the water; and I suppose the garrison won't consist of less than twenty men!"

"And what of all that," replied Launcelot gravely; "I ask you if you think we could take it? Why, lad, I find thy intellects need to be rubbed up—take another glass. Although I don't give a snap of my fingers for the score of fugles who keep the castle, you don't take me to be such a flat-fish as to think of forcing it from them by assault? No, man, I shall undermine them."

"Ha! ha! ha!—worse and worse!" said Mark; "undermine them, uncle! why, the castle is built upon a rock which you and I might pick at for seven years, (if they would let us,) before we were able to blow them up."

"Well, Mark," said the uncle, "I find it is of no use talking to you. You are a fearless fellow, but you are as thick about the upper-works as a millstone. If you saw a way by which the castle might be taken, and the flag of the Stuarts hoisted on it instead of the Hanoverian rag, would you help me to do it? I say would you help me, Mark? If you wouldn't, you don't deserve——thou art no Errington."

"Would I help thee?" replied the other, "why, to be sure I would, and die by your side, too, if it were necessary."

"Give me thy hand, my lad," said Launcelot, "that is just what I want—and to-morrow, when you hear me say '*St. George!*' do as you see me do. In the meantime send one of the men ashore, and tell him to go across the Low to Goswick for a couple of salmon, or if he can't get them there, let him go to Berwick for them. You will find, my boy, that a salmon-fin may undermine a garrison as effectually as gunpowder."

"Ho! ho!" added Mark, "I begin to see something now."

"Never mind what you see," replied his uncle, "send a man ashore."

On the following day Launcelot went upon the island, and strolling carelessly along towards the castle, with his pipe in his teeth, he met the sergeant who had the command of the garrison. "Well, sergeant," said the skipper, "what news have you this morning?"

"Why, ha'nt you heard them, master?" replied the other; "I hear as how the whole Mainland is in arms, and some say the Pretender has arrived in Scotland."

"Ay, ay," returned Launcelot, laughing, "that story may do to frighten old women, but it won't go down with men. I say, friend, the people on shore are not quite such fools as that would prove them to be; neither do I believe that the Pretender is so much of an ass as to venture his head in this country again."

"Well, well, you may laugh, master," rejoined the sergeant, "but I know it is no laughing matter. Our commanding officer mentions it in the instructions which he sent me from Berwick this morning."

"Why, are the people mad?" said Launcelot; "do they intend to plunge the country in civil war for the sake of any man! Hang the whole race of fools, say I;" and, as he spoke, he dashed his pipe upon the ground and broke it to pieces.

"Well done, master," added the sergeant, "I am glad to find your principles are of the right sort; so come along to my room in the Castle, and we will drink

the health of his Majesty King George, and confusion to his enemies, in a tankard of nut-brown ale."

"Whew! whew!" whistled the skipper; "no, my hearty, when I drink his health it is in brandy—brandy redder than the rising sun—none of your dregs for me. But as I believe you to be an honest fellow, come aboard of my brig now lying alongside here—bring all your men with you that aren't upon duty; there is room enough in the cabin for all, and you shall have a drop of the real blood-warmer, pure as imported, and I'm blowed but you've too honest a face not to wink at how it was imported. By the way, I have also got two beautiful salmon on board, and we shall demolish them amongst us as a relish to the brandy. So tip your men the boatswain's whistle, and I'll call a boat ashore."

The rarity of brandy and salmon was too much for the sergeant's stomach, and though he at first said there was no necessity for taking his men with him—"O, the more the merrier, that is always my way," said Launcelot, and within ten minutes the sergeant and every soldier belonging to the garrison, with the exception of a corporal, two privates, and an old gunner, were on board the little brig.

Launcelot did the honours of the table, and his nephew Mark acted as croupier. The salmon quickly disappeared, and the brandy went merrily round. The skipper, to use his own phrase, was a "seasoned cask," and after pouring the contents of a bottle down his throat, he could draw another cork, and say he would "wet both eyes." Mark was more abstemious, though, being used to the liquor, it required no small quantity to produce a visible effect upon him. But it was too potent for the soldiers. Launcelot plied them with the "dry stuff, neat as imported." The brig, too, began to heave a little, for an easterly breeze had sprung up, and she began to toss up and down, bow and stern, and caused divers of the soldiers to shake on and from their seats. But the skipper cried—"Never mind, my hearties!—up again!—there is nothing like a drop of the real stuff for sea-sickness."

The sergeant had just finished his ninth glass, and returned it to the table with the flourish of a hero, hiccuping, and stretching out his arm to the skipper to shake hands with him, when the brig giving a sudden plunge, down went the man of war with his face upon the cabin floor, and three of his companions fell upon him. They strove to rise, but it was vain. They had become drunk, dead-drunk as in a moment, and they groaned in sickness—deadly sickness. Their companions laughed at their disaster, and commenced in full chorus to sing a bacchanalian song—Launcelot joined in the chorus, and cried—"Fill again, my boys!—fill again!—never mind the sergeant, he'll soon come round, no fear of him."

Another glass, and the vociferating of the song produced the desired effect. Every soldier's head reeled—they began to see double.

"St. George!" exclaimed Launcelot, "but I must on shore, I have something to do." And as he ascended the cabin stairs, Mark rose and followed him.

"Hollo, master!—where are you going, eh?" cried the soldiers, "you're not agoing to leave us in this way?"

"No, no, my brave fellows," cried the skipper; "draw another cork, make yourselves at home—I'll be with you presently."

"Ay, ay," rejoined they, "we'll do that, and quickly too—good luck to ye, master."

"Now, Mark, my lad," said the skipper, "just keep by me, and you shall see a bit of sport;" and going to the head of the [illegible], he called to him a seaman and said—"Bob, take a handspike and go aft to the companion, and the first of those lobsters in the cabin that offers to crawl upon deck, give him a tip over the bonnet with it, and send him heels up down again."

"Very well, sir," said the seaman unconcernedly, stooping and lifting a handspike as he spoke, "I'll do that."

"Shall we ashore, boy," said Launcelot to the urchin of whom we have already spoken, as resembling a water-imp; and leaping into the boat, while his nephew followed him, "Now, Mark, my lad," continued he, "now for a touch at glory!" They were landed within a hundred yards of the castle, and immediately proceeded towards it. The sentinel at the gate knowing them as the boon companions of his fellow-soldiers, suffered them to approach him.

"Well, my fine fellow," said Launcelot, addressing him, "I must say it is too bad to keep you fixed up here like a pillar, or lark in a cage, while your comrades are all as merry as old Bacchus on board of my little brig. But I didn't forget you, and have brought a drop of the creature to comfort your heart."

The sentinel was about to thank him, when Launcelot, instead of producing the bottle, suddenly grasped him by the throat, dashed him on the ground, and wrestled his musket from his hands, crying as he did so—"Now, Mark, into the Castle and down with the corporal!"

The soldier was as a child in the iron-grasp of Launcelot Errington, who, pulling a quantity of rope-yarn from his breast, tied his prisoner hand and foot, and left him on the ground. His nephew in the meantime had hurried into the Castle, where, meeting the corporal, he as easily overcame him as his uncle had disarmed the sentinel. There remained but another soldier and the old gunner to conquer. Raising the arms of his bound and foot-bound prisoner, Launcelot hastened to the eastern side of the Castle where the other soldier stood guard, and approaching unobserved within a few yards of him, and presenting the musket, cried—"Yield!—down with your arms!"

The soldier refused to comply with his command, and was levelling his musket towards the bandit, when Launcelot, to use his own phrase, "sent a bit of lead through the shoulder of his left wing," and the soldier and his musket fell on the battlement together.

Mark, in the meantime, having secured the corporal, seized the old gunner (who had ventured out of the armoury on hearing the cries of the corporal for assistance) by the breast, and held him until he should receive the commands of his uncle concerning him.

"Tie the old chap's wrists, but not his feet, Mark," cried Launcelot, on beholding his nephew with his foot on the body of the corporal, and his hand on the breast of the gunner; "only tie his hands to prevent his doing mischief; I have a use for his feet."

Mark pinioned the veteran accordingly; and Launcelot, dragging the two soldiers and the corporal into separate apartments, locked them up; and returning again to his nephew and the gunner, he clenched his fist in the face of the latter and said—"Now, my old man, without a word of a murmur, you show me where to find the keys of the gates;" and the gunner did so.

Launcelot took the keys, and he and his nephew, shutting the gates, locked themselves within the walls of the Castle, constituting themselves its governors and garrison. Again addressing the gunner, the skipper added—"Now, old one, I have just another piece of service for you to perform, and then I shall lock you up as I have done your comrades. Lead us to where we shall get the keys of the magazine and the arsenal, and then conduct us to them."

But the old man having perceived a body of fishermen proceeding across the field that lay between the Castle and the town, and judging that the alarm would soon be given to the sergeant and his men, he took courage, and ventured to grumble between his teeth—"No, confound me if I do!"

"O, thou won't show me to them, old lad," said Launcelot, "you won't, eh?—Well, take hold of his feet, Mark,—I have a short way of dealing with all stubborn rebels."

Mark seized the old gunner by the feet, while his uncle pulled back his shoulders, and lifting him from the ground, they carried him to the highest point of the battlements, and immediately over the perpendicular cliff that rose from the beach.

"Once!—twice!—thrice!" cried Launcelot, while he and his nephew swung the gunner in the air, suspending him over the piled battlement and cliff.—Launcelot paused, and, addressing his victim sternly, said, "Do you consent to show us all now? Refuse again, and I will hurl you headlong over the precipice, to be a morning meal to the sea-birds from the Fern Isles!" The veteran was no coward; but his heart failed as he felt himself tossed in the air, with death yawning beneath him.

"I will show you—show you every thing," he groaned.

He took them to where the arms and the powder were kept, and Launcelot and his nephew, having loaded the few cannon upon the ramparts, loaded also every musket that they could find in the Castle, and placed them on the turrets, ready for defence.

Above a hundred inhabitants of the island, men, women and children, now stood before the gate of the Castle, marvelling at the doings of bold skipper Errington and his nephew Mark. But he kept them not long in suspense as to his intentions. for pulling down the union flag of the united kingdom from the pole upon the ramparts, he hoisted in its stead the symbol of the house of Stuart, and taking off his hat, waved it towards the people, and cried at the utmost pitch of his stentorian voice—"I hereby proclaim our only lawful sovereign, James the Third of England and Ninth of Scotland, King of these realms, and let all good men and true come now and enrol themselves under his standard! God save the King! say I, and let every traitor be choked that won't say the same."

Then Launcelot and his nephew fired two pieces of cannon, and gave three cheers for King James, but the spectators responded not to their shout.

Some said, "Why, the old skipper and his mate are drunk, and it is only a frolic, but they are carrying the joke too far." Others said they were mad.

But Mark said to him, "Well, uncle, we have got the Castle into our own keeping, and what are we to do with it now that we have got it. We shall have a whole regiment of soldiers against us from Berwick to-morrow, I have no doubt, and you and I can't defend it."

"Look ye, Mark," said Launcelot, "don't be showing the white feather, or I will swear again you are no Errington, no brother's son of mine or a drop's blood to me, and the brig may sink where she lies at anchor for all that I care. But now I say, Mark—I am saying, don't you be thinking, but that I know what I have been about all this time. Why, man, the two guns that I fired just now were a signal to three French privateers that I have no doubt are lying snugly enough behind the Ferns, out of sight but within hearing. We shall have them here to-night; and if you keep your eye across the Low, upon Beal Bushes, in the morning you will see a troop of General Foster's men coming to our assistance. Then, my lad, I shall be governor of the Castle, and you shall be my lieutenant, and owner of the brig into the bargain."

"Well," said Mark, "it doesn't matter much. I can't say I have any fancy to be mewed up in a standstill, stone and lime castle, with always the same thing before your eyes; but I take it that I can stand fire as well as any man, and will stand it too as you shall see, if it comes to that. Only, as we had put in here, I had made up my mind for a different sort of amusement to-night."

"And what sort of amusement might that be?—to go a-sweethearting, eh?"

"Why, I dare say it was there and thereabouts. I intended to have gone along as far as Bamborough, to have seen an old acquaintance."

"Ho! ho! Sally Beadnell," interrupted the uncle; "you must defer that to another day, Mark. At present, my lad, as the saying goes, you have other fish to fry."

"I see that," said Mark, "and I suppose if we have thrust our heads into a trap, we must defend them as we best can. However, happen what may, I'll stand by you while I have a foot to stand upon."

"Give me your hand again, nevy," cried Launcelot, "you're a famous fellow!—Mark, I'm proud of you!"

Now, in the course of the night the sergeant awoke from the sleep in which his drunkenness had sealed up his senses, and gathering himself up upon the cabin floor, wondering where he was, and positive that north had become south, and south north, while the motion of the vessel rendered his "confusion worse confounded," he stumbled now over one of his companions in dissipation, and again over another, until shouting at the utmost pitch of his voice—"Hollo! where am I? I am Sergeant Chadwell, commander-in-chief of Holy Island Castle! Hollo! where am I?" and his shouting aroused them from their death-like slumbers. Rising on their hands and knees, sick and shivering, one by one they began to be conscious of their situa-

tion, and one of them ventured to ascend the cabin stairs. But no sooner had he raised his head upon a level with the deck, when the seaman, faithful to the injunctions of his commander, made the handspike to descend upon it with sufficient force to cause the soldier to go reeling backwards and downwards amongst his comrades. Another attempted to lead the way, and met with the same fate. "Fire and thunder!" shouted the valorous sergeant, "what is the meaning of this. We are in France, or the Highlands, and in the hands of the Pretender and his cannibal Scotchmen, I'll be sworn for it."

He drew his sword, and flourished it at the foot of the cabin stairs, and terror causing his followers to forget their shivering, thirst, and sickness, they unsheathed their bayonets, and threatened, loud and deeply, destruction to all who should oppose them. The wild and desperate noise attracted the attention of the crews of several boats that had been out at the herring-fishing; and they pulling alongside the brig, in a few minutes the sergeant and his company were released from their captivity, and, on being brought ashore to the island, made conscious of all that had taken place during their nap in the lap of oblivion.

The men looked stupid and silly, and now the sergeant raved that, like a Roman, he would turn his sword upon his own breast, for he could not live deprived of his honour; and again he threatened to storm the castle sword in hand; which threat, while the fumes of the brandy still reeked in his brain, he in some measure carried into effect. For, marshalling out his fifteen rank and file in front of the abbey, he with his sword in his hand, and they with their bayonets, he marched them in front of the Castle-gate, over which they found Mark Errington standing sentinel, with a firelock over his shoulder. The sergeant commanded him to surrender. Mark was prone to laugh, and he now laughed aloud and inquired—"who brought them ashore?" In vain the sergeant demanded that he should come down and open the gates, and in vain he brandished his sword and his company their bayonets, for Mark laughed the more. Finding their threats and the flourishing of their weapons of no effect, they began to gather stones, and hurled at his head a volley of missiles. Mark crouched for a moment behind the battlement, and springing up as the shower of stones had fallen beyond him, levelled his firelock, and touching the trigger, carried away a portion of the right cheek and ear of the sergeant commanding in chief. He raised his hand to his head, and as he shouted—"I'm shot!—I'm dead!"—his followers turned upon their heels, and "fled for safety and for succour;" and, as he shouted and they ran, again Mark's loud laugh was heard half over the island. Throughout the night Launcelot made such signals as had been agreed on, but the day dawned and neither the French privateers, nor the troop that General Foster was to send, arrived to his assistance.

The firing of the two pieces of cannon on the previous day had attracted the attention of the inhabitants of Berwick, and the commander of the garrison, proceeding with glass in hand to the Look-out upon the ramparts, to his consternation beheld the standard of the house of Stuart waving in the wind from Holy Island Castle. The garrison in that fortress was but a part of, or a dependency on his, and he as well as the sergeant felt his honour implicated in the transaction. In a few minutes the news spread from street to street that the rebels were in possession of Holy Island, and great was the excitement that prevailed. Early therefore in the morning three companies of infantry, preceded by as many pieces of artillery, proceeded along the bridge and over Tweedmouth Moor, until, arriving at Beal Bushes, they directed their march upon the Island.

Mark, being told by his uncle to keep his eyes in the morning fixed upon Beal Bushes, was the first to perceive them, and calling to his uncle he said—"Well, yonder is a goodly company of red-coats coming towards the island, but I don't think, uncle, they are the gentlemen that Mr. Foster was to send to our assistance." Mark spoke this in a tone of what may be called subdued irony.

"No, splice me if they are, nephew!" answered Launcelot, "I'd bet a stiver they are the elector's lobsters from Berwick. But never mind, my boy, I am governor here in the name of the king, and they shan't compel me to give up the keys while there is a shot left in the lockers of the Castle."

As the tide began to ebb, what, a short time before, had been a sea of two or three miles in width, separating the island from the main-land, became a dry sand, with only the streamlet Lindis winding through it, and leaving a foot-way communication from Beal to the island.

The soldiers now began their march across the Low, and about noon drew up in hostile array before the Castle. The first act of their commanding officer, on learning the actual situation of affairs, was to cause the sergeant and his outwitted company to be placed under arrest. He then, with his brother-officers and about fifty men, marched forward to the foot of the rock on which the small but formidable Castle stands, and summoned its occupants to surrender at discretion.

"You, sir, may surrender if you please," answered bold Launcelot, "but I can tell thee, thou wilt find no such word in any dictionary in Holy Island Castle—therefore I don't know what you mean. Do thou thy best, and I'll do mine! Make ready, Mark, my lad," he added, "we may hold out until the General or some of them come to our assistance, and when they hear the sound of our being at warm work it will hasten them."

The three pieces of artillery were pointed against the gate of the Castle, and the soldiers poured a shower of musketry wherever the heads of Launcelot or his nephew were for a moment visible. The two kinsmen, however, maintained a long, a desperate, and an active resistance. Some lay dead around the foot of the rock, and many were borne wounded to the town. The fishermen who stood at a distance, spectators of the siege, while they professed to be enemies of the Pope and the Pretender, (whom some of them considered one and the same person, or at least father and son,) wished success to bold Launcelot and his nephew, and loudly expressed their admiration of their coolness and courage, and the noble stand which they made. But

the gate of the Castle was at length forced, and the soldiers rushed in.

"Well, Mark, my boy," said Launcelot, "since it is to be, I suppose it must be—brave men have had to use their heels as well as their hands before to-day. Follow me."

Escaping through a small window in the Castle, they clung to the edge of the almost precipitous rocks, and after a most perilous descent succeeded in reaching the beach. They attempted to conceal themselves among the sea-weed, but, being discovered, were compelled to continue their flight towards the main-land. The sea had again set in, and communication with the opposite coast was cut off. And when Launcelot saw this, he cried—"The sea is in, but never mind, Mark, it is so much the better, we won't drown; we can swim for it, and they daren't follow us."

They had reached within a hundred yards of the point where they proposed to plunge into the sea and swim for the main-land, when a shot from one of a party of soldiers who closely pursued them, pierced Launcelot through the thigh, shattering the bone, and he fell unable to rise again upon the sand. "Run, Mark! run, my lad!" he cried, "never mind me." But Mark turned, and raising his uncle upon his shoulders, ran with him to the sea and plunged in. He however had not reached beyond his own depth, when a dozen soldiers, rushing into the water after him, surrounded, and pointing their muskets at his head, brought him with his burden to the shore. "Keep a good heart, Mark," said the wounded uncle on finding that they were prisoners, "you know the saying, 'they who are born to be drowned will never be hanged,' and I should like to know who were born to be drowned if you and I were not. Fear nothing, Mark—I say fear nothing. When the King arrives, if he be a man at all, he won't be forgetting Mark and Launce Errington and this day's work. I say, you scrubs," added he, addressing the soldiers, "if you will have me for a prisoner you must carry me, for I can't set a timber to the ground." And he muttered something about the cowardliness of shooting a man behind his back.

The uncle and nephew were fettered and conveyed in a cart to Berwick gaol, where, notwithstanding his confinement, Launcelot's wound healed rapidly, and his limb acquired strength. Their trial was to come on at the coming sessions, and as death at least was their certain doom, their fate created a wonderous sensation in the town. Burgess and stallenger spoke of nothing else; and some even did not think the town safe with two such terrible rebels imprisoned in it. However, I am persuaded that they had friends in Berwick, though their names are not recorded. Be this as it may, the skipper and his nephew looked forward to their fate not only with perfect indifference, but they sang from morning until night, "no lark so blithe as they." They astonished the gaoler, and being catholics they would have nothing to say to the chaplain.

Berwick prison-house stood then as it does now, (though the present is not the same building,) a huge tenement in the midst of the street called Marygate; and then, as now, debtors and felons often met together within it. Now, one day the prisoners had suspended by a cord, from their iron-grated windows, a tin can, on which was pasted a piece of paper, and on the paper was written this simple petition—"Remember the poor Prisoners." Benevolent people, in passing along the street, occasionally dropped a coin into the tin can. But one day some waggish boy, or secret friend of the Stuart family, slipped into it a mason's chisel! Some of the prisoners, on drawing up the can and perceiving the chisel, proposed to throw it over the window again, but Launcelot, who had never been a partaker of the alms which they received, seized it, and concealing it in his bosom, exclaimed—"You take the pence, I take the chisel." Mark smiled significantly as the latter placed the iron instrument in his breast.

Great was the consternation of the gaoler about a fortnight after this, when, on visiting his wards in the morning according to custom, he found one after another deserted, and on entering that in which Launcelot and his nephew had been confined, the rays of the morning sun and the morning breeze met his face together. The man of keys, bolts and bars, stood petrified, horror-stricken! A flag-stone from the pavement of the floor was removed, and there yawned an aperture sufficient to admit the body of a man, and from which, as hath been stated, issued the morning light and the morning air. There was an old oven in the cell, the door of which stood open, and the oven was filled with stones and earth! Of all who had been under his charge, the gaoler found but one or two peaceable debtors left. He hastened to the street, and gave the alarm to the magistrates and the garrison, and, within half an hour, constables and soldiers were sent in every direction in pursuit of the fugitives. But leave them to pursue their different courses, we shall follow the fortunes of Launcelot and his nephew Mark.

Launcelot made no bad use of his chisel. Having raised a flag-stone in the floor of his cell, he began to dig the earth under it, towards the street, carefully concealing the earth so dug in the oven already mentioned; and with equal care replacing the flag-stone before the stated periods of the gaoler's visits. The other prisoners, however, being aware of the fact of his being in possession of the chisel, it became necessary that they should be privy to his scheme, and partake in its consequences. When, therefore, in the dead of night he effected an opening to the street, they escaped with him.

Launcelot and his nephew, on finding themselves once more at liberty, ran down Hide Hill, and through what is now called the Shore Gate to the river, where they found lying an oared boat belonging to the Custom-House. (The bridge being guarded, and secured by treble gates, for there was the English gate where the soldiers stood, and two strong gates called the Blue gates, between that and the centre arch, escape by it was impossible.) They had not pulled off a dozen yards from the shore, when two thieves who had escaped with them, arrived at the side of the river, and begged to be taken across. Launcelot growled and pulled on; but Mark, who was fond of a jest, answered—"No, I thank you. *You don't pull in our boat!* It is every man for himself to-night, and we don't exactly wish the company of thieves yet."

The sentinels at the bridge heard the sound of the voices, and the dipping of the oars in the water, but through the darkness of the night they could perceive nothing, and imagined that the sounds proceeded from some vessel about to sail with the morning tide. Launcelot and Mark pulled ashore at what is called the Carr Rock, and proceeding to Spittal, they called at the house of a fisherman, with whom the former in his capacity of smuggler had had frequent dealings. The fisherman was one who cared nothing either about Kings or Pretenders, but he gave his old friends Launcelot and Mark a hearty welcome, and as it was known a vigilant search would be made after them, he concealed them in his stow-hole, which he said "all the men alive would never find out."

I should have told you, however, that Mark, on leaping out of the boat, pushed it adrift, so that no trace of where they had landed might be discovered, and within a quarter of an hour from their leaving it, it was carried out to sea.

After the gaoler had spread the alarm, so diligent was the search that had been made, that within six hours every prisoner who had escaped, save Mark and his nephew, were captured and brought back to gaol. But they were the principal objects of search. The commander of the garrison offered a reward for their being secured, and a price was set upon their heads, while they remained secure in the stow-hole of the Spittal fisherman, and from night to night he brought them tidings of all that had passed. One night he entered, after they had been concealed about ten days, and the dim lamp revealed that his countenance was beyond expression rueful.

"Ah! Master Errington," said he, shaking his head, "I doubt you and your nevy can't bide here in safety ony langer. I was owre in the town the day, and I see prented bills about the street, and government offering a reward o' five hundred pounds to ony body that will discover or apprehend outher the one or the other o' ye. An' ye knaw Jem Phillips,—him that ye refused to trust the brandy to last year,—I knaw he has ye ever since; I saw him reading the prented bill the day, and I hae my awn reasons for thinking that Jem knaws where ye are. Therefore as a friend I would advise ye baith to shift your quarters this very night." They deemed it prudent to take his advice, and within half an hour left their place of concealment, but not until from the wardrobe of his wife he had arrayed them as fish-women—and with their own jackets over the gowns, their heads ornamented with red and yellow handkerchiefs tied beneath their chins, and descending in a loose point down their necks, and each with a creel upon his shoulders, they bid farewell to their friend, and wandered forth upon the moor.

"Now Mark, lad," said Launcelot, "what road dost thou think we should steer? I have a thought that General Foster will either be about Wooler or Kelso, and I think our best way will be to strike west and try to find him. What dost thou say?" "Why, uncle, I say that we might seek him until we were found ourselves, and that I suppose is what neither you nor I wish. No, if there is any one that will prove a friend to us now, and not betray us, it is Sally Beadnell, and I could trust her father too."

Launcelot continued walking across the moor for a few minutes in silence, and at length replied—"Well, I believe you are right, Mark—Bamborough be it. Only you know daylight will be in, and every person astir before we could reach Belford. Now I propose that we strike across to Kyloe hills, and conceal ourselves all the day among the rocks, and we shall bear down on Sally Beadnell's at midnight."

"Agreed," replied Mark; and as they passed over the grounds of Scremerston, Launcelot said—"We should be able to get some tidings of the General's movements here, if we knew where to make the inquiry, for we are now on the property of the brave young Derwentwater."

"Very likely," added Mark, "but we don't know friend from foe, or who to inquire at, and I prefer pushing on to Sally Beadnell's."

So they continued their flight through Cheswick, Haggerston, and Lowlin; and, before day dawned, both sat down in a desolate place, behind a grey rock, on the Kyloe hills. When the sun arose, Launcelot raised his head over the bare rock, and from his situation he had a full view of Lindisferne and its bay; and after gazing for a few minutes, he said with a sort of sigh—"I say, Mark, look! the rascals have our brig away from the island; there isn't a square-rigged vessel in the roads—nothing but a Scotch sloop from Grangemouth or thereabouts, I know by her build." Mark looked over the rock, and half pathetically, half indignantly, exclaimed—"Jingo! so they have! The fellows could not sail without your orders—who can have taken her?" "O! the Elector's sharks!" said Launcelot, "but never mind, nevy, let her go, and sink with them too. If we get out of this scrape, I can still leave you something handsome that they can't touch." "Don't talk about that, uncle," said Mark, "but they shan't keep the brig when I learn who has her." Launcelot gave his nephew a slap upon the shoulder, and cried, "Well said, boy!—I like you better and better, Mark."

The day passed on, and they had seen people at a distance, but none observed them. A little before midnight they left their retreat among the hills, and began to descend towards Bamborough. Now, the father of Sally Beadnell was a farmer, and his house lay about a mile distant from Bamborough Castle, and it was drawing towards three o'clock in a winter morning, when a gentle tapping was heard at the window of the room in which Sally slept.

"Who's there?" she inquired in a low and timid voice.

"It is me, Sally—Mark!" was the answer.

"Mark!" she responded in a low faint tone of astonishment, and approaching the window, anxiously whispered—"Don't speak, darling!—don't stir!—lest you be heard! I will come to you in a minute! But O! why have you ventured here?"

"There is to be danger here, too," murmured Launcelot.

Mark shook his head, and in the same manner answered, "I doubt it."

In a few minutes the door was gently turned upon its hinges, and a female issued from the house. Even the dim starlight of the morning revealed that she was

young and beautiful. She started, when, instead of meeting her fugitive lover, she beheld two tall, uncouth-looking fish-women, with creels upon their backs, before her.

"Don't be afraid, Sally dear," whispered Mark, approaching her, "it is me. You must save my life, love!"

She threw herself in his arms and said, "O Mark! —dear Mark!—why have you ventured here? How can I save you? You are surrounded by the government soldiers. We are suspected of harbouring you as it is, and two of them are billeted, I think they call it, in the house. O! where can you go?—where can I hide you? I have heard even our servants saying amongst themselves, that they wished they could get the five hundred pounds that are set upon your head!"

Mark was silent; and his uncle added—"This is no harbour for us, lad—we must push our boat off in another direction, though it be through the breakers. There is no help for it now. It is only dying at the worst, and we have met death in the face many a time."

Sally clung around Mark's neck and wept.

"Don't cry, dear," said he; "since it is so, and we can have no shelter here, we must just risk every danger, and try to find our way to Foster's army. Belike you can tell us, love, where it now is?"

"Alas!" replied she, and she wept more bitterly, "he has no army now. I heard the soldiers in the house telling my father how the rebels, as they called them, had all been defeated and made prisoners, and that the gallant Derwentwater was in the Tower, and Squire Foster in a place they call Newgate." The uncle and the nephew exchanged looks with each other —they were looks of grief.

"Let us fight for it, Mark," said Launcelot bitterly, "and if we can't escape from the country we shall die in the attempt. I say, girl, it is not in your power to conceal us, but your father has arms in the house—pistols, powder, bullets—get us them! If you love Mark,—if you would give him a chance for his life,—go bring them!"

Her head fell as if lifeless on her lover's arm.

"Sally! Sally dear!" said he, and he kissed her cheek as he spoke, "look up,—speak to us,—we cannot stay,—get us the pistols; we shall meet hereafter!"

"Hereafter!" repeated the agonized girl; "no, no, you cannot go—you could not escape. They are still in search of you over the whole country." She was silent for a few moments, and again added—"I think, —I think I could conceal you for a few days—perhaps until they have done searching for you in these parts. There is a pea-stack behind the house here; the straw is loose on the top of it, and the wind can't reach it. I think no one would find you there, and I could bring you food every night."

"Bless thee, my own sweet one!" said Mark. "Ay, bless her indeed!" added Launcelot, "she is a good girl."

She conducted them to the pea-stack; and when she had drawn the straw over them, she stole again to the house. Each night she visited them, communicating to them in anxious whisperings all th atshe had heard during the day, and of the search that was still made after them. But although her father was fond of Mark, she feared to communicate to him what she had done, for a traitor's death was denounced against any one who should be found guilty of harbouring or concealing the Errington.

On the third day after their concealment, the two soldiers, who were billeted in the house, came forth, and, leaning against the stack, began to pull the peas from it.

"It is plaguy strange," said the one to the other, "that nothing has been heard about those fellows, the Errington: I thought when we were sent here that we stood a good chance of dividing the reward between us; for I expected, from all that I had heard, to find the young ones skulking about the place."

"And I believe he is near-abouts too," answered the other; "I could swear the girl Sally knows where he is. I observe she watches every step we take."

So saying, they returned to the house, leaving the fugitives, for whose lives they sought, and who had overheard them, with the disagreeable consciousness that the neighbourhood in which they were concealed was more than suspected. Nine days passed on, and they remained undiscovered in their painful hiding-place. But on the tenth night, the thrasher, or barn-man, came into the room where Mr. Beadnell and his family sat, and inquired, "what stack he should begin to thrash next?"

"The pea stack, John," answered Mr. Beadnell.

"No! O no! it must not be thrashed to-morrow!" exclaimed his daughter hurriedly, and her looks yet more plainly bespoke her agitation.

The barn-man was a shrewd man, and he failed not to observe her confusion, and while he kept his eye fixed upon her, he began to ruminate on its cause.

"What do you mean Sally, love," inquired her father; "why may not the stack be thrashed to-morrow?"

"Because——'cause," answered she falteringly, "I wish——John to go to Alnwick for me."

"O, very well," replied her father, "he may go."

"Very well," repeated the barn-man, "at what hour must I be ready, Ma'am?" But there was a withering smile on his face as he spoke. He looked as a man who has found a treasure and wishes to conceal it.

"At six," faltered the trembling girl.

When the barn-man withdrew, Mr. Beadnell desired his other children to go into the kitchen, and said—"I must speak to you, Sally." She placed her hands before her eyes, and sobbed aloud. "Come, dear," said he, soothingly, "I am not angry with you; but you have not acted fairly with me, Sally. You know where Mark Errington is—you have him concealed." "Father! father!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands, "O do not betray my poor Mark!" "Me betray him! silly girl!" said he, "why would you not trust your father?—you knew that I was his friend!—you have betrayed him, Sally!" "O no! no!" she cried, "do not say so! how have I betrayed him?" "Is he not concealed about the pea-stack?" added he. "Yes," replied she, tremblingly, and wept the more, "he and his uncle have been concealed there these nine days." "Nine days!" said her father; "Sally, you are a strange girl. I suspected you knew where they were; but now the old knave of a barn-man knows where they are also, and before morning he will betray them. They must leave this place this very hour, or their blood will be on our head."

The father and his daughter crept slowly to the stack where the fugitives lay. They informed them of their place of retreat being known; and the honest farmer furnishing them with money, provisions, and the garb of countrymen, urged them to fly for their lives, and offered up a brief but earnest prayer for their protection.

The parting of Mark and Sally was abrupt but agonizing; and even his uncle let fall a tear upon her hand, as he took it to bid her farewell.

Within three hours from the time of their departure, and when the family had retired to rest, but neither the father nor his daughter to sleep, the barn-man, with a party of soldiers from the Castle, arrived, and surrounding the stack, they thrust their bayonets into it, and began to level it with the ground. Disappointed in finding their expected prey, they proceeded to search the house, which Mr. Beadnell said they were welcome to do; and taking his treacherous servant by the throat, he dragged him to the door, in the presence of the soldiers, flinging his wages after him.

Concealing themselves in the moors by day, and travelling by night, on the third night after leaving Bamborough, Launcelot and his nephew arrived at Gateshead House, where they obtained shelter; and, after remaining there a few days, hearing of a vessel that was about to sail from Sunderland to France, the gentleman who was then concealing them procured them a passage in her. They arrived at Sunderland about midnight, and before daybreak once more breathed their ocean air upon its bosom.

After their arrival in France, Mark kept up his correspondence with Sally Beadnell, trusting to see better days, and cheering her with the hope that they would see them. In one of her letters there was the following passage—"A neighbour of ours, the rich old man that always used to try to set my father against you, and strive to get him to marry me to him, has got your uncle's ship. She was 'fiscated, I think they call it. He got it for a mere trifle—father says for nothing at all, but for some low work that he did for the Government. She was brought into North Sunderland, and I hear is to sail for some place they call Hamburgh; and if that be any way near where you are, I think it is a pity but that you and your uncle could go there and take her,—for every man has a right for his own." So wrote Sally Beadnell. Mark showed the letter to his uncle. "Nevy," said Launcelot, after perusing it, "I always said Sally was a sensible girl. I'll buy her wedding-dress for that letter. We will off to Hamburgh to-morrow. The brig *is* mine! No man, no king, nobody had a right to take her from me. I bought her with my own money—I have ventured my life in her. She *shall* be mine again. I say it! Let us make ready for Hamburgh, Mark."

Two days before the brig was to sail from Hamburgh for London, two strangers, apparently German merchants, wearing beards and mustachios, came on board, and in broken English bargained for their passage. The terms were agreed upon, and the money paid.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the vessel had not proceeded twenty miles from the land. The two merchants were walking the deck together. They separated, and the one suddenly dashed the man at the helm upon the deck, while the other, seizing the hatchway, placed it over the forecastle, and, standing upon it, drew a pistol and presented it at the head of the seaman on watch. It was the work of a moment.

"Tie your prisoner, Mark," cried he who stood over the forecastle, "and shoot the skipper if he peep from the cabin to show resistance." The captain was in the habit of indulging in "potations pottle deep," and at the moment was in no condition to offer effective resistance. Before, therefore, he was aroused from his fit of stupefaction, Mark had bound the helmsman, and left him helpless on the deck: and as the skipper reeled up the cabin stairs, shouted as he ascended—"Hollo! hollo there! what are you after? I hope none of you are uncivil to the strange gentlemen, eh?" and this was spoken with sundry well-known drunken interruptions. The moment that he had raised his head above the deck, Mark burst into his wonted laugh, and, grasping him by the breast, said, "Come up, old boy, and I will show you what we are after!"

Thus saying, he pulled him upon the deck, and laid him prostrate by the side of the helmsman. The skipper fe[illegible] him, and raged most wickedly. But Mark co[illegible] him to feel the cold muzzle of a pistol on his ch[illegible], and thrust[illegible] at the same time to give him its contents, [illegible] if he struggled more, he suddenly [illegible] tranquillity, and suffered his hands [illegible].

Mark [illegible] his uncle, who still stood on the [illegible] forecastle, in which the rest of the [illegible] mutiny, demanding to know the [illegible] and shouting [illegible] Murder!"

"Silence, [illegible] Launcelot, stamping his feet [illegible] "I am Launce Errington, [illegible] a man; this ship is mine; I bought her and never sold her; and death to the first man who disputes my right to command her."

"Launcelot Errington!" exclaimed the men confined in the forecastle, in a tone which bespoke that a sudden "change had come over the spirit of their dream."

"My old master!" cried the man who had been on the watch, and the pistol head the pistol had till now been levelled—"Forgive me, sir," added he, "I am your old cabin-boy, Bill Smith of North Shields, that sailed with you twenty years ago, and for your kindness to me then I am ready to go to Davy Jones with you, if you say the word."

"Bravo, Bill, my lad!—give me your hand," said Launcelot, "I remember you now;" and he thrust the pistol into the breast-pocket of a great-coat which he wore. And as the seaman shook the hands of his old master, he added, "And be this your nevy, Master Mark, that took Holy Island with you, sir—the Castle I mean?"

"Yes," replied Launcelot, "this is my nevy, your commander that will be, for I don't intend to sail the brig myself, and neither will I part with you, Bill."

"Ah master! you're the old man," said the seaman. "Never heard an ill word of you. You were always a-doing good to somebody." Mark shook Bill Smith by the hand, and said he "liked to meet a fellow that had gratitude aboard, and didn't forget old friends." For some minutes the crew, who were cooped up in the forecastle, were silent, listening to what was passing over their heads.

"Master," added Bill Smith, "I see Master Mark has got the skipper of the brig that was, and his mate, fast enough aft there; and I am sure, there is only one of my messmates below that wont stand by you as stiffy as I will."

The hatchway was removed, and the crew were let up one by one, each taking a vow, before he was permitted to put his foot upon the deck, that he would be true to the real owner and master of the vessel. But as the last man made his appearance—"Ah! don't trust him," said Bill Smith, "that is him I meant, I would'nt believe him on his oath. Set him adrift with the skipper and mate."

"I'll trust to you, Bill," replied Launcelot.

The stern-boat was lowered, and in it were placed a quantity of biscuits, beef, water, and rum. The skipper and mate were hoisted over the side of the vessel into it, and after them the seaman whom Bill Smith said was *not to be trusted*. Launcelot eagerly seized the helm of his old vessel,—as eagerly as a long-absent son would embrace his mother,—and steering away from them, with a loud voice wished them "Good bye!"

They had sailed about a league, when he called his nephew to him and said—"Now, Mark, my lad, you are to pass yourself off for the skipper whom we have set adrift. I shall act as your mate. We shall proceed direct to London, deliver the cargo entrusted, and I am off with my vessel again—and [illegible] my own, who dare say that I rob any man?"

They arrived in London, the cargo was delivered. They were ready to sail for France, when Launcelot heard that his old friend Mr. Foster, late member for Northumberland, and General of the Chevalier's forces south of the Tweed, was still in Newgate, and that in a few weeks he would be led to the scaffold. Launcelot had risked his life frequently, and he was not the man who would not risk it again to save a friend. In the disguise of a Northumbrian farmer he gained admission into Newgate. How he accomplished the rest of his task remains a mystery; but certain it is, that with him General Foster escaped from his cell, and in the brig was conveyed safely to France.

I have but little more to add; Launcelot Errington gave up the brig to his nephew, who continued to trade with success from the French ports to the Mediterranean. When a general pardon was granted to all who had been engaged in the Chevalier's cause, the uncle and nephew returned to their native land. Launcelot lived for more than thirty years after his taking of Holy Island fortress, and died in Newcastle in 1746, from grief and old age, on hearing the result of the battle of Culloden.

I have but another word to add respecting his nephew, Mark; when he returned to his native land, Sally Beadnell gave him her hand, and to their children and their grand-children, when half a century had passed, they told the tale of Holy Island Castle, of Berwick gaol, and the pea-stack; and if there be aught strange in it, it is as true as strange.

TOM BERTRAM.

Poor Tom Bertram!—his story is a sad one; and yet I love to talk of it. It affords me a melancholy pleasure, in my old age, to conjure up the memories of the past, and to recall those happy days when Tom and I enjoyed together the freshness of youth and friendship. We were born in the same village of Roxburghshire, educated at the same Border school, entered as seafers together in the Honourable East India Company's service, and for fourteen years we were shipmates and firm friends. *His* voyage of life has long been over; and my crazy old hulk must founder ere long. But a truce to reflection. I must proceed with my story; and, if I do make myself tedious by my digressions, forgive the fond garrulity of an old sailor, who loves to linger upon every trifling recollection of a lost and valued friend.

Tom Bertram was an orphan, the son of a respectable farmer in Roxburghshire, who, on his death-bed, left his boy to the care and protection of my maternal uncle. It was impossible to live long in Tom's company without loving him. He was frank, daring, and active—a stranger to fear, and yet gentle and affectionate in the extreme; and, when I add to this that he was one of the handsomest youths ever beheld, can it be wondered at that he was an object of favor and admiration to all our village belles? Tom, however, laughed, and joked, and talked sentiment with them all—but his heart remained untouched, his *time* had not yet come; and it was with a merry heart, and pleasant anticipations of the future, that he took his seat beside me on the coach that was to convey us to London. I will pass over our first impressions of all the novelties we saw and heard there; suffice it to say, that the consciousness of being among strangers and aliens, made us cling with the fonder warmth to each other; and every voyage we made together only served to strengthen the ties of our mutual regard. Years had passed by, and we had both risen gradually, though slowly, in our profession, and had always contrived to get appointed to the same ship. The last voyage we sailed together, I was fourth, and Tom fifth mate of the Cornwallis, Indiaman; and we were both in the same watch. Every one acquainted with board-ship affairs knows how perfectly compatible the greatest intimacy and familiarity are with the strictest discipline; and how habitually and instantaneously the frankness of friendly intercourse gives place to the formality of nautical etiquette, whenever the duty of the ship requires their alternation. Tom and I were like brothers; but he never forgot that he was my junior officer, and never, by any chance, took advantage of my friendship for him by ill-timed familiarity. One fine moonlight night, we were lying becalmed within the tropics, whistling and invoking St. Antonio in vain, for no breeze came. Beautiful are those calm tropical nights to the lovers of the picturesque, though sadly trying to the patience of the mariner. The *watch* were all lying in various attitudes about the decks, in deep slumber; the helmsman was standing at his post—but whether asleep or awake was of little consequence, for the rudder was powerless; there was not a cloud in the dark blue sky, and the moon and stars were shining with almost dazzling brightness, and

looking provokingly placid and happy; the surface of the sea was smooth as the smoothest glass, and in its undulating mirror gave back a vivid reflection of the brilliant canopy above; there was a long silvery path of light from the horizon to the ship; and the scene was altogether uncommonly beautiful, and uncommonly provoking to the officer of the watch. And there, in the midst of all the splendour and beauty of nature, lay our noble ship, one of the finest specimens of man's proud art, helpless and powerless as a new-born babe—rolling and tossing, and tumbling about—her lofty prow rising and falling as if doing homage to the majesty of ocean, while the moon and stars seemed to smile in quiet scorn at her unwieldy movements. Oh, the tedium and weariness of a calm night-watch at sea!—the anxious look around and aloft to see if any *cat's-paw* is ruffling the water, or if any stray air has found its way into the *flying-kites*; the low impatient whistle; and the common but unintelligible and unaccountable ejaculation of "Blow, good breeze, and I'll give you a soldier!" Bertram was standing at the gangway, with his arm and head resting on the rail, and muttering to himself. I approached him just in time to hear—

"For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And mem'ry breathes her vesper sigh to thee."

"Ah, Tom! sentimentalizing? I have some hopes of you now. Who is the object of your vesper sigh, if it is a fair question?—which of the thousand and one flowers in your garden of love, has left the memory of its fragrancy in your heart?"

'Nonsense, Harry,' said he, colouring; 'I have something else to do than to pine and sigh for a lady's love. What a lovely night it is!'

'Yes!' said I—'lovely enough for a high-flying sentimental lover, but anything but pleasing to a plain, straight-forward fellow like myself. But, joking apart, Tom, you have not been yourself this voyage; you go through your duties actively enough, it is true, but evidently quite mechanically. Your heart is elsewhere. Do not be afraid of making me your confidant—I will not betray you; trust your secret sorrow, whatever it may be, to *me*; if I cannot assist, I can at all events sympathize with you.'

'Thank you kindly, Harry,' said he—'I believe you from my heart. You have made a right guess for once in your life. I *am* in love.'

'Well, make a clean breast of it at once, and tell me who your Dulcinea is; that, if I have the felicity of her acquaintance, we may hold eloquent discourse of her charms together.'

'Well, Harry, you remember Miss'——

'Hollo! there's a breeze coming at last—beg your pardon, Tom,' said I, springing up on the poop for a better view; and there it was, sure enough, coming up on the larboard quarter, with a cool, fresh, rippling sound, roughening the surface of the swell before it.

'Forecastle there!'

'*Sir!*' replied Tom.

'Rig out the foretopmast and topgallant-studding sail booms, Mr. Bertram, and bear a hand with the sails.'

'Ay, ay, sir.

'Maintop there!—rig out the topgallant-studding sail boom!'

'Ay, ay, sir.'

'All ready with the stunsails forward, sir,' cried Bertram.

'Very well. Forward there the watch!—run the stunsails up. Forecastle there!—swing the lower boom!'

'Ay, ay, sir.'

In twenty minutes, the ship was under a cloud of canvass and moving rapidly through the water, the ropes were all coiled down, and the watch again on their beam-ends.

'Stea—dy!' called the quartermaster.

'Steady it is!' answered the man at the helm.

'I told you so, Bill,' muttered one of the afterguard to his neighbour, 'I know'd as how we'd have a breeze when I throw'd my old shoe overboard.'

'Now, Tom,' said I, 'make an end of your confession. You asked me if I remembered Miss —— what's her name?'

'Kate Fotheringham.'

If a thunderbolt had fallen at my feet, it could hardly have startled me more than did the unexpected mention of that name. I *felt* myself turn pale—the blood seemed to creep and curdle in my veins, and a sensation of mortal sickness and faintness came over me.

Tom observed my emotion, and exclaimed, in great alarm, 'Harry, how ill you look! What's the matter with you?'

'Nothing,' said I—'a sudden spasm—but it is gone.' And, with desperate resolution, I gulped down the emotion which almost choked my utterance, and listened with patience while Tom proceeded, with all a lover's enthusiasm, to expatiate upon the charms of his mistress. He had so long confined his feelings to his own bosom, that, when he gave them free vent, their sudden and torrent-like outpouring was almost overwhelming.—Rapidly and fervidly did he depict his first sensations; glowingly and fondly did he dwell upon the personal charms and mental amiabilities of his adored one; and, in *burning* words, he expressed his happiness in the certainty that he was beloved again. Alas, poor fellow! he little knew that every kind expression of his mistress went like a dagger to the heart of his friend! And yet so it was; for, in the innermost recesses of my heart, hidden from all mortal knowledge save my own, I had enshrined an idol—and that idol was Kate Fotheringham. 'Tis true I had bowed before it in vain, I had offered up to her the incense of my first love; it had filled the temple, but made no impression upon the divinity. My love was hopeless but constant. But it is necessary that I should explain myself; and, to do so, I must go back.

The Rev. Thomas Fotheringham was minister of the parish of L———, and the father of two beautiful daughters, of whom Kate was the youngest. She was, indeed, a lovely creature—full of life and animation, sparkling and joyous; her complexion was delicately brilliant, and her bright blue eyes shot forth their playful glances from the covert of the most beautiful flaxen ringlets in the world. When she shook back her hair from her forehead, and her laugh,

"Without any control
But the sweet use of graceful shame, rang from her soul."

and displayed teeth of pearly whiteness, she was, indeed, a thing to be wondered at and admired.

Mr. Fotheringham had been an intimate friend of my father, and I had gone to spend a few weeks at L——Manor, on my last return home. When I had seen Kate some years before, she was a pretty, interesting child, and used, in her playfulness, to call me her sailor husband: how great was my surprise when I met her again, to find the playful child transformed into the tall, graceful, elegant woman! It was impossible to see Kate Fotheringham without admiring her beauty; I soon found that it was impossible to know her without loving her. She was as good as she was lovely, and was almost adored by the poor of the parish, to whom she was like a ministering angel. Her great delight was in distributing food and clothing to the poor and needy, and her sweet smile and soothing tone of sympathy were balm to the melancholy mourner, and to the bruised and broken spirit. Was it wonderful that, living as I did in the most friendly intimacy with such a being, listening to her praises from all quarters, hearing the sweet music of her voice as she warbled the simple melodies of her native land—was it wonderful that I loved her? Yes! I more than loved her.—Love is too tame, too commonplace a term for my feelings. I adored her—I bowed my heart before her very feelings; but I felt that I was worshipped again. The very frankness and innocent familiarity of her manner towards me, while it fascinated, maddened me; for I knew that I was wilfully deceiving myself, that she looked upon me as a friend—a brother—nothing more. Feel that I was!—knowing all this—knowing, in my own secret heart, that every day, every hour, I was only storing up bitterness for myself—I still fluttered round the flame that was consuming me. At last, one evening, my long suppressed feelings burst forth. Some expression of Kate acted as a spark to the train of passion that was lying smouldering within my breast, and——I know not what I said, but my heart was in the words—I only know that I was miserable. Kate was agitated, surprised, and affected; she esteemed and admired me, she said, but—her heart was not her own. We parted with mutual sorrow; and with a promise, on her part, never to mention the occurrences of that evening, and with a determination on mine to smother my feelings, and with firm resolve to tear her image from my heart forever. Weak and vain resolution!—that image will go with me to my grave!

Tom went on to tell me that he had gone, with my uncle, his guardian, on a visit to L——, three years before, and that he had not been long domesticated there, before he felt the influence of those charms which had proved so fatal to my peace. He was the constant companion of the young ladies in all their rambles, had witnessed their various deeds of unostentatious charity and benevolence, and was in the habit of listening with pleasure to the warm and unsophisticated praises lavished upon them by every dependant and cottager around them. His heart had hitherto resisted the fascinations of beauty, and he had learned to look upon it as a "pretty plaything," accompanied, as he had hitherto seen it, with superficial accomplishments and frivolous employment; but here was all his fancy had ever pictured of female loveliness and amiability combined; and he felt that, with such a companion, he might reasonably expect to realize his brightest dreams of mundane happiness. He consulted my uncle, who had always loved him as a son, and who intended him to be his heir; and, laying before him the state of his affections, told him that he waited but for his consent to prosecute his suit. My uncle was delighted with his confession, and with the object of his choice, and gave him his consent and blessing; at the same time, giving him to understand that Kate should not marry a beggar. Kate's heart, almost unconsciously to herself, had long been his; and she was too frank and artless to attempt to veil it from him when he made his proposals. It was agreed that their marriage was to take place when he returned from his next voyage; and that, in the meantime, their engagement was to be kept secret.

Oh, how I had envied my happy rival! How often had I longed, with eager curiosity, to see the man who had gained the heart of such a glorious creature! And now he stood before me: the dearest friend of my heart, from whom I had never had but one concealment—he whom I had loved as a brother, and watched over with more than a brother's love—was the being who, unconsciously, stood between me and happiness—who had blighted and withered the fondest aspirations of my heart. Oh, the conflict of feelings within me! Had he but confided in me sooner, what misery might he not have spared me! Thank Heaven! friendship and justice conquered at last. I resolved to keep my secret, though my heart should break: his knowledge of it could not benefit me, but would only distress and grieve him, and, perhaps, cast a cloud over that friendship which was now the chief remaining solace of my life. It was with a smiling face, therefore, but with an aching bosom, that I shook hands with Tom that night; and well did I keep my secret, for he died in ignorance of it.

As we were going into the mess-berth next morning, to breakfast, we met Ben, the servant, looking as grave as an owl, with a face as long as the maintop-bowline.

"What's the matter, Ben?" said Tom.

"O sir! we'll soon know what's the matter; the cow died this morning!"

Tom burst into a roar of laughter, and asked what that had to do with his long face.

"It's no laughing matter, sir," said the man; "I never knew any good come to a ship when the cow died; but we'll see before long."

We were both much amused at the man's new-fangled superstition, as we thought it, as we had never before heard of this.

I have been told a story, said I, of a cat influencing the destinies of a ship, but I never heard a cow so highly honoured before.

'A cat!' said Tom—'what do you mean?'

It's an old story, said I; but, as you seem not to have heard it, I will enlighten you on the subject:—

"Some years since, one of His Majesty's crack frigates had greatly distinguished herself, on the Mediterranean station, by the smartness and activity of her crew, her state of excellent discipline, and her great success in capturing prizes. For some time her good fortune seemed to have deserted her; day after day passed away, and not a *tangible* sail was to be seen;

the time began to hang heavy on the heads of the crew, and discontent and disappointment were legible in their countenances. This state of things could not last long. The captain, a good and gallant seaman, perceived that the spirit of disaffection was busy among his crew, and determined to check it in the bud.

'Call the hands out, if you please, Mr. Steady,' said he to the first lieutenant.

"The hands were called out; and, when assembled on the quarter-deck, the captain addressed them to the following effect:—

'My lads, you used to be as active and cheerful a set of fellows as I would wish to command; I used to be proud of you, for you seemed to take pleasure in your duty; but now you go about the decks sullen and discontented, and only work because you dare not disobey. If you have any grievances to complain of, come forward like men and say so, and I will redress them, if I can; but I tell you, once for all, I will have no sulkiness; and, by Heaven! if I can't drive it out of you in any other way, I'll flog it out of you.'

"After a short pause, one of the captains of the forecastle stepped out from the crew, and, twirling his hat in one hand, and scratching the back of his ear with the other, said—

'Please your Honour, we haven't no grievances.'

'Then what the devil's the matter with you all?'

'Why, sir,' said the man hesitatingly.

'Go on,' said the captain—'I wont bite you.'

'Why, then, sir,' replied the captain of the forecastle, 'we've never had no luck since you took that 'ere black cat on board.'

"The captain could not help laughing. 'Well,' said he, 'that evil can soon be remedied. Midshipman, tell my steward to throw the cat overboard.'

'O sir!' said the man, in great alarm, 'do not throw him overboard—that would be worser still.'

'Then, what the deuce do you want me to do with him?'

'Why, if your Honour would send him ashore as he came aboard, in a boat.'

'What a set of cursed ninnies!' muttered the captain.

'Well,' said he, 'you have often exerted yourselves to please me, and it is but fair that I should do something to please you for once in a way.'

"The frigate stood in shore and hove to, a boat was lowered, and the unlucky cat, safely deposited in a bread-bag, was sent under charge of a midshipman to be landed at the nearest point. The boat returned in due time, and was hoisted up, the sails were filled and trimmed, when the man at the mast-head hailed the deck—

'A strange sail in sight, a-head, sir!'

'All hands make sail in chase!' was the cry; and, before night, the cat-haters had taken a valuable prize."

"A strange coincidence, certainly," said Tom, "and most unfortunately calculated to strengthen the men in their superstition. I hope we shall have no such confirmation of Ben's panic about the cow."

We had a glorious breeze that morning on the quarter; the long swell, which had been so smooth and glassy the day before, was broken into short waves, which came rushing, and curling, and bursting under the ship's counter; the sky was covered with light mackerel clouds; every stitch of canvass we could carry was spread; the sails were all asleep, and the ship snoring through the water;—there was every appearance of a steady breeze, and of continued fine weather. A little after mid-day, the captain came on deck, and said to the officer of the watch, 'Mr. Freeman, what do you think of the weather?'

Mr. Freeman, with a look of surprise, replied, 'I never saw a finer day, sir; and there is every appearance of a steady breeze.'

'Well,' said he, 'that's my opinion, too; yet the glass is falling rapidly. I do not understand it. Send for Mr. Snorewell.' And the chief mate made his appearance. He agreed in thinking that there was no sign of change in the weather.

'Well,' said the captain, 'my glass has never deceived me yet, and I will believe it now against my own opinion, and in spite of favourable appearances. You will pipe to dinner, if you please; and, when the people have had their time, call the hands out to shorten sail.'

'Ay, ay, sir! Pipe to dinner?'

The breeze began gradually to freshen; and, by the time we had swallowed our dinner, we were glad to get our stuncsails and lofty sails in as fast as possible. A small dark cloud had appeared on the weather beam, which gradually spread and spread, till the whole heaven was covered with an ominous darkness, and the wind increased so rapidly that there was barely time to execute the orders which followed each other in quick succession from the quarter-deck. Before one reef was taken in in the topsails, it was time to take in another; the courses were reefed, the mainsail furled, the topgallant yards sent on deck. Before midnight, we were under reefed foresail and close-reefed driver; and, before the morning watch, were hove to under stormstay-sails. Tom had exerted himself greatly during the gale; and, when aloft in the maintop, had been struck on the temple by one of the points of the topsail which was shaking in the wind while reefing. The blow, though from so small a rope, had stunned him; and, when he recovered, he was obliged to be assisted down to his cot, where the doctor took a good quantity of blood from him. About this time, an epidemic disorder had shown itself among the crew, which spread rapidly, and in a short time our sick list amounted to six or seven-and-twenty. At first, the disease was not fatal; but, after a time, death followed in its footsteps, and the mortality became quite alarming and dispiriting to the survivors of the crew. The only officer who was seized with the disorder was my friend Tom, who had hardly recovered from the weakening effect of loss of blood, and whose constitution had been much shaken by severe illness abroad. Long and doubtful was the struggle between life and death; but at length the crisis of the disease was over, and he began slowly to recover. Oh! how often did I view, while watching by his sick-bed, and holding his burning hands and brow, never again to go to sea with one for whom I felt more than a common regard! I thought it would be almost better to renounce the consolation of intimate friendship altogether, than again to expose myself to the risk of such grief as I now felt in the prospect

past of losing my friend. Tom did no more duty for the remainder of the passage of five weeks, and was still very feeble when we arrived in the Downs. During that time, however, he used often to come on deck in my watch; and, if there was no particular ship's duty going on, we indulged in long conversations about the past, and in pleasant anticipations of the future. But, on whatever topic our conversations might commence, they always ended in the same subject—L—— Manse and its inmates. Kate Fotheringham, Kate Fotheringham, was the everlasting theme of Tom's tongue: even if I had not seen her, I might almost have painted her picture from his vivid descriptions of her.

'You forget, Tom,' I have often said, 'that I have seen this paragon of yours; you need not give me such a minute description of her.'

'You have seen her, Harry! I always see her; her image is in my heart. It is out of the fulness of my heart, that my mouth speaks. Oh! let me talk of her—the very sound of her name is like music to my ear. Kate, Kate Fotheringham—is it not a sweet name, Harry?'

'The name is pretty enough; but, my dear fellow, you are allowing your passion to run away with your senses altogether. For her sake, as well as your own, you must endeavour to restrain the violence of your feelings, which, in the present enfeebled state of your health, might produce fatal effects.'

'Fatal!' said he—'nothing can be fatal to me as long as Kate Fotheringham's love remains to me. But, O Harry! if I were to lose that, what would become of me?'

I was alarmed and distressed by the depth and violence of Tom's emotions; but I thought it better to allow him to express them unreservedly, than to run the risk of adding to their intensity by endeavouring to check and repress them. Among other plans for the future, he dwelt with much pleasure upon the prospect of giving our friends at L—— an agreeable surprise, by coming upon them unexpectedly, before they had heard of our arrival in England. Circumstances favoured us in this project. Our passage had been a quick one; and, the wind favouring us after we had passed the Downs, we ran right up the river at once. In consequence of our unexpectedly early arrival, there were no letters awaiting us; but we were not anxious on that score, as our last accounts were favourable. The day after our arrival at Blackwall, we obtained leave of absence, and set off (under the rose) for the north. When we arrived at the nearest town to L——, we left the coach, intending to hire a chaise or gig to take us on to the manse; but there had been a run on the road that day, and there was no conveyance to be obtained. Tom's mortification was extreme. I wished to remain till next day; but his impatience prevented his listening to reason.

'It's only a few miles, Harry! We can walk.'

'After your present stage,' said I, 'such an exertion may be prejudicial to you.'

'Even you don't like to stretch your legs, Harry. I will go by myself; you can follow to-morrow!'

I had nothing further to say; so we ordered our baggage to be sent after us, and set off together. When we passed near L——, instead of following the sweep of the road, and crossing the river by the bridge, by way of a short cut we struck across the fields, and waded the stream. The moon was shining brightly, and the whole scene was flooded with light. On the summit of a green bank, sloping down to the river, lay the churchyard, near which stood the church, a venerable Gothic building, shaded by old and solemn-looking trees, standing like sentinels over the slumbers of the tomb. Our path to the manse lay through the churchyard; and a feeling of sadness and awe crept over us as we saw the cold beautiful moonlight resting on the well-known graves of many of our early friends.

'Ah!' said I, 'the churchyard has, at least, one tenant more since our departure. Whose can this handsome monument be?'

My eye glanced at the inscription, and a cold shudder came over me.

'Come on, Tom!' said I; 'we have no time to dawdle here.'

'Let me read this epitaph first.'

'No, no,' said I, trying to force him away. But it was too late—he had seen enough; and, with a cry of unutterable anguish, he fell fainting in my arms. Poor Tom Bertram! Long years have passed, but that scene is fresh in my memory—my heart bleeds for him still! I laid him gently on the grass beside the tomb—the dying, as I thought, beside the dead. The tears blinded my eyes as I endeavoured to read the sad inscription on the stone—'Sacred to the memory of Catherine, youngest daughter of the Rev. Thomas Fotheringham, minister of this parish.' The long panegyric that followed—what had I to do with it then? I ran down to the river, and, bringing some water in my hat, I dashed it in Tom's face, and, after some time, had the happiness to see him revive. He stared wildly at me, and exclaimed—

'Where am I, Harry?'

'Here I am, dear Tom!'

'Oh! I have had such a dream!' His eye-glance fell upon the tomb.—'Merciful Heaven! is it true?' And leaning his head upon my breast, while his face turned deadly pale, he gasped for breath. At length, a burst of sorrow, such as I had seldom witnessed, relieved his over-wrought feelings; he sobbed and wept as if his heart were flowing out of him. I did not attempt to check or to console him; sorrow like his, was, in its first bitterness, too deep and withering for consolation. Alas! I needed comfort for myself!

At length, the first violence of his feelings was exhausted, and he suffered me to lead him, unresistingly, to the manse, where we were received with the greatest kindness and sympathy by the sorrowing family. There we heard the sad particulars of our fate. Kate had fallen a victim to consumption some months before; the letter containing the melancholy news had not reached us. Poor Tom, exhausted by previous illness, and overcome by the dreadful shock he had experienced, was obliged to take to his bed. I hastened back to my ship, where I was detained some weeks. When I returned, Tom was dying. He knew me; and, with a faint smile, and a hardly perceptible pressure of my hand, he murmured—

'I die happy, Harry. She prayed for me on her death-bed!'

A LEGEND OF HOLYROODHOUSE.

William Glenday was a sort of sub-equerry to Mary Queen of Scots; or rather he assumed that title because it sounded better than 'head-groom.' He was a widower, and lived with his daughter, Mary, a very interesting young maiden, of about twenty years of age, in one of the houses within the precincts of the Abbey, set apart for the Queen's household. William was a quaint Scotsman, shrewd and caustic in his remarks, like many of his nation. He was reputed rich, and somewhat addicted to making more than a proper display of his riches; in other words he was 'purse proud.' He was, however, a most loyal subject of the Queen, whom he held to be a paragon of beauty. He had, accordingly, given his daughter the same name; and it was even whispered that he had sought to trace a likeness between Mary Glenday and Mary Queen of Scots. There could be little doubt that Mary was a very beautiful girl.

On the other side of the Abbey strand—that is, on the unprivileged side—there was a house kept as a tavern or ale-house by a person of the name of Peter Connal, very well known in those days as a place of resort for the humble retainers about the palace. Instead of placing a dry picture of a type of his trade over the door, in the shape of stoups or bickers overflowing with his famous beverage, Peter conceived that he would be nearer his purpose of letting the public know the nature of his calling, by showing them the liquor itself, in a real quegh, and in the act of being swallowed by a real topeg; at least Peter gave out as a reason for his sitting on a barrel at his door during a great part of the day, drinking his ale, that he was merely showing the public a good example, and exercising the functions of his calling in such a manner as to fill his purse and his stomach at the same time—a reason which possessed so much of plausibility, that his wife, Janet Wilkinson, was not, by the mere power of logic alone, able to show any fallacy attached to it. Peter had a son named John—a very fine young man, who followed his father's trade, but demurred somewhat as to the propriety of imitating his father, when he should come to succeed him, in making himself a living sign-board; a piece of self-willed precocious conceit, on the part of the lad, which Peter despised.

'The callants o' thir days,' Peter would say, 'puffed up wi' new-fangled notions o' improvement, think themsels fur aboon the like o' us. I hae made my bread by drinkin my ain drink; an' this chap, in the conceit o' youth, thinks he will keep a wife, an' bring up his bairns, by walkin' aboot a dry gizzened bicker, whilk can only hae the effeck o' telling the folk o' the Abbey, that as he does, see should they do. The laddie will gae to ruin. The folk will avoid his ale, as they would avoid the poison on the taid's back—an' wherefore no?—for the taid has mair sense than drink his ain poison; and why should they drink his ale, whilk he himself winna taste? This warld's gane quite wrang.' And Peter would take another pull at his ale.

Nor did Peter Connal stand in any want of individuals to approve of these sentiments. Among others who collected at his door, and took their station on the seat on which he sat, were William Glenday, and an Italian called Giulio Mazzetto, a servant in the employ of the famous David Rizzio. There there were often seen sitting together at the door of the tavern, drinking Peter's ale, and discussing any point of interest which the strange proceedings of the palace at that time offered to their curiosity. Peter did not approve of the intimacy which existed between Rizzio and the Queen; Giulio defended his master; and William stood up for the unfortunate Mary.

'I canna see what our royal mistress can mean,' said Peter, 'by sae mickle walkin, an' ridin, an' talkin an' singin, an' playin on pentiere an' mackbeta, an' pipes an' whistles, wi' that Italian. It's nae farther gone than yesterday, that my son, John—wha dauntons his ain drink, fule that he is—saw the Queen an' him sittin in the bonny green bower, at the corner o' the King's orchard, yonder, skirlin' sae o' their Italian songs, like twa maviess. Is that like a Queen o' Scotland, an' the wife o' Darnley? Na! na!'

'Cattivo! thy son doth lie in his throat,' ejaculated the choleric Italian. 'My noble master is the only accomplished gentleman in this barbarous land; and my royal mistress hath made him her secretary, because thy hilted barons can only write with their swords.'

'An' may be thae hilted barons may write wi' that guidly pen the word "death" on yer noble master's silken sash,' answered Peter. 'By my troth, lad, ye hae better be at Cremona, playing an Italian strathspey, than here in our Abbey, uttering sic words as thae, if any o' our hilted barons be within hearin.'

'Whoosht! whoosht! haith o' ye,' said William Glenday; 'ye are baith wrang. It may be ill for Giulio to speak in this fashion; but it may be waur for ye, Peter, wha's living comes frae the palace, if ye are heard speaking ill o' Rizzio and the Queen.'

'I just say what I think,' said Peter, pertinaciously. 'That Italian piper would be better dangling at the black wuddy up the way yonder, than at our Queen's tail.' And he quietly quaffed off a jug of his ale.

On hearing these words, Giulio could no longer restrain himself. He started from his seat, and, shaking his fist in the face of Peter, turned on his heel and disappeared.

This scene, though made a little serious by the fierce expression of the Italian's face and manner, was not long remembered. Peter continued to drink his ale, and did not hesitate to speak his mind on a subject which had, apparently, become of more than ordinary interest to him. The intimacy between him and William Glenday continued; and their children, as will appear, had good reason that it should not be interrupted.

John Connal and Mary Glenday were of nearly the same age, and their sentiments accorded as closely as their years. From their earliest childhood they had associated together; and the feelings which were generated in the games and amusements of schoolmates, ripened, as they grew up, into sentiments of the heart. When the same blue-bell which divided their affections on the 'Miller's Knowe' was cast away, it was only to give place to another object of mutual sympathy.

The natural elements of [illegible], thus reinforced by early congenial habits, mutual companionship, and the daily importunate of an inseparable connection, produced, in a short time, a strong attachment in the youthful pair, which had been pledged and re-pledged as often as their fears suggested any impediment to their ultimate union.

These lovers had now arrived at an age when they might have been united; and they looked forward to this happy consummation with confidence and delight. John Connal, however, did not want rivals, who sued in vain for the hand of Mary. Among these was Giulio Mazzetti, the Italian, who had for some time enjoyed the favour of the mother. He trusted much to his superior appearance and polished manners, and looked with contempt on the poor lout who dared to dispute with him the hand of his lover. Mary was much annoyed by the Italian's importunate method of wooing; partaking more, she thought, of the impassioned character of a madman's marriage, than of the quiet, rational, and sincere mode of a Scotch courtship. She had repeatedly told him that his suit was in vain; but every repulse seemed only to increase his assiduity, and add to the pathos of his protestations and serenades.

This man had earned for himself, since he came to Scotland, a reputation for every wickedness. He had been concerned in many disgraceful amours, and violent and bloody quarrels with the inhabitants of Edinburgh, which brought upon him a hatred equal to that which his master, by his imprudent conduct with the Queen, had produced against himself. It was, in consequence, suspected that his passion for Mary was a mere ebullition of that kind of love for which his countrymen were then, and are to this day remarkable; and that, even if he were so fortunate as to secure the object of his desires on condition of resigning his liberty, he would, when his passion cooled, leave her to follow some other equally faithless and disgraceful amour.

Having been unsuccessful in every effort he had made with Mary, Giulio at last resolved to make an application to her father; and he trusted that the show of wealth, which, by the misplaced kindness of the royal favourite, he was enabled to make, might have the effect of tempting William Glenday to endeavour to influence the affections of his daughter.

'Thou knowest, William Glenday,' said the Italian, one morning, 'that I love your daughter; Mary, with the force of affection which [illegible] and ardent lover ought to bear towards the [illegible] his heart; and I have taken every method [illegible] country to induce her to forego the [illegible] of the influence of her cruelty on her lover; yet she continues obdurate and determined that I shall die the victim of a passion which I cannot control. Yet, if she would but relent, how happy could I make her! My jewels amount in value to 1000 merks; and my master, on our marriage, will present me with 1000 more. Wilt thou aid me in my suit, and endeavour to persuade thy daughter that she ought to yield to the influence of my love?'

William Glenday, who was himself a little purse-proud and conceited, was by no means taken on the right side by this high-flown speech, which was, like all Giulio's conversation and manners, a gross imitation of the style of his master. William was adverse to his suit on many grounds; but the redundantado of this address, and the attempt to bribe him by a display of his gaudy wealth, roused him beyond his natural bearing.

'Ye mean, sir, to hae yourself stand 'tweeghs?' answered William, 'to prevent me frae interfering in this matter. Ye admit that my dochter winna hae ye; and wherfor should I endeavour to force her love? Besides, ye're no o' our country, man; and the lasses o' Scotland dinna like foreigners. Tak an Italian! Tak an Italian! Birds o' a feather gaw best thegither, and the kite and the dow winna assort ava. I canna a [illegible] for yer thousand merks, whilk, if they were in their richt place, should maybe be in our ain Scottish exchequer. Neither cam I ever mickle as an guid mag for yer fine speech, whilk, nae doot, comes, like yer thousand merks, frae yer master. Ye seemna, therefore, pursue any mair this fruitless work; whilk, it would seem, ye continue by night in the shape o' something they ca' serenades—or, as we would say, night-walks—as weel as in the light o' day, by a constant use o' thae black een o' yours, enough o' themselfs to terrify ony young leddy. In addition to a' this, John Connal has long been my dochter's lover; an', if they wish to make a match o't, it shanna be me that'll prevent it.'

This calm and self-sufficient oration, produced on the fiery and impatient temper of Giulio, that rage which burned on the application of every spark. It must be confessed that even a Scotchman would have resented the hints of William, rendered more provoking by the manner in which they were uttered—a wink or a smile being always at hand to give piquancy to an insinuendo; while an imperturbable, calm, and self-confident assurance, gave the whole an aspect of dictation, mixed with contempt. Giulio rose suddenly, and, without so much as uttering a word, went away.

In the meantime, the two lovers had got matters in considerable advancement for their marriage, which was fixed to take place in the follo[illegible] The inhabitants of the Abbey were p[illegible] and convenience in William Glenday's [illegible] day was looked forward to by all and [illegible] as a kind of holiday. There was, indeed, something in the match of more than an ordinary character; for, as a pair of twigs which have fallen connected from a tree into a stream, seldom find their way together to the ocean, it seldom happens that the loves of childhood can withstand the severing impulses of the conflicting and distracting interests of a selfish and calculating world. It was even whispered that one of the maids of honour of the Queen intended to grace and honour the union by being present at the ceremony. The preparations went on with spirit. The day approached, and everything seemed to conspire to add to the happiness of a union apparently under the influence of smiling and auspicious powers.

On the evening of the day preceding that on which their marriage was to take place, one of those events occurred which arrest the attention of thousands: Peter Connal, when coming out of the house of William Glenday, was stabbed to the heart. A number of persons immediately collected on hearing his cries—the guard of the palace was roused, and search made in every direction for the perpetrator of so bloody and unaccountable an act. Amongst those who rushed out when the cry was heard, was Mary Glenday and John

Connal. The latter was entirely occupied in getting his father's body carried home, in the hope of his being only suspended, and with a view to get medical aid.—Meanwhile the neighbours remained upon the spot, searching about for any trace, by footsteps or otherwise, that might lead to the discovery of the murderer.—While engaged in this search, her eye fell upon a small object lying at a little distance from the spot where the body was discovered. Upon taking it up, she discovered, to her astonishment, that it was her father's sword, which she had not missed from the house. She instantly secreted it under her clothes, and looked about to see if she could discover her parent. He had not, however, been seen during the tumult; and though many inquiries were made for him, no person could tell where he was. She now flew to the house; and, upon getting into the inner chamber, applied water to the instrument to wash off the blood, throw the washings into a place where they could not be seen, and, by means of ashes from the fire, scoured the instrument, so as to bring back its brightness. Having hung it up in the spot which it usually occupied, she turned to leave the room, with a view to go again to the street to avoid any suspicion which her absence might suggest as to where she had been. As she turned, she startled on observing the eyes of some person fixed on her through the window. She trembled from head to foot; and, unable to proceed a step, fell back into a chair which stood near her, and again shook with an apprehension which she could not account for. All these acts, which she had performed during the last ten minutes, appeared to her as wanting the reality of life. She had done them intuitively; and as no proper, well-defined motive had been present to her mind during the time she was occupied, she was now equally at a loss to account for an apprehension which it was impossible there could be the least ground for. She questioned herself why did she secrete the sword—run home with it—wash it and scour it? Was she afraid of her father being charged as the murderer? Impossible! She was not afraid of that. She could defy the world even to suspect that her father was guilty of such a crime; and the idea of it was so absurd that it could not be entertained for a moment. Yet, was she not in fact alarmed? This was not to be denied. She tried to run over the acts which she had, as in a dream, performed by the impulse of a power external to herself; but, on looking to the window again, she saw the same eyes staring in at her.

At this moment the door opened, and a person came from John Connal to inform her that Peter was dead, and requested to know if her father had yet been seen. She was unable to speak to the messenger, who went away without an answer. Mary continued to sit waiting with breathless impatience for the return of her parent. She heard the bustle in the street gradually die away. Occasional inquiries were made by the passengers for William Glenday, from whom they wished to get some explanation of the extraordinary case; but the servant answered them, and stated that he was not come back, and Mary was indisposed. Eleven o'clock came, and still no word of her father. She heard some people on the street going home, remarking it as strange that William Glenday should be absent, when the father of his daughter's intended husband had been stabbed dead at his door.

About half-past eleven, William Glenday returned home. He was met by several people who told him what had happened. He said he had been conveying a gentleman who lived in Leith, and that he had been detained beyond his usual time. He seemed to be very much affected by the death; and the more so, he said, that he and Peter had that day had some words about his daughter's matter, which had very nearly broken off the match. He inquired particularly if any clue had been found to the murderer; and being informed that no trace had yet been got, retired home.

He found Mary sitting in the state already mentioned, and attributed her apparent sorrow to the circumstances which had occurred. She looked up, and asked him where he had been when such awful doings were going on at his own door? He answered her in the same way he had done the neighbours. She then asked him if he had been over at Peter's house? He said he had done, but would go immediately. On turning to go out, she observed that his coat was all wet; and, on examining it more narrowly, discovered that it was wet with blood. At the sight of this extraordinary coincidence with the circumstances attending the finding of the sword, she screamed and fainted. Her father, alarmed for his daughter, hung over her with every demonstration of affection; but, attributing her illness and the faint to the shock produced by the death of Peter Connal, he trusted to her speedy recovery, when the nervous excitement, under which she laboured, had abated.

On recovering herself, Mary looked round her, endeavouring to recollect some painful idea which she knew had been the cause of her illness. The moment the thought again struck her, she started up, as if she had found there was a necessity for something being done. Calming her speech and manner, by an effort she made for that purpose, she desired her father to take off his coat, which was wet, and put on another, for the purpose of going over to Peter Connal's house. William complied, remarking (without examining the marks of blood which were behind) that Marion Gray,—a woman of irregular habits, who lived in the precincts of the Abbey, and was well known at that time by the name of Mary's Marion, in consequence of having, in her better days, received some attention from the Queen—had, as he passed her door, thrown a tub of water upon him, and instantly disappeared.

William Glenday having gone out to Peter Connal's house, Mary, who had said nothing to him of the blood, shut the window-shutters and washed the coat. The basin in which the bloody water was contained, was standing on the table; and, just as she was about to lift it, she saw that the window-shutters had been gently opened, and the face of some person was there looking in upon her. This apparition again disconcerted the poor girl, and threw her into fits of trembling; but she got the water emptied out, and hung up the coat to dry upon a chair at the fire.

When her father returned, Mary asked Mrs Peter Peter's wife was retaining her affection. She did not ask if any clue had been got to the murderer. She trembled as the words were on her lips. The circum-

stances of the evening bore heavy upon her. She knew that William and Peter had quarrelled about the teacher, but still she did not suspect her father. She felt it even impious to say to herself that she did not suspect him; for she conceived that the mere connexion of the ideas of the murder and of her parent, could be nothing but a freak of the Devil. Yet, she could not ask her father if any clue had been got to the murderer, and she could not tell why she felt unable to do that. William talked about certain probabilities as to this one or that one being the guilty person, but came to no very satisfactory conclusion. His first idea, he said, was, that the Italian had done the deed; but he could see no proper motive that could induce him to commit the crime; and, besides, Giulio had been seen running out of the Palace along with the rest of the people—no sword had been seen upon him, and none had been found by the persons who had gone to search for evidence. After indulging in some conversation of the same kind, and lamenting the death, and the consequent interference with the marriage, they retired to rest.

The search for the murderer of Peter Connal was continued for many days without effect. The funeral of the unfortunate man was attended by a great crowd of people, attracted by the respect in which Peter was held, and the unusual circumstances of his death. John Connal now took up the business, carrying his resolution into effect, not to imitate his father in the matter of the sign-post. He accordingly got a very imposing one erected, in which he fell into the error which his father had condemned in such indignant terms; for it was filled up with mere pictures of casks, bottles, and bickers—things in themselves so sacred, in the estimation of Peter, that he hated all representation of them as a species of idolatry. The very barrel on which he had so often sat, was turned in. The jaunty and gaudy signboard was not received as a compensation for the comfortable personality of Peter. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who had formerly been so delighted with his portly figure, in the very attitude of doing almost continually that which it was their wish to imitate, turned away their eyes from the dry contrast afforded by a mere picture, and sighed over all the vanities of this fleeting world.

The intercourse between William Glenday and John Connal was not interrupted by the unaccountable circumstances that had occurred; but it was soon observed that Mary was not what she used to be. Even John Connal observed a difference in her manner. She felt a reluctance to fix another day for the marriage; and the importunities of John seemed only to increase it.

'Noo, my dear Mary,' said John, 'when oor grief for my faither is, by the course o' nature, somewhat moderated, may we no accomplish that which was interrupted by that melancholy catastrophe? Twenty summers hae gane owre oor heads, and fifteen o' thae have been cheered by the beating o' oor twa hearts, as by the cooes o' birds on a sunny day. The licht o' yer bonnie eenie has been my only solace amang mony waes; and even on the occasion which has filled oor houses wi' sackcloth, and oor hearts wi' grief, and dashed frae our uplifted hands the cups o' pleasure which hae been a promise and a covenant between us for a fourth pairt of the ordinary term o' man's pilgrimage on earth, I hae had nae staff o' support but yo, and nae beam o' hope but what ye hae pleased to vouchsafe to me. It canna be, then, that this misfortune which, God knows, was nane o' my doing, should be turned frae the purpose which it was by Heaven intended to serve—nae doot to check oor joy, which was owre bricht for mortals, into a total extinguisher o' a' oor pleasures, and a final end to a' oor hopes! Na, na, Mary, ye canna think that Providence will deal wi' us in that gait. And, oh, tell me, dearest, for the sake of Heaven, why ye hae been sae changed to me o' late, and why ye winna again prepare to gang wi' me to the altar.'

'It's no for me,' said Mary, 'to interfere wi' the ways o' God—wha, having alloced us, in his high pleasure, to be joined in oor hearts for sae lang a time—even oor hail lives—thocht proper to pairt us in the end by sic an awfu' token as the death o' yer faither, on the vera day afore oor marriage. There was a sign and a meaning in that token, which my heart has read in tears and interpreted in agony; and sae lang as it pleases Heaven to conceal frae us the hand which struck the fatal blow at yer faither's life and oor hopes, sae lang, my heart whispers, maun oor union be delayed! But when that time shall come—and, oh, that it may come sune! for it will be as the dew o' Heaven to the parched and gaping earth—when the bloody hand shall be streched forth, and the guilty ane made to stand oot in the searching sun o' a bright evidence—then shall I be able to say whether it may again be that there is any chance for oor bein united in the bonds o' matrimony. Till that time shall come, never mention to me the subject o' this conversation. My heart is filled wi' a grief which nane on earth can lessen; and it is a sad change that has come owre me, when I can hae a sorrow which ye canna ken, and, though ye kenned it, couldna relieve. Yet, sae it is: yer puir Mary is nae langer what she was, and may never be what she was again. The flowers o' Arthur's Seat hae lost their colours and their scents—the blue bells o' the 'Miller's Knowe,' ring nae mair peals—and the water o' St Anthony's Spring is drumly and dark, as it is when the spirit o' the storms sits on the tap o' the Cat's Head. 'Waly, waly,' is noo my sang, and the joys o' a bricht mornin hae fa'en to the bottom, like the lees o' a vessel o' wine; and I maun drink thae lees, bitter as they may be; for Heaven has said the word, and Mary Glenday is obedient to its behest.'

The high-toned determination of the maiden satisfied John that it would be vain to press a suit at present, which was so clearly interdicted by some hidden circumstance. What that could be, was a subject of intense interest and curiosity; but, though he thought of it daily and nightly, he could not even approach the mysterious reason which could change a human being so entirely, as to make a light-laughing maiden, high in the hope of being married, a sorrowful and sentimental woman, giving grave injunctions that her intended nuptials should not be broached in her presence. At times, John thought that her mind was tinged with a superstitious melancholy, arising from some presentiment, that, as their marriage was interrupted in such an awful manner, Heaven had set its decree against it. This opinion deserved weight from the circumstance that the condition attached by Mary to their union still

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ushing place was the discovery of the author of the murder; but even that condition was itself qualified, as if it depended upon the nature of that discovery whether she would consent to become a wife. The whole matter appeared a mystery, and John could make nothing of it.

The people in the Abbey discovered that Mary Glenday was entirely changed. Her cheek became blanched, and her blue eye dim; while her general appearance was that of a person labouring under a consumption. She was seldom seen going out, except to church; and even there she never looked up. Many questions were put to her, as to the cause of her dejection, but no satisfactory answers could be got from her. Towards her father, her kindness continued. It was indeed a kindness altogether overdone—the result of a wish to heap attentions on him, as if from a morbid fear that he would not long be preserved to receive or she to impart them. William Glenday was extremely pained by the change which had taken place on his daughter. He could not go out without producing terror in her mind. She was even at times seen following him; and, when he would turn round and perceive her, she would, as if caught and ashamed, slip out of his sight. If any person knocked at the door, she trembled; and if a question was put to her, as to where her father was, her answer was so confused that very often the inquirer was obliged to go away without the information sought. If any one approached the place where the sword hung, she betrayed uneasiness; and, on one occasion, one of the grooms under her father having taken down the sword to look at it, she fainted. She never allowed her father to wear the coat he had on that night when the murder was committed; and when he asked for it, she said she could not find it, although it was carefully secreted in one of her drawers.

This state of mind in the unhappy girl was not unknown to Giulio Massetto. He observed her changed appearance, and was well pleased to hear that there was at present no great likelihood of a union between her and John Connal. He was observed often to be watching about the door of the house; and his bold and blustering manner towards John, and his readiness to speak in his presence about Mary, betrayed a kind of triumph, mixed with a hope that he might yet succeed where his most ardent wishes still pointed. He had the boldness, indeed, one day, to make up to her, as she came from church; but she shrunk away from him, and left him in conversation with her father, who still kept on friendly terms with him.

William Glenday took every method of dispelling his daughter's melancholy. He proposed, one afternoon, a walk to Duddingstone, which she reluctantly agreed to. They set off, accordingly, and visited an acquaintance who resided there. After they had been there for some time, a messenger, on horseback, and holding another horse, saddled and bridled, in his hand, inquired at the door if William Glenday was within? Mary heard the question, and, having seen the messenger and the horses from the window, rushed out, and cried that her father was not within. Her manner betrayed the utmost agitation. She endeavoured to prevent the servant from stating that William Glenday was in the house; and it was not until her father, who heard the noise, came out, that the messenger could know what was the truth. The people of the house could not account for her conduct on any other principle than that she was deranged. The messenger bore a request that William Glenday should instantly repair to the Palace; and having committed Mary to the charge of his friends, he departed.

Mary returned home in the evening. The weather was calm and delightful, and the sun was setting in that fine amber-coloured radiance, which, in Scotland, is often so remarkable on an autumn evening. Wearied by her day's fatigues, she sat down to rest herself. A train of images rose in her mind, which took away all perception of time, or of the increasing shades of evening that gradually closed over her. In the midst of her reverie, she was suddenly startled by a human voice. It was that of Giulio Massetto.

'Anima mia!' cried the Italian, when he saw her. 'Mary Glenday here, on the brow of the hill, in the bloom of approaching night! Io Godo! Io Godo! I am well pleased. And now we shall, if it please thee, have some conversation on a subject, which, notwithstanding thy coldness, still lies next my heart. Thou knowest how I love thee, my sweet Mary; and I am well pleased to know that thou hast discarded thy old lover, Connal, who was not, indeed, worthy of the love of such a maiden. Thy father, I shall yet appease and persuade, if thou wilt but answer to my love.' And he held out his hands to embrace her.

'Stand back, sir,' said the indignant Mary. 'The power does not exist on this earth, that can o'er make Mary Glenday love Giulio Massetto; an' heaven winna interfere in sic an affair. I hae tauld ye aften—an' this, I hope, will be the last time—that it is wauir than useless to persevere in a suit which I can ne'er gie ony favour or countenance to. Ye may perceive, sir, that I am very far frae being in a guid state o' bodily health; the bloom has gane frae my cheek, an' sorrow has flung her gloomy mantle owre the heart whar joy loved ance to dwell. Ye may, if it be yer pleasure, continue to persecute ane wha ne'er wranged ye—ye may shake doun the few lingering grains that remain in the sand-glass o' my life, an' hasten the end o' a miserable existence. Ye may do a' this, sir; an' when ye hae done it, what will ye hae accomplished? When ye see the green turf lying on the grave ye hae helped to dig, will that be ony cause o' pride, or exultation, or thanksgiving? If it will, or if it can, then I truly say, that the heart o' an Italian is no like that o' a Scotsman. Let me gang, sir, or I will wauken the spirit o' this place wi' the cries o' a determined and desperate woman.'

'I cry thee mercy, maiden,' replied Giulio, perfectly unmoved, except by hurt pride, and bitterness.—'I'observo—I perceive that something troubles thee, and thou makest that a reason for rejecting my love; but what wouldst thou say if Giulio Massetto, whom thou despisest so much, could tell thee of the cause of thy illness. It is sometimes more easy to take the grief from the heart of an unwilling maiden than to wash the gore from a sword, or from a garment which has been drenched in the heart's blood of a friend.'

These words operated like lightning on the unhappy Mary. She involuntarily fell on her knees, clasped the

Italian's legs, clinging to them with the grasp of death—struggled for breath and power to speak, and convulsively screamed, 'Tak—tak back thee words, and tell me that ye never uttered them—say that ye'didna see me wash the sword, and scoor it, and hang it up i' my faither's room—say that I didna wash the bluid frae my faither's coat, and dry it at the fire—say that, and—and—Mary Glenday will'——

'What?' said the cold-blooded Italian; 'will thou become my wife?' These words recalled Mary's wandering senses, but only to consign them to the power of exhausted nature. She fell senseless at the feet of her perfidious persecutor. Approaching footsteps were at this instant heard, which caused the Italian to retreat; and, when Mary recovered, she found herself in the arms of her father, who led her slowly home.

When examined by her father, Mary pretended that some unknown person had surprised her on the hill.—Her father stated that he thought he perceived Giulio Massetto part from her when he came up. To this she gave no very distinct answer, pretending that she was not very sure whether it was Giulio or not. This was not at all satisfactory to her father, because he was aware that she had fainted in consequence of the violence of the person who had suddenly left her on his approach; and if Giulio had been the individual, she could not have failed to know him. He felt unwilling, however, to press his daughter farther, because she seemed quite incapable of supporting any lengthened conversation on this subject, which seemed to be one of great pain to her.

The weight upon the mind of Mary increased; for she was now overcome by a feeling of total dependence upon the will of another. The depression of spirits produced by this accession to her disquietude, acted with increased force on her frame, which daily became more attenuated. It was observed that she now ceased entirely from speaking of Giulio Massetto with disrespect or anger. When his name was mentioned, she was spell-bound and silent. One night a noise was heard at the window, as if some person had tapped at it in a peculiar and concerted way. William Glenday looked at his daughter, and asked what it was; she replied it was rats, and that she had heard the sound often. In a short interval, however, she arose from her seat, and signified to her father that she had occasion to leave the house for a few minutes. The latter asked her whither she intended to go, adding, that, in her present weak state, she had better remain in the house.—She replied, she was just going to visit a neighbour; and her father not having suspected any connexion between the sound at the window and the departure of his daughter, offered no further opposition to her expressed wish.

It was about ten o'clock when Mary went out; eleven struck and she was not yet come home. William Glenday became alarmed, and sent to inquire if she was in the neighbour's house she had mentioned. The messenger came back and informed him that she had not visited them for many months. This increased her parental alarm, and he ran immediately over to the house of John Connal, to inquire if she was there. John said that he had not seen her for some days; but his affection for her suggested strange doubt than that felt even by her father; and seizing his hat he rushed out of the house to search for the object nearest to his heart. On going round the King's Park, he thought he observed two people standing in the shadow of a house at the corner of the clump of trees, called, at that time, the "King's Orchard." On coming nearer, he heard the voice of Giulio Massetto, and then that of Mary Glenday. He was struck with intense agony. Could it be that he was now, in his turn, the unsuccessful rival of the Italian? Everything indicated that fact; and his fancy, fired by jealousy, now saw distinctly the reason why Mary would not consent to name another day for their marriage. Her statements about the murder of his father were used as a device to get quit of her obligation and pledge to him, and leave her at liberty to wed his rival. Her bad health was produced by the intensity of a new passion, and the struggle between conscience and inclination. Her distress, on being surprised by her father on the night of their visit to Duddingstone, was all affectation; for, as her father himself had stated, she had been in the company of the Italian, and wished to conceal it.

Stung to the heart by this supposed baseness on the part of his lover, John went forward, determined that either he or Giulio should die on the spot. Before he came up, however, the pair separated—the Italian going one way and Mary another. John followed Mary, and overtook her.

'Is that you, Mary Glenday?' he cried. 'What are ye doing here at this time o' nicht?'

'O John, dinna ask me what I'm doing here,' answered Mary; 'but let me get hame, where I hae meikle mair need to be than in this place at sic an untimeous hour.'

'Why are ye here, then, Mary?' said John, with asperity.

'Because I have need to be here,' answered she. 'An' if ye love me, dinna, for heaven's sake, ask me ony mair aboot it.'

'Had Giulio, the Italian, need to be here too?' asked John, significantly.

'I winna answer that question, John,' answered Mary, 'nor ony ither ye may put to me. I can only say, that, if you wish to add to the misery o' ane wha loves ye wi' a' the force o' a breakin heart—wha is worn down to the weakness o' a silly thread by what she canna reveal to mortal—ye hae it in yer power noo to snap it asunder, and send yer ain Mary to sleep wi' yer murdered faither, in the Canongate kirkyard.—Speak but ane or twa mair o' thae sharp words ye hae noo spoken, and ye will hae nae mair to do. I hae only to beg, that, if ye love me, ye will say naething o' what ye hae seen or heard this nicht. The chough and the craw are gane to their rests—gae awa to yours; and, as they were heedless o' what was said and heard by me as I stood yonder under their sheltering tree, be ye equally heedless and equally mute. Nae mair. The life o' Mary Glenday depends on yer discretion!'

As she said these words, she beckoned to John not to go with her. She went in the direction of home; and he, with a heavy heart, stung with jealousy—and yet, satisfied by her extraordinary conduct that there was something unexplained, feeling himself bound to con-

cent his emotions and obey her commands—went home also.

In the morning, William Glenday called at John's house to inquire if he had seen Mary on the previous night. She had been, he said, late in returning—her spirits were getting worse—her health fast declining—and everything indicated some mental disease, or some secret of an extraordinary character, preying upon her mind. John denied having seen her, and gave a confused assent to what her father stated. This account did not agree with that given by Mary, who had said that she saw John Connal on the previous night. William Glenday became, in his turn, suspicious of John, and now began to think that he was acting dishonourably by his daughter—a circumstance that would, of itself, account for her state of health and spirits. He, however, said nothing, and departed.

Two nights afterwards, when William Glenday returned home about ten o'clock at night, he was told that Mary had gone out; and the servant said she thought there was some strange noise at the window before she departed. Her father was now satisfied that she had left the house to meet John, and resolved to go himself and ascertain the truth of his suspicions. He went and called at John's house; and having found that he had not yet come in, went away to the darkest parts of the neighbourhood to see if he could discover whither they had gone. He had not proceeded far when he met two men carrying a female. This was his daughter in a state of insensibility. She was supported by John and another person. They conveyed her to the house; and having applied some stimulants, she recovered. William Glenday, with much asperity, blamed young Connal for not acting honorably towards his daughter, whose affections he said he was trampling on. The other defended himself, as far as he could, without betraying Mary. He said he had met the stranger bearing her in his arms, and that he assisted him merely in carrying her homewards. The stranger, on his part, said he belonged to Leith, and that, as he went along by the entry from the south back of the Canongate to the Abbey, he saw the young woman standing with a man—that she was supplicating him not to do something which he threatened to do; whereupon, he said, in a threatening and angry tone, that unless she yielded to him within an hour, he would lodge an information the next day; and he swore he would fulfil his threat. On his swearing, the young woman fell into a swoon; and her companion suddenly disappeared on seeing the narrator come up to her assistance. William Glenday could make nothing of this story, and Mary refused to say anything in explanation.

On the following day, two officers called at William Glenday's house, and showed him a warrant for his apprehension upon a charge for the murder of Peter Connal. Mary heard the statement of the men, and went again into a swoon. When she recovered, her father had been taken to prison.

A precognition was now led by the crown lawyers. Giulio Massetto was examined, and stated that, on the night of the murder, he saw Mary Glenday pick up a sword, which she found lying on the ground near the place where Peter Connal was slain; that he afterwards saw her, through the window, washing the blood from her father's sword and coat. Glenday's servant was next examined, who stated, that she saw Mary washing the sword and her father's coat, by looking through the key-hole of the door. Mary was next called; but she refused to say anything against her father; and she was not pressed. Several witnesses, however, were examined, who asserted that a quarrel took place between Peter Connal and William Glenday, on the day of the murder, respecting the amount of the tocher which Peter's son was to get from William Glenday with his daughter. This evidence the crown-officers conceived to be very strong, and nothing that the Prisoner could say tended to affect it. The gentleman to whom, on the night that the murder was perpetrated, he said he conveyed the hound, was a Frenchman, then living in Leith, who wished to introduce a breed into France, for which country he had departed. He, therefore, could not prove an *alibi*. In addition to all this, the sword itself was produced, and a coat was found in Mary's cabinet which presented all the appearances of having been washed. It was proved, too, that her father was never seen to wear that coat; and the groom referred to in a previous part of this narrative, said that Mary Glenday had nearly fainted one day when he took down the sword to look at it.

As this evidence gradually transpired and came to the ears of Mary, the effect produced upon her was of a character so intense that no person thought she could support life under its operation. A series of swoons for many days seemed to divide her life from death. Her nerves suffered alternations of high excitement and the lowest depression; and, at times, her screams were heard far from the house, and by passengers going along the street. In quieter moments, she cried for Giulio Massetto, and said she would now consent to his conditions. The people around her conceived she was raving, and paid no attention to her wild request; though they could not restrain their tears when they thought of the extraordinary fate of the unfortunate girl. Her early and romantic love for John Connal—the interruption of her marriage by the death of her intended father-in-law—her sufferings under the terror, very far from being causeless, that her father would expiate on the scaffold the crime of murdering her lover's parent; these things became topics of ordinary conversation, and brought tears to the eyes of many; but no one on earth knew all the sufferings of Mary Glenday. Her restless nights—her frightful dreams—her cold shivering fears, real and imaginary—her dependence on the word of a villain for the life of a parent—the conduct she was obliged to pursue towards her lover for whom her affection had not diminished—and the nervous state of body into which she had fallen, formed a load of misery which would have bowed the head of an ordinary mortal to the grave.

Nor was the poor maiden now far from that place of rest. No extenuating evidence could be procured for her father; and the trial was fixed to take place within a fortnight. Every day of this period brought her more near to the termination of a mortal's career. She gradually sank to the last stage of life. The medical gentleman who attended her saw that she could not survive the period of the trial. John Connal was bu-

thoughtfully by her bedside. He had forgotten and forgiven all; though he had not got a proper explanation of her mysterious conduct. A faint glimmering of light, however, found its way into his mind; but any hope produced by it was in a moment clouded by the dreadful thought that she had all along suspected her father to be the murderer of his parent, and had even taken means to conceal it, if she did not, by washing the sword and her father's coat, absolutely approve of it. When these thoughts came across young Connal's mind, he flew from the object of his love, beating his breast in agony; but pity again recalled him; and between so many conflicting passions, he was next to being a madman.

One night he had been sitting with her to a late hour. She was too far reduced to enter into anything like conversation, a few words being all that ever passed; and those were of the most ominous character. After a long pause, and when she seemed to be occupied with thoughts of her approaching death, she started up in an instant, and laid hold of John, who was sitting by her bedside. 'Ken ye Mary Gray, John?' she cried, with a wild scream; 'ken ye that woman that is ca'ed Mary's Marion?'

'I do,' answered John; 'what about her, my dear Mary?'

'Awa to her!' she cried, 'awa to her! wi' the flicht o' light. A thocht has come into my head; why has it been sae lang o' coming? Ask her if she threw ony bluid on my father's cost on that awfu' nicht when yer faither was murdered?'

With the effect produced by speaking these words, she fell back exhausted. John went in search of Mary Gray. She was not in the house; but a young girl told him that she had met her with a man in the Hunter's Bog. He hurried away to that lonely place. It was now dark, but the night was quiet; and, though he could not see far, he could hear with the greatest distinctness. About the middle of the glen, he heard two persons engaged in conversation.

'For the twa gowd pieces ye gied to me,' said a woman, 'for assisting ye in the matter o' fat Peter's death, I dinna thank ye, Giulio, because I wrocht for it! Hang ye, for an Italian dog! do ye think that Scotch lasses are sae blate as to forget their bargains? Na, na; I hae got naething frae ye for this last fortnicht, and I'm this nicht in want; so gie me the silver piece ye are awin' me.'

'It is neither gold nor silver that insolence will get out of an Italian, Mary Gray,' said Giulio. 'It is another metal that he gives; at least to a male.'

'And did puir Peter Connal,' answered she, 'gie ye ony insolence when ye slew him sae unmercifully wi' Peter Glenday's sword, that ye got me to steal for ye frae his house, as if ye hadna had ane o' yer ain?'

'Yes,' answered the Italian. 'He was insolent to me when he abused my master, calling him an Italian player, and saying he should be hanged for his services to our gracious Queen.'

'An' wherefor did ye put the crime on William Glenday,' asked Mary, 'by using his sword, an' gettin' me to throw bluid on the puir man's coat, when he guarded my house?'

'Because,' said Giulio, 'he was also insolent to me. He refused me his daughter; taunted me about my money, my speech, and my country. Besides, I thought to stop his daughter's marriage with John Connal, which the suspicion attaching to him could not fail to do. I was, besides, freed from any suspicion of doing the deed myself. Other circumstances arose from chance, favourable to me; for I did not count upon Mary's secreting the sword, and washing her father's coat, which thou knowest has come out in evidence against her.'

'An' it is a strange thing, Giulio,' said she, 'seeing that yer life is in my hands, that ye should treat me as ye are noo doin, denyin me the silver piece sae justly due to me. Are ye no feared I gang up the street yonder, to the council chaumer, an' mak a contract atween ye an' the black knave wha huge his freens sae closely aboot the craig?'

'Thy life would answer for it,' said Giulio, sternly.

'An' what would Mary's Marion,' answered she, 'care for a spark, whilk only noo throws out a glimmer to show her her shame?'

'Thou jokest, I presume,' answered Giulio.

'I will tell ye that,' answered Mary, 'when I get my silver piece. Tempt nae mair the wrath o' an angry woman, wha has only to say the word that will mak yer feet dance i' the air, to a tune o' yer ain whistling. It winna be Davie Rizzio that will save ye, if Mary says the word."

The Italian struck the woman violently, who fell, uttering a loud scream. As John Connal rushed forward, Giulio fled, pursued by the threats and imprecations of Mary, who, upon returning, was grateful to John for delivering her from his violence.

Next day, Mary Gray was examined by the procurator-fiscal. She gave a detailed account of Giulio's having bribed her to steal William Glenday's sword; and afterwards, when he had killed Peter Connal, to throw blood on Glenday's coat, as he passed her door. John Connal gave next his account of the conversation he had heard between the Italian and Mary Gray. Other witnesses were examined to prove Giulio's quarrel with Peter, and also with William Glenday; and one man stated that, when Giulio joined the people who were rushing out of the Palace, to see the fray, he seemed to come to them at an angle, as if he had not come direct from the Palace. In addition to all this, Mary Glenday, who was examined in bed, gave a satisfactory account of her actings, as they have been already detailed.

The aspect of matters was now changed. William Glenday was liberated, and the Italian put in his place. He was afterwards tried, condemned, and hanged. Mary Glenday recovered, and explained everything to the satisfaction of her lover, to whom she was afterwards married.

COLDINGHAM ABBEY,

OR

THE DOUBLE REVENGE.

Many of our readers, we dare venture to say, have either heard or read of Coldingham Abbey; but, for the enlightenment of such as may not, we may be permitted to add, that for several centuries it continued to be one of the most famed and opulent of the many religious houses with which Scotland was studded. There are hoary chroniclers who tell how, many long years ago, the Saxon Princess Ebba, sister of Oswy, King of Northumbria, was obliged to flee from the dangers with which her father's kingdom was distracted—how she embarked in a boat which she found lying at the mouth of the Humber—and how her frail skiff, destitute of oar or rudder, bent its way over the turbulent billows, till it landed her in safety on a sandy beach on the coast of Berwickshire, a little eastward from where St. Abb's, in giant greatness, now rears his venerable head above the waves. The same veritable authorities record how the priests who officiated in a lonely temple, which, like the eyry of the eagle, was perched upon the summit of that stupendous cliff, looking forth upon the stormy ocean, descried with astonishment and awe the little boat bounding triumphantly over the billows which threatened every moment to engulph it in their watery abyss; and how the princess, filled with gratitude to Him,

"Who rules the whirlwind and directs the storm,"

piously resolved to dedicate to His service the remainder of her life and fortune, and thus became the foundress of Coldingham Abbey. Time would fail us were we to enumerate the enormities which were carried on by the inmates of this religious establishment after the death of the sainted Ebba; nor shall we detain the reader by telling him how the Deity, grievously incensed at the turpitude and extent of their delinquencies, commissioned a fleet of Scandinavian rovers to land upon the neighbouring coast, and consume the monastery and its wicked inhabitants in one common conflagration; and how it lay in ruins for about two hundred years thereafter, a monument of Divine retribution.—In the year 1098, King Edgar of Scotland caused a much more splendid edifice to be reared upon its foundations. According to worthy Andrew Winton's veracious "Chronykil"—

"Coldyngham then founded he,
And rychly gart it dowit be;
To Cuthbert, Ebb, and Mary baith,
This haly kirk he dedicate."

Therein he planted a colony of Benedictine monks from Durham, whence, at various times thereafter, it continued to be supplied. These worthy ecclesiastics and their successors, at the same time that they made spiritual affairs their profession, were by no means deficient in their regard to what was considered to be of tantamount importance, the levying of sufficient supplies for the due support of their monastery. In short, like the brethren of a neighbouring Border convent, the monks of Coldingham

"Made gude kail
On Fridays when they fasted;
Nor wanted either beef or ale,
As long as their neighbours' lasted."

Unlike the graver churchmen of modern times, they engaged eagerly in the sports of the chase. Starting forth from their cells by break of day, they pursued the startled deer from his covert in the woods which sheltered the beautiful valley of the Eye; and, when the chase was over, planted in triumph his antlered head upon the festive board of the refectory. Then, crowding around it, they qualified their venison with liquor from goblets which mantled high with the pure and unadulterated juice of the grape; and concluded the business of the day amid the din of "wassail, rout, and revelry."

Now, it happened about the middle of the fifteenth century, that there sprung up the powerful and warlike clan of the Homes, who soon became proprietors of many estates adjacent to the abbey lands, and exercised the authority of more than Border barons over the persons and property of the greater part of the inhabitants of what were called the Eastern Marches. They soon began to cast invidious eyes upon the rich possessions of the monks; and, a favourable opportunity having at length occurred, they succeeded in getting one of their family installed into the lucrative office of Bailiff to the Priory. From that period they began gradually to encroach upon the power of the other officials, and to appropriate the revenues to the furtherance of their own ambitious schemes; so that the persons of the poor monks, once plump and rosy "with good capon lined," dwindled down to be the very ghosts of what they were, by reason of the scanty manner in which their larder was supplied. About the year of grace 1487, the king formed the design of applying the revenues to the support of a splendid chapel-royal which he had recently erected at Stirling—a proposal which, if it had been carried into effect, would have for ever blasted the selfish views of the usurping Homes. They, however, resolved not to be so easily forced to relinquish that which they had been in the habit of considering as their own; and, forthwith rallying their vassals around them, and contemptuously unfurling their banners upon the battlements of Fast Castle, Wedderburn, and Douglass, they impetuously rushed into that rebellion which cost the king his life. His gallant son, James the Fourth, though certainly indebted to them for his premature elevation to the throne, when calmly seated there, and left to meditate at leisure upon the odious means by which he had attained it, cherished such an inveterate hatred against them, that, while he lived, he would not allow a single member of the family to hold office within the abbey. The fall of Prior Stuart at Flodden, by the side of his ill-fated father, the king, created a vacancy, however, which the Homes, at all hazards, resolved upon filling up, by installing their kinsman, David Home, a younger brother of their chieftain, into the Priorship. The Regent Albany sought in vain an excuse for subjecting him to the same bloody fate as his two brothers had experienced soon after his accession to office; though he gave large bribes to Hepburn,

the chieftain of Hailes, and others, with whom he knew him to be at enmity, to find out some way of privately assassinating him. This horrid crime they found it by no means so easy to accomplish. The Prior, aware of Albany's machinations against him, seldom ventured abroad beyond the precincts of the monastery, and then only when attended by a numerous escort of armed Borderers. His time was, for the most part, devoted to the study of the sciences of astrology and necromancy—if, indeed, we may be allowed to dignify with the name of science, systems which were based in ignorance and superstition.

It chanced one day, about the middle of March 1518, that the Prior, having had occasion to make a short excursion from the monastery, was returning homeward with his escort over a moor that lay to the westward of the Priory, when their attention was attracted by the body of a man, lying stretched on his back upon the heath. He appeared to be perfectly insensible, and only replied to the questions which were put to him by uttering frequent and deep groans. He seemed to be about the middle age, and was dressed in the garb of a mendicant, though there was something in his general appearance that seemed to indicate that he had not been long, at least, reduced to the necessity of following that abject calling.

'Menderston,' said the Prior, addressing one of the most athletic of the horsemen, who had dismounted to inspect the body of the mendicant, 'do you see to get the poor wretch placed upon a litter, and conveyed with as much ease as may be to the Priory, whither some of us shall ride on before, and instruct Father Benedict to get such medicaments prepared as he may deem most meet for his restoration.'

Having given these instructions, the Prior clapt spurs to his steed, and speedily arrived with a few of his retinue in the courtyard of the Abbey. He was just on the point of entering into the cloisters, when he felt himself suddenly pulled by the skirt of his riding cloak. On turning round, he discovered standing behind him an old man, who usually formed part of his escort, the rueful aspect of whose countenance made him look like one who knew himself to be the bearer of tidings which he considered might be far from agreeable.

'What aileth you now, Lumsdean?' said the Prior, scarcely able to repress a smile at the tragi-comic expression of the veteran's features; 'you look liker a man who has made up his mind to go to the gibbet, than a bluff, fearnought Borderer, as you have heretofore proved yourself.'

'Pardon me, my Lord Prior,' replied the other; 'but I like not thy bringing hither yonder stranger for a guest. I doubt much, if mine eyes deceive me not, that he is something mair than a gaberlunzie, albeit he weareth the dress o' ane; and that, I dree, 'ill be ower sune heard, to the sorrow o' mony, gin you'll no let me gang immediately to gie directions that he is no to be brought within these walls.'

'Why, Lumsdean,' rejoined the other, 'you seem to have become dotard, old fool; your language is shrouded in greater mystery than are the writings of many of my old necromantic authors; and Heaven knows many of them are sufficiently obscure. Explain yourself quickly, and detain me not; otherwise his life, be he mendicant or merely babbler, like yourself, will be lost for want of timeous assistance.'

'Call me dotard, or babbler, or worse, an thou list, my liege; but I may not forbear to warn thee against him. Thou knowest James Hepburn, the chieftain of Hailes, and what thou hast to expect should thou and he happen to forgather; for he hath vowed that Scotland shall not long haud ye baith till he be revenged upon thee. Under the gaberlunzie garb, thou didst behold that chieftain. I once saw him, in cold blood, stab one of his sin henchmen; and, since that time, his appearance hath been rivetted upon my mind.'

'Get to your dormitory, old fool, and try what effect a little sleep may lend you in quieting your diseased imaginings,' interrupted the Prior, impatiently, and immediately disappeared through a small Saxon archway that led into the cloisters. He soon introduced himself into a small apartment, little more than six feet square, dingily lighted by a small circular aperture in the roof. In it sat Father Benedict, at a table covered with old musty parchments, and huge, moth-eaten volumes closed with iron clasps. Though he did not exceed forty-five years of age, his bald head truly indicated that those hours which the other members of the fraternity devoted to recreation and slumber, were by him spent in study and nocturnal vigils. Underneath a set of bushy grey eyebrows gleamed two dark, penetrating eyes, betokening the superior share of intellectual acuteness which their owner possessed. His craft, and insinuating manners, had often proved efficient to the Homes in quelling the dissensions which not unfrequently broke out among the monks during that turbulent age. He rose from his seat and made the customary obeisance as the Prior entered; and, on being apprised of the object of his visit, he proceeded with great complaisance, to remove from an oaken chest various bottles, containing liquors of different colours, the names and virtues of which he explained to the Prior as he set them carefully down upon the table. At length, he produced one considerably larger than the others, and holding it up with great satisfaction before the Prior's face—

'This containeth,' said he, 'one of the best elixirs in my pharmacopœia. 'Tis the discovery of Henry de Gretham, a brother monk of Durham, who happening, some years bygone, to be sent hither on secular business, imparted unto me the valued secret of its composition. It is by far the best of my medicaments—the Elixir Elixorum, as I might call it. When Abbot Forman presided in this house, it never failed to bring him forth out of his fits of stupor whereunto he oftentimes fell towards nightfall; and I doubt not that it will prove equally efficacious unto the varlet whom thou foundest lying senseless upon the moor.'

While he spoke, a noise was heard at the entrance to the cloisters. It was speedily followed by a knocking at the door of Benedict's apartment, from the exterior of which an announcement was made that the sick man had been deposited in the hospital.* Thither

* There was an hospital or infirmary attached to almost the whole of the monasteries, the superintendence of which was intrusted to one of the monks. The Abbey of Coldingham had two; one of which stood within its precincts, adjoining to the cloisters—the other, being a few miles westward, at Auldcambus, was devoted exclusively to the reception of lepers.

Father Benedict now hastened, with all due despatch, to administer his Esculapian skill, not forgetting to carry with him his favorite sanatory elixir. Nor did the result show that his estimation of its virtues had been over-highly rated; for, ere the vesper bell had rung, his patient had so far recovered as to be able to complain of a sense of suffocation, which led him to request that the casement of the window might be thrown open, to admit the fresh air. From that time, he rallied so fast that the monk, deeming it unnecessary to attend upon him longer, locked the door, and left him to compose himself for the night.

On leaving the apartment of Father Benedict, the prior proceeded through the gardens of the monastery, towards a private door, by which he was in the habit of gaining access to the apartment in which he prosecuted his singular studies; but, finding that the key was missing, he was forced to retrace his steps, and enter by the principal door, which opened upon the courtyard. His flambeau being lighted, he sat himself down in his vaulted chamber, the walls of which were lined with shelves of books and ancient portraits of eminent ecclesiastics and warriors. Immediately opposite to him hung two paintings, of much more modern date—the likenesses of his two unfortunate brothers, whom the miscreant Albany had brought to the block on the 16th of October of the preceding year. Suddenly looking upwards, his eye fell upon those frail relics, which were now the sole memorials of his beloved kindred; and his heart beat quick, and the tear darted to his eye, as he figured to himself those once smiling countenances, now fixed, with the heads of traitors, upon the battlements of Edinburgh. He reflected, too, that the same sanguinary measures would be doled out to himself, should a fitting opportunity occur of inveigling him into their snares; and then, for the first time, did he bestow a serious thought upon the warning of the stranger invalid, and almost repented of having allowed him to be brought so near him. Still he did not see, for the present, how any evil could accrue to him from one apparently so much indisposed. He resolved, however, to have him dismissed from the monastery as soon as he should appear to have recovered sufficient strength to admit of his being removed. He continued to revolve these matters over in his mind till the gloomy hour of midnight approached. Before retiring to his couch, he thought of trying that celebrated experiment in the occult sciences, by which it was deemed possible to determine the exact duration of an individual's life; and he resolved that his own should be the subject of the experiment. He accordingly proceeded to arrange upon the table a variety of glasses and instruments considered necessary to its successful performance, and to delineate large circles upon some sheets of parchment that were spread out before him.

Having concluded these preparatory arrangements, he passed his hand across his brow, and said aloud to himself—

'I shall now see how many years have yet to revolve ere this head of mine shall be gathered together with those of my loved relatives who have gone before me.'

'Thou mayest e'en spare thyself that trouble, my Lord Prior," exclaimed a voice from behind him; all thy years have already revolved, and few, indeed, are the sand-grains in thy glass that have yet to run out. Knowing this, I deemed it meet to come and thank thee for the service thou hast shown me during the term of thy brief existence.'

Ere these words had been repeated, the Prior had started to the middle of the floor, and found them to proceed from the mendicant, who had got admittance by the private door, the key of which he had lost, and upon whose face played a smile of the most diabolical import. On recovering somewhat from the surprise into which so unexpected a visiter had thrown him, the Prior thus broke forth:—

'How, knave, durst you venture to intrude yourself thus stealthily into my private apartment, and at such an hour?' and, at the same time, he hurried to the spot where the man stood, in search of his rapier. The latter now burst out into a fiendish laugh, and throwing aside his cloak, and tossing off the mendicant's cowl, with which his face had previously been in a great measure concealed, he instantly discovered himself to be Hepburn, the chieftain of Hailes, from whom the Prior had so much to dread.

'What seekest thou, my Lord Prior?' said he, 'perchance thy rapier? here it is; I found it lying by thy side, and a goodly piece of workmanship I warrant it to be. I shall restore it to thee presently; but, first, pray let me ask thee if thou knowest one James Hepburn, who, but for thee, would now have held the Priorate of this Abbey, and whom thy traitor-brother, Lord Home, did so much to injure?'

'Too well I've known you, base villain,' replied the Prior; 'and had my brother lived, you would, ere this, have been made to pay the penalty of your crimes. My kinsman, David of Wedderburn, may yet let thee feel what it is to insult a Home.'*

'Then let me tell thee, Home,' said Hepburn, brandishing the rapier, and his eyes sparkling with the fury of a demon, 'I've sought thee long, by night and by day, in the wilderness and in the city; but could nowhere find thee out, to wreak my vengeance on thy head. I have, however, in the garb of a mendicant feigning sickness, gained access to thee, and now receive back thy rapier!' so saying, he plunged the weapon into the heart of the Prior, who instantly reeled backward and expired with a deep groan.

The tidings of this deplorable event soon spread far and wide over the country; but the assassin remained undiscovered, nor was it known for some time afterwards who was the perpetrator of the horrid deed. The ruffian, Hepburn, returned to court, where the Regent readily agreed to appoint his kinsman, Robert Blackadder, to the vacant Priorship; and, accordingly, the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, within whose diocese the Abbey stood, appointed the fifth day of October following for the performance of the ceremony of instalment. No sooner was it known that the office had been conferred upon their kinsman, then the Blackadders of the Merse, the Hepburns, and their other allies, were conducted to Edinburgh by their respective chieftains, to pay their obeisance to the new

* The code of ecclesiastical laws interfered to prevent a churchman avenging, with the sword, any insult offered to him. The redress of the injury was usually left to one of his nearest kinsmen.

Prior, and escort him thence to the Priory over which he was called to preside.

In the present instance, the ceremony was expected to be one of the most splendid and imposing that had ever been performed within the hallowed walls of Coldingham. No expense was to be spared, it being the first time that a Blackadder had reached the dignified office of Prior. For several weeks preceding the entrance of young Blackadder into his new domains, the good people of Coldingham were all busily engaged in making preparations for the ceremony. Almost every individual in that then far from inconsiderable township found business moving on more briskly than usual, in consequence of the anticipated ceremony. Watty Geddes, the tailor, found trade increase so fast upon his hands—being employed to fit out the monks with a new assortment of cowls and scapulars—that he required to enlist into his service, *pro tempore*—that is to say, till the completion of the cowl and scapular job—some five or six knights of the needle from the neighbouring villages of Auldcambus, Eyemouth, and Auchencraw. And while the wrights, blacksmiths, and other artisans, were busily occupied in making repairs upon the monastery itself, it was with no small exultation that Mistress Grizzel Turnpenny was enabled, one evening, to declare to a 'wool-stowed roomfu' of her neighbours, whom the briskness of trade had induced to squander an extraordinary mark or two upon her liquor, that her fingers were 'clean blistered wi' turnin' the spiggot.'

Scarce a week had elapsed after the murder of the Prior, when Father Benedict, the monk to whom we have already introduced our readers, stole forth from his cell, about midnight, to the stables, where, saddling a pony, he led it softly to the court-gate of the Abbey. It was, of course, at that time, shut, which prevented ingress or egress to a horseman, though foot passengers could at all times gain admittance into the Abbey yards by what was called the Kirk-style.

'Who goes there, and what dost want?' bawled out Robin Steinson, the porter, who was aroused from his slumbers by a few smart applications of the Father's staff to the door of his lodge.

'I am Father Benedict, who hath been sent for to minister the last offices of the church unto a dying layman; I pray thee, Robin, arouse thyself quickly, otherwise the poor fellow will be let die in his sins, and thou be made responsible.'

Herbupon the drowsy porter, whose brain was still reeling from the effects of the preceding evening's potation in Lucky Turnpenny's, arose from his couch and opened the gate; for which service he received the monk's blessing, under the comforting influence of which he once more rolled his drunken carcass under the bedclothes.

The monk, however, went to visit no dying layman, as he had told the porter, but upon quite a different errand. Ere two hours had elapsed, he found himself in front of the proud towers of Wedderburn Castle. As he approached, the moon shone out and displayed to him the figures of the sentinels moving to and fro upon the summits of its battlements. It was a noble pile, and one of the strongest upon the Borders, though it owed its strength more to the assistance of art than of nature. A deep moat, forty feet wide, swept round a septangular wall, fortified with numerous turrets, by above the tops of which fluttered in the moonbeam the banner of its rebellious lord.*

After some altercation with the warders, and undergoing a strict scrutiny, the drawbridge was let down, and Father Benedict admitted into the court-yard. Here he was left to his meditations for some time, till a servant appeared and conducted him into the chieftain's presence. He was sitting by the window in an apartment at the top of the tower, brooding over the melancholy fate which had lately befallen so many of his kinsmen, and revolving how he could most amply revenge it, when the monk entered. His feelings were those of the bitterest chagrin when he heard of the sumptuous arrangements in progress for the inauguration of his kinsman's successor. His pride, too, was mortally hurt when he thought of the joy which prevailed among the inhabitants of Coldingham, who, at any rate, had been no sufferers during the rule of his family, though, perhaps, their rejoicing was rather produced by the supposed advantage that would result from the present increase of trade than from any pleasure felt at the downfall of their old superiors. In this gloomy mood he had passed the preceding part of the night, and had resolved—and when did a Home resolve in vain?—that Blackadder should fall by his sword.

'Knight of Wedderburn,' said the monk, 'hath the spirit of the Homes perished with those whom the proud foreigner and his minion have slain? Is there no one still left to tell him that Scotland may not be turned into a slaughter-house for thy race? Two days more and Blackadder, thine enemy, will be Prior of Coldingham.'

'And in two days more his head shall be reared upon the highest pinnacle of its towers,' interrupted the ruthless knight; 'aye, and turned towards the west, too, that when the Regent shall come to visit him, his minion may not be the last to greet him!'

The day fixed for the instalment at length arrived. All the eminences, for many miles around, were occupied by groups of people from the surrounding district, who flocked eagerly together to catch a view of the splendid cavalcade, as it passed on its route to Coldingham. The sun shone out brightly—the birds carolled forth their sweetest notes—and the whole aspect of nature accorded with the joyous state of the spectators' minds. It was a holiday sight which few living had ever before seen. Most of the later Priors had intruded themselves into the monastery by force, and, consequently, had readily dispensed with the ceremony of formal installation. About midday, the sound of the bagpipe and tambour, now and then broken in upon by the martial blasts of the bugle, announced to the anxious multitude that the procession was approaching nearer and nearer. With one accord they all rose from their seats upon the heath, and vied with each other who should catch the first glimpse of the approaching cavalcade. At length it came so near as to be distinctly visible to all, and was greeted with loud and long-continued cheering. First of all was a four-stripled

* Sir David Home, the Knight of Wedderburn, was outlawed for the murder of the Warden De la Beche, the subject of another Tale.

vehicle, covered with Tartan cloth, and decorated with rich figures of the saints, wrought in gold and silver, and drawn by four milk-white steeds, finely harnessed. In it were two monks, clad in loose white robes, kneeling at the foot of an *arbor vitæ* crucifix, to which was affixed an illuminated figure of the Saviour. Behind followed eighty black-clad monks of the order of St. Benedict, each holding in his hand an ivory crucifix. Then came a superbly-mounted cavalcade, consisting of upwards of five hundred horse, in front of which rode the celebrated Abbot Forman, Archbishop of St. Andrew's; the official of Lothian; the Dean of the Merse; and the new Prior—all of their horses adorned with a costly cloth of crimson, the corners of which were supported by four pages who strutted by the side of each. The greater part of the horsemen were well armed, as a precautionary measure against any interruption from the Homes, whose strongholds of Fast Castle and Dunglass were but little removed from the tract which they had to pursue.

A few days antecedent to the celebration of the ceremony, the grand aisle of the church was splendidly decorated with the figures of the saints, around whose necks were entwined long and showy wreaths of flowers; and instead of some antiquated full-length portraits of the Homes, who had held office in that line, were substituted those of some of the priors of older date, which, for more than a century, had been laid aside in an obscure corner of the building. On the portals being thrown open for the entry of the procession, the latter were found to have been removed—the portraitures of the more recent priors to have been replaced—the wreaths stripped from the bodies of the images—and the whole interior of the church restored nearly to its usual condition. This disarrangement, however, which afterwards proved fatal to the individual to whom the keys of the sanctuary had been assigned, was insufficient to prevent the commencement of the ceremony. After the celebration of mass, at the high altar, by the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, the usual oaths were administered to, and papers signed by the new dignitary, in presence of the whole assembly. Nothing occurred to break in upon the order of the ritual, till that part of it intervened, wherein it was declared by the bailie, or sub-prior, that the election had taken place without one dissenting voice. At that instant, a harsh-toned voice replied, from the upper part of the building, 'A Home objects, and a Home still lives to punish;' and, on looking upward in the direction whence this ominous declaration seemed to proceed, the reflected shadow of a man in armour was seen emerging from behind one of the fluted buttresses. The astonished bailie stood aghast; the parchment dropped from his hand upon the pavement, while a vociferous 'Save us, Holy Cuthbert!' escaped from his lips. The rest of the congregation remained for a minute in mute astonishment. At length silence was broken by Hepburn, of Hailes, demanding, in a stern voice, who he was that dared thus arrogantly to interrupt the ceremony; at the same time ordering the gates to be locked, and the whole monastery searched for the apprehension of the intruder. Encouraged by his example, a hundred subordinates were quickly set in motion—every corner of the building scoured for the apprehension of the intruder; but no traces of the mysterious visitant were apparent, if we except the impressions of recent footsteps, visible in the garden surrounding the monastery, and traceable from the bottom of a winding stair that communicated with the upper part of the building by a neglected postern. After this fruitless search, the parties returned to the church, and the remainder of the ceremony was gone through; but the spirits of all present had received such a 'damper' as rendered the effects of several flagons of Mistress Tweepenny's best liquor, which was afterwards dispensed free to all (and they were not few) who chose to partake of the new Prior's bounty. Various were the conjectures thrown out by the populace as to the manner in which a Priorship so inauspiciously begun would terminate.

On the following morning, the Prior, accompanied by a part of the retinue which had attended at the installation, in accordance with the usual custom, proceeded on a diet of visitation to the various cells and chapelries within his jurisdiction. Having visited the cell at Ayton, the cavalcade advanced toward Lamberton, the eastern boundary of the diocese. On visitations of such a nature, it was customary for all whom they met upon their way to retire to a little distance from the road, and to remain uncovered till the company who formed the procession passed by. The latter had only traversed about half of the ground between the places just mentioned, when a troop of armed horsemen appeared advancing toward them across the moor. Instead, however, of observing the general practice of falling off to the left, they continued advancing onward in the middle of the road. Perceiving the inclination thus manifested to neglect this point of etiquette, one of the horsemen connected with the cavalcade galloped up to the daring and irreverent equestrians, to expostulate with them on the impropriety of non-compliance therewith. His exhortations were, however, utterly disregarded; and, on using certain language deemed insulting by the party, a scuffle ensued, and shortly terminated in the overthrow of the unfortunate mediator.—In the meantime, the monastic assemblage looked on with indifference. The armed escort now abandoned their position in the rear, and planted themselves in a dense body in the middle of the path, determined to avenge the insult thus offered to clerical dignity. The monks, at the same time, retired to an eminence a little removed from the road to await the result of the combat. Nor did the recusant horsemen seem to have expected a submissive toleration of the affront; for no sooner had they vented their rage upon the person of the unfortunate wight who had dared to dictate to them, than they formed themselves into fighting array, and continued their progress till they arrived within a few yards of the insulted Prior and his escort. Nothing in the shape of parley was for a moment attempted. It was obvious, from the firm and determined posture into which both parties had thrown themselves, that nothing less than the blood of his antagonist would satisfy the rancour that burned within the breast of each. The result of the skirmish was long doubtful. At the very commencement, two individuals joined together in single combat; and, for some time, continued to parry each other's blows with the greatest success. At length,

the sides of the two received such a severe stroke from his antagonist upon his sword-arm, that it fell powerless by his side, and his weapon dropped upon the heath. His adversary immediately sprung upon him like a tiger upon his prey, grappled him by the throat, hurled him to the ground, and planted his knee firmly upon his breast. Then, drawing out from his belt a silver-hilted dagger, and pointing it to the heart of his victim, he exclaimed—

'Ha, knave! didst thou think thats Home no longer lived to revenge the murder of his kinsmen? Thou shalt now die for it!' At the same time, he plunged the weapon up to the hilt in the heart of his prostrate adversary. Scarcely had he done so, when a youth, dressed in an ecclesiastic robe, sprung forward, apparently for the purpose of arresting the fate of the fallen man; but he came too late. In his eagerness to intercept the fatal blow, he stumbled, and instantly shared the fate of him whom he had come to save.

Need it be added that the individual who achieved these sanguinary deeds was David Home, the knight of Wedderburn, and that his victims were Hepburn the chieftain, and Blackadder the Prior? The combat, which was long afterwards known upon the Borders as the 'Raid of Lamberton,' terminated in favour of the Homes. The heads of Hepburn and the Prior were hewn off and fixed over the principal gate of the Abbey, where they were allowed to remain for some months—a horrible spectacle to the multitude.

THE STORY OF DUGALD GLEN,

THE SHEPHERD OF DILSTON.

Several years have now elapsed since I resolved to spend a month of the summer's vacation in making a pilgrimage to some of the scenes famed in history or in song, which impart an interest to the confines of the sister kingdoms. With this intention I set out, one morning early, from my habitation on the banks of the Tweed, with a heart as light as the breeze that played around me. The third week of my peregrinations found me in what is called the Tindale Ward of Northumberland. Having feasted my appetite for the antique, by examining the numerous relics of the Romans with which that district abounds, one afternoon I came unexpectedly upon the picturesque ruins of the castellated mansion of Dilston Hall—formerly the residence of the unfortunate James, Earl of Derwentwater, who, in 1716, was beheaded for abetting the Earl of Mar in his vain attempt at reinstating the Stuarts upon the throne. These venerable remains occupied the summit of a steep and beautifully-wooded bank, which overhangs the romantic rivulet, or rather brook, of Devil's Water, near its confluence with the Tyne. The sky, which, during the earlier part of the day, had been clear and serene, became suddenly now overcast with dark clouds, which forthwith began to discharge themselves in a heavy shower. To escape a 'ducking,' I found myself compelled to seek shelter in the interior of a gloomy vault, a few yards distant from the ruins, which had been used as a burial place by the ancient Barons of Dilston Hall, but, as I ascertained from the marks upon its pavements, had been latterly converted into the humble purpose of a pen for sheep. Scarcely had I entered, when the storm burst forth furiously, and, in a few minutes, the brook, which laved the base of the rock on which the vault stood, came brawling down with the noise and vehemence of a torrent. No alternative was thus left me, but to amuse myself, as best I might, in attempting to decipher a few of the time-worn monumental tablets that were imbedded in the walls of this sombre mansion of the dead. I had spent some time in tracing the scarcely legible characters that told of the deeds and achievements of the ancient heralds of Dilston, whose mouldering ashes crumbled beneath my feet, and was proceeding to transfer to a scrap of paper the inscription upon the most recent of these monuments, erected by Anne, Countess of Derwentwater, to the memory of her brave but unfortunate son, when the vault became suddenly darkened. On turning round to ascertain the cause of this, I found it to be occasioned by an old shepherd, who stood at its entrance, apparently a good deal astonished at finding me seated in such a situation. I soon entered into conversation with him, and discovered him to be not only intelligent, but likewise disposed to be very communicative. He told me that he was a native of Scotland; but, for several years past, had been employed in the capacity of shepherd to a farmer in that neighbourhood. The family of Derwentwater became the subject of conversation; and having talked of the fate of the last of its earls, I was led to speak of the subsequent insurrection of 1745, which had forever blasted the hopes of the House of Stuart. Talking of the battle of Preston, which, for a time, had inspired the adherents of the Chevalier with expectations of success, the old man's face brightened up, and, with considerable pride, he told me that his father had been one of those who fell fighting in the 'guide cause' on that bloody field. 'Had you time, sir,' said he, 'I could tell you something about the business that, siblins, you mayna hae heard afore; but it's a long story, and, I doubt, no jist a proper ane to be tauld in siccan a eerie place as this. An you're no feared for a wet coat, you might e'en step down the burn to my beild, that's no muckle mair than a stanesthraw frae this, an' there you shall be made welcome to rest yourself till sic time as the storm blaw by; and I, the meantime, wad be tellin' you the story o' my father and the Laird o' Glengorroch.' A minute's walk, or rather run, brought us to the shepherd's hut, and another had scarcely time to slide by before I was seated, hob-o-nob, with Dugald Glen, (for that was the name of my new acquaintance,) before a blazing fire, listening to the narration of the marvellous incidents, which, on my return home, I embodied in the following story, which is now submitted to the readers of the Border Tales.

It was on a fine still evening in the autumn of 1745, that the clansmen of Glengorroch, with their aged chieftain at their head, marched from the Highland glen of that name, to share the fortunes of Prince Charles Edward, who had reared his standard on the heath of Glenfinnan. Their wives and children were collected in groups on the sides of the Gorroch mountain, in order

to enjoy as long a view as possible of the 'tartaned warriors.' The anxious, though somewhat proud interest, with which they gazed on their departing forms, deepened in proportion as the distance between them was augmented; and when, at length, an abrupt winding of the glen carried their kinsmen, one by one from their sight, a simultaneous shriek, or rather yell, burst from the female multitude. Then, having gazed for some time on the particular object of their love or affection, they hastily pressed their weeping children to their bosoms, and slowly began to move down the acclivity of the mountain to their hamlet in the vale below, to muse in silence on the strange enterprise that was taking their relatives 'awa frae the land o' the mountain and heather;' while Lady Helen, the daughter of their chieftain, returned in sorrow to the old castle or tower of Glengorroch, which reared its high and somewhat dilapidated turrets on the summit of a precipitous cliff that projected from the northern side of the mountain.

With the proceedings of Prince Charles, after his being joined by the Glengorroch and other disaffected clans, our readers are too well acquainted to require any further information from us. They will recollect that, on the evening prior to the battle of Preston, the royal army, under the command of Sir John Cope, lay encamped on that wide and then barren plain which extends between the village of Tranent and the sea; whereas the insurgent forces occupied the gentle slope of a hill a little to the northward of that village—an extensive and intricate morass, which has now disappeared under the improvements of modern agriculture, stretching between them. Thus were the rival armies situated on the wet and foggy night of the 20th September 1745, awaiting the approach of the dawn to commence the onset. The hardy mountaineer, accustomed to deeds of slaughter and bloodshed, lay wrapt in his tartan plaid on the bare ground, in profound repose; while many a less courageous Lowlander, who had either joined in the enterprise in a fit of enthusiasm, or from a spirit of retaliation engendered by wrongs received from those in authority, heard the cry of the sentinels as they changed guard, and viewed the watch-fires blazing on the plain with feelings of a far from pleasing kind.

On that night, as the chieftain of Glengorroch sat in his tent, after his brother officers had retired to their slumbers, meditating on the probable issue of the morrow's engagement, there entered the form of an aged Highlander, accoutred in a full suit of armour; but his body was bowed down with the load of years, and the sword which hung unsheathed by his side was reddened with gore, that flowed in a dark purple stream from a wound in his side. His face was unearthly pale, the features being contracted into a convulsive grin, rather, however, betokening a feeling of acute pain than of displeasure. The spectre (for such it was) glided toward the spot where the chieftain was sitting, and then fixing his lustreless eyes upon him, he pronounced, in a solemn sepulchral tone—'Glengorroch, prepare; for thy hour is coming! Ere the morrow's sun hath set, the last chieftain of Glengorroch shall be no more!'—And, as the voice died away, the figure became gradually more and more indistinct, till, at length, it almost disappeared. At first, the chieftain had tried to speak, and call the officer, whom he then conceived the apparition to be, the cause of so unexpected a visit, when suddenly the idea of his being in the presence of Dhoreach nan Dhu, the mysterious being who was supposed to preside over the destinies of his race, flashed upon his mind, and rendered every effort to speak for some time abortive, though his mind remained little more affected than might be attributed to surprise at so strange a sight. During the vision, he sat boldly gazing on the spectre, and instead of appearing alarmed or daunted at the appalling announcement, a smile of madness played upon his aged features; and, on regaining his speech, just as the apparition was gliding out of sight, he calmly exclaimed—

'Spectre! phantom! or whatever thou art, who hast thus kindly come to warn me of my approaching doom, depart not, I pray thee, till thou hast likewise revealed to me what shall be the destiny of the heiress of our house, that, when the fatal blow shall fall on his head, Glengorroch may die in peace.'

While he spoke, the spectre entirely vanished; but, at the further end of the apartment, the form of a lady, in tears and in deep mourning, was seen approaching a gloomy convent, at the portal of which stood a train of nuns attired in the unostentatious garb of the sisterhood. As the figure of the lady entered the convent, the tent resounded with the solemn tones of the organ, which ceased on the novice and the nuns disappearing, and the gates being closed. Glengorroch sat for some time with his eyes rivetted to the spot where the vision had melted away, engaged in deep thought. At length he gave utterance to the painful emotions which overcame him at the latter apparition.

'And is it even so!—are thus all my high fancies to be blasted forever!—and is it to fare thus hard with the last remnant of Glengorroch! Alas! my poor child! how are all thy father's proud hopes and wishes for thy happiness in a moment departed, and the heart, which could have smiled upon its own misfortunes, made to weep tears of blood for thine!'

During the remainder of the night, he continued to pace backward and forward, his mind engrossed with the most melancholy reflections. The dawn at length began to break, and they were interrupted by the entrance of his old and faithful domestic, Dugald Glen, a Lowlander by birth, but whose long servitude had caused him to be considered by his master rather in the light of a *confidant* than as an ordinary [illegible]. He entered the tent with a smile on [illegible] which became suddenly dispelled as he [illegible] his master overcast with a look of unusual sadness. Without paying much attention to the old man, who had now intruded himself into his presence, Glengorroch continued his perambulations, engaged in the same gloomy reverie as previous to Dugald's appearance. By this time, daylight had advanced so far as to render the torch, which continued to blaze on the floor of the apartment, altogether superfluous. This quickly attracted Dugald's notice, who remarked, as he extinguished the blazing faggot, that it was "neither mair nor less than doing ane's mercies to use baith day an' torch light on the same time;" and this he did in a louder tone than usual, chiefly with a view of rousing his master from his reveries, that he might ascertain what had given rise to the painful reflections, which, from long experience of his

hidden, he readily saw were passing in the chieftain's mind. The latter, at the loud exclamation of Dugald, turned hastily round, and, speedily assuming his wonted smile, said to the venerable valet—'Eh, Dugald, you are quickly afoot; you, for one, seem determined not to be backward in the fight. How goes the time, Dugald?—is the Prince astirr yet?—and how are our English friends looking this morning?'

'Please your honour,' replied Dugald, bowing respectfully, 'the sun is just beginning to look out frae the cloods over Berwick Law; an' as for the Prince, he's been risnin' frae an tent to anither this half hour, an', I doubt not, will be wi' your Grace i' the crack o' a mutchil; an' when I come hee, the Southrons were gaeing out their fires, and seemed to be in an uncu hurry. But, i' the name o' the Holy Virgin, what's makin' you look sae pale an' fearsome? I declare your cheeks are as white as a snaw-ba', or a sliced turnip; it canna be that your honour's frae'd for the day's work; deil, siblins, you may find yoursel' ayey weak to fight at your time o' life, an' nae wonder!'

'Fear hath ever been a stranger to the heart of our race, Dugald,' rejoined the chieftain, resuming the thoughtful look which had been dispersed by the appearance of his attendant; 'and at no period during my long life did I feel myself more able or willing to wield my sword manfully, than to-day. But, if my face be, as you say, paler than usual, it is owing neither to fear nor weakness; other and weightier causes are required to drive the colour from my face; and, alas! these have been sent enough to curdle every drop of blood in my veins; but thou knowest them not, Dugald, and it is better thou shouldst not, for thine old eyes will mayhap have closed in death ere the last event come to pass.'

'By the Holy St. Peter!' said the old man, with a look of the most serious alarm, 'am I to believe my ears, or has your honour been dreamin'? My dear maister, if you care ae straw for your puir servant, tell him what it is that's makin' you speak in that fashion. Before I left you last night, you were in the greatest spirits, an' now you're lookin' as white as a corp, an' talkin' in that fearsome manner just when you're on the point o' being restored to a' your ancient honours and dignities. O my dear maister, tell me if ony danger is like to happen thee or thine, an' auld Dugald Glen [illegible] the best drop o' bluid in his body to [illegible]. And here the tears ran down the old man's [illegible] he fell to the ground and grasped his master's knees.

'Poor old man!' said the chieftain, a tear at the same time glistening in his eyes, 'last night I thought we then dared hope now, that honour and power were about once more to smile on our ill-starred house; but the fates have otherwise determined. However, my kind old man, enough hath been left from the wreck to enable thee to spend the remainder of thy days in peace and comfort; take this, Dugald'—holding out to the old man his purse, at which, however, he gazed without offering to accept it—'this is all I will be able to leave thee for thy long and faithful services; but I will speak to the Prince in thy behalf, and he, I doubt not, will not see our old servant want; one thing' added Glengorrach, hurriedly, 'one thing let me beseech thee to do, in the event of evil befalling thy master—give this ring to Helen, as a memorial from her father.'

'My honoured maister,' exclaimed the poor old man, after a great many ineffectual efforts to speak, and in a voice quivering with emotion, 'woes me, that my auld een should have seen this day!—auld Dugald Glen should have been langsyne lyin' wi' his forbears in Auchtermuchty kirkyard. O my puir maister! But what did the bogle say was to befa' Leddy Helen?'

'Ask me not further, Dugald; what I have alluded to has been foretold for the last time by the being who presides over the destinies of our race. Take the money, Dugald; you will find it useful when you are once more obliged to shift for yourself; and keep this for Helen.'

'O my puir maister! an' is it so you think my affections are to be got and broken off? Do you think that auld Dugald Glen can live after his first and only maister has perished? No, no, my Lord; the same hour that shall terminate the race of Glengorrach shall lay auld Dugald i' the dust. I needna, therefore, the money, my Lord, an' the ring you maun consign to other hands to gie puir Leddy Helen. O my puir maister! woes me I should hae lived to see this day!'

'Thou art wrong,' said Glengorrach, struggling to conceal his emotion, 'thou art wrong, my kind old man; thou mayest yet live to see many a happy day, and it were folly in thee to betake thyself to the field, resolved to share the fate of thy unhappy master, particularly when thou couldst be so well employed in conveying to poor Helen this last token of her father's love.'

Any further controversy on this distressing subject was now arrested by a slight tap on the door, at which, almost instantly, Prince Charles entered between two Highlanders, who placed themselves by his side. He wore a blue velvet bonnet, surmounted by the famous 'white cockade,' and a tartan coat with the star of St. Andrew on his breast. A blue sash, embroidered with gold, hung gracefully over his shoulder, while at his side dangled a massy silver-hilted broadsword. His countenance was lightened up by a smile; and immediately he began to discourse with the chief respecting the approaching contest. During this interview the latter seemed to have regained his former spirits, smiling, and even laughing at the humorous remarks with which the Prince's conversation, as usual, abounded. Ere long they sallied out together, joined the rest of the officers, held a council of war, and resolved to attack the enemy immediately. The mist, hovering in dense clouds over the intervening morass, prevented either army from distinctly observing the movements of the other, so that, by the aid of a person well acquainted with the ground, the troops of Prince Charles were enabled to cross the marsh without observation, and to draw themselves up in order of battle. A scene of bustle and confusion pervaded the royal army, when the terrific yell, whereby the Highlanders commenced the attack, too truly proved that the hedge, which they fancied they saw before them, gradually becoming more and more conspicuous as the day approached, was none other than the armed host of the enemy. Short but decisive was the conflict that followed. The hardy Highlanders, with the fury of a winter's torrent rushing

from their mountain glens, fiercely consoled the ranger of the fen, and, in five or six minutes, routed and put them to flight; and, amid the groans of the dying warriors, rose the joyful shout of 'God save King James—the Stuart for ever!' After the battle, the field presented, as might have been expected, a most melancholy and disgusting spectacle—strewed with the mangled bodies of the clan who had fallen under the tomahawks broadsword. The few surviving retainers of Glengorroch sought out from the lifeless bodies of their clansmen, that of their venerated master, which was pierced with many a wound. During the engagement he had fought bravely at the head of his gaun undisciplined group of mountaineers. The last charge was made. Glengorroch rejoiced in the expectation of victory, and the prophecy of Dhorach seemed unlikely to be realized. And victory came—but the chieftain was pierced with a bullet which stretched him on the plain; and on the now-cultured spot where he fell, a stately hawthorn tree, that has braved the storms of upwards of ninety winters, points out to the passing traveller the place where in peace he rests from his warfare; near which a solitary mound marks the lowly sepulchre of his faithful domestic, Dugald Glen, and the greater part of the ill-fated clan of Glengorroch.

On the evening of that day whose morn had proved so fatal to her parent, did the fair Helen leave the tower of Glengorroch, with the intention of proceeding to the hamlet, to ascertain if any intelligence had arrived of the proceedings of the Prince; but so occupied did her mind become with forebodings relative to the success of the enterprise whereon her father had embarked his life and fortunes, that she proceeded in a totally different direction, through a wild and trackless ravine, utterly unconscious, or, at any rate, heedless whither she wandered. Over this rugged path did she continue to move onwards, notwithstanding the many obstacles which impeded her progress, till her farther advancement was eventually stayed by her arriving on the margin of the deep lake of Gorroch, whose placid bosom was then illumined by the pale rays of the moon. As she gazed on its tranquil waters, slumbering in all the beauty of an autumn's eve, the anxious feelings which previously harassed her mind became gradually subdued. Regardless of the hour and the solitude of the spot, she seated herself on a fragment of rock that lay upon the margin of the lake, and continued, if not to admire, at least to be soothed by the calm scene before her. At length, however, her attention was irresistibly distracted from the subject that had given rise to her moonlight excursion, on observing, at about sixty or seventy yards from her, a sudden burst of flame arise from a small island, whereon mouldered the ruins of a chapel, within whose vaults had been deposited, from time immemorial, the ashes of the chieftains of Glengorroch. Utterly at a loss to account for so strange a circumstance, and possessed of a mind impressed from her earliest childhood by the wild legends and superstitions which did then, as well as at the present day, exert so powerful a sway over the feelings of the Highlanders, it will not be wondered at that a sort of dread overcame her at the sight. It increased as the moon became once more obscured by a dense mass of clouds; the dark interval being rendered yet more dismal by the terrific glare in which the whole of the scene upon the island were speedily enveloped. Motionless she sat, with her eyes fixed in fearful gaze upon the towering conflagration, in which appeared to be fast consuming the spot that had ever been held sacred by the natives of that wild region, till the lake, and the hills in whose bosom it reclined, became once more irradiated by the more genial moonlight. Not to depict, indeed, the terror which had now seized upon the maid of Glengorroch, did fair Luna once more throw her gladsome mantle over the heath-embowered mountains; for no sooner had the clouds floated from before her round disk, than the pale Helen descried a form, apparently of mortal make, gliding upon the surface of the lake, and nearing the spot where she sat. She had just time to observe that neither boat nor oars were required to carry this mysterious intruder on her solitude on his way to the shore, and to infer that some other than Dhorach nán Dhu, of whom she had previously heard much, but whom she had never before seen, was approaching, before fear overcame her, and she swooned. On arriving within a few yards of the damsel, he halted; and looking long and steadfastly on her pale features, his withered countenance assumed a look of pity, as he uttered to himself the following in Gaelic:—

'And has it, at length, fallen upon Dhorach nán Dhu to pronounce to the fairest maiden of these mountains the fate which has long been hovering over her father's race! Now is my father's son the most wretched of beings.' Oh! blame me not, lady; for even now, methinks, I see an upbraiding look distort thy most beautiful of countenances.'

Thus far had his soliloquy proceeded, when the object to whom it related, probably startled by the loud tone of the speaker, or supernaturally influenced, raised her head from the position into which it had fallen on the occurrence of the syncope, and, strange as it may appear, now looked with comparative composure upon the being whose very approach had wellnigh bereft her of existence. A pause ensued, ascribable, probably, on the part of the one, to a certain incapability of utterance which has been uniformly supposed to overcome mortals when in the presence of beings of 'more than mortal mould,' (and of the ethereal essence of Dhorach nan Dhu, it may readily be supposed Lady Helen did not harbour the slightest doubt,) and on the part of the other, to an unwillingness to communicate the painful intelligence which devolved upon him, as the last seer who presided over the expiring destinies of Glengorroch. Turning, at length, half round, and pointing to the flaming pile in the midst of the lake, he continued, 'Lady of Gorroch, seest thou yonder flame, in which is consuming the spot where the ashes of thy ancestors repose? Thy father, and the clan whom thou mourest march forth from these glens, shall need no such resting place! They, and he from whom they art sprung, have found a sepulchre on the battle-field of the Lowlander, and there in peace shall the last chieftain of Glengorroch rest from his warfare! The work of Dhorach nan Dhu is now at a close; and with yonder expiring flame,' continued he, still pointing to the island, where the fire was now nearly extinguished, 'shall perish the last seer of thy father's clan!'

Having thus spoken, he plunged, head-foremost, into the lake; and the reverberation of one solitary shriek, among the surrounding caverns and glens, rang the death-knell of Dhorach nan Dhu.

How or when, after the above awful meeting with Dhorach nan Dhu, Lady Helen reached the tower of Glengorrach, the narrative of the shepherd left us uninformed. Certain it is, however, that from that period her health and beauty began to wane, notwithstanding all the efforts of those who lent their skill to effect a cure; and prior to her entering a foreign convent, not many months afterwards, such as were familiar with her, traced in the incoherency of her discourse, which always had reference to that fatal meeting, a lamentable failure in her mind.

THE SOCIAL MAN.

As we look upon the title of our tale, now that we have written it, we cannot suppress a shudder of horror. Like the handwriting on the wall, it seems typical of misery, revolution, and death. Revolution and death, do we say? What revolution, in the common sense of the word—we mean in a political one—was ever productive of such deplorable effects, as that moral revolution to which the bottle bears the social man?—what death, viewed merely as a physical evil, can be compared to that moral and intellectual destruction to which the good-fellow so often subjects himself? It is no palliation of the evil to say that the social man is led by the best qualities of his heart, by the noblest faculties of his intellect, into the path which leads to utter wretchedness—to remorse, disease, and premature death in this world; and if the combined testimony of reason and revelation be sufficient to establish any fact—to punishment in the next. Our faculties are good or bad according as they are cultivated or controlled; and we cannot see that the unregulated social feelings which lead a man to plunge into dissipation, and to drag his friends along with him into the gulf of vice, are a whit less dangerous or fearful than the universally execrated [illegible] impel him to plunge a dagger into his [illegible], or to bury it in the bosom of his fellow-creature. On the contrary, they seem calculated to produce even greater mischief, and, therefore, are more worthy of general deprecation, in the same degree that a secret enemy is more deserving of universal abhorrence than an avowed one; the one stands forth with an open defiance and a weapon drawn before the eyes of his victim, who may save himself by flight or conflict—the other "smiles and smiles, and murders while he smiles."

How many noble beings have we known, destroyed utterly by the disposition to what is vulgarly called good-fellowship!—in how many instances have we known splendid talents, high love of moral rectitude, nay, [illegible] religious principles, strangled by the social [illegible]! At first, doubtless, there was but a slight [illegible] of duty, mourned for sincerely, and punished by severe remorse; but, gradually, and with [illegible] motion, the victim revolved in a wider sphere, and more remote from the orbit of virtue, until, at length, escaping entirely from the attraction which had held him in the just path, he fell, with headlong and irresistible velocity, into the shapeless void of vice—the dark chaos of crime.

Our heart sickens as we pass in review before us the numbers of our early friends who have run this terrific career, who now fill timeless graves, or are yet in the land of existence, bearing about in their bosoms a living hell—whose hearts are already sepulchres. And, but that we thought the relation we are about to deliver, may be of service to some who, already standing on the brink, are not fully aware of their danger—but that we conceived the tale of talent, generosity, and worth, miserably destroyed by the unregulated social feelings, may arrest some kindred spirit in its path to unanticipated misery—we should yield to the feelings which urge us to fling down our pen, and give ourselves up to sorrow for the departed.

William Riddell was the only son of a shepherd, who dwelt upon the moorlands that overhang one of the tributaries of the Tweed. The old man was one of those characters which have been so often and so well described—a stern, grave, intelligent, religious Scottish shepherd. The broad Lowland bonnet did not cover a shrewder head than old David Riddell's; nor did the hodden grey coat, throughout wide Scotland, wrap a warmer or more honest heart.

His honesty was manifest to all—the warmth of his feelings was latent, and required to be struck by strong emotion, ere it was developed externally. The solitary influences of nature, when habitually contemplated in her more wild and solemn aspects, seem calculated to mould minds of good natural capabilities, but which are shut out from the social acquisition of knowledge, into forms like that of David Riddell's. If they all, like the nature which has breathed its spirit into them, seem somewhat rugged and stern, they all, like her also, bear the sterling stamp of sincerity. The elements, which "are not flatterers, but counsellors that feelingly persuade him what he is," are his familiar companions—among the remote valleys, and along the precipitous mountain-sides, and upon the wide moorlands, their irresistible power leads him to look with awe up to their Creator and controller, and humility also is impressed upon him; but with these, a confident reliance on the mercy and benevolence of the Being who regulates them, is naturally produced: and thus it is, that, with this awe and humility, a slavish fear is no portion of his character; for he has been in the heart of a thousand storms, and has yet returned safely to his cottage ingle—he has braved the storms of many winters, and still looks, with a prophetic eye, upon the fresh green of approaching springs, and the purple heath-blooms of coming summers. In a mind thus constituted, duplicity can never dwell. There are millions who, shut up in cities, and shrinking from the inclemency of the seasons, look on the shepherd of the mountains as one worthy only of pity and miseration—who paint him as a wretch whose soul is as barren as his moorlands, and think of him as a slave, wandering, with vacant mind and wearied frame, over gloomy solitudes, earning with misery to-day the food

which enables his body to bear the toil of to-morrow.

How wide is this of the truth!—The sweet and tranquil joys of home are his, enhanced a thousand fold by previous privation—the delights of connubial and filial love are more keenly felt by him, in the simplicity of nature, than by the luxurious citizen or the cultured noble; and though he has never heard the chant of the cathedral choir, or listened to the consecrated melody of an organ peal, the sublime transports of religion have thrilled his bosom beneath the solitary sky, amid the wild, or by the margin of the cataract that rolls its unvisted torrent over nameless cliffs. It is a mistaken belief that poverty and toil shut the shepherd's eyes to the loveliness of nature—nor is it true, that, because he is rude in speech, and possessed of little book-learning, he does not feel keenly, and translate faithfully, the beautiful language which she utters to the heart of man. Wordsworth has so exquisitely described what we are wishing to express, that we shall, without apology for the length of the quotation, repeat his words:—

> "Greatly that man errs, who should suppose
> That the green valleys, and the streams and rocks,
> Are things indifferent to the shepherd's thoughts:
> Fields, where with cheerful spirits he has breathed
> The summer air—the hills, which he so oft
> Has climbed with vigorous steps—which have impressed
> So many incidents upon his mind,
> Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or fear,
> Which, like a book, preserves the memory
> Of the dumb animals whom he has saved,
> Has fed or sheltered; linking to such acts,
> So grateful in themselves, the certainty
> Of honourable gain; these fields, these hills,
> Which are his living Being, even more
> Than his own blood—what could they less?—have laid
> Strong hold on his affections, are to him
> A pleasurable feeling of blind love—
> The pleasure which there is in life itself."

It was with this well-spring of quiet happiness in his breast, that David Riddell had gone from day to day among his flock, and returned to his cottage fireside. His wife Rachel was one of those women of whom, notwithstanding the habitual discontent and sneers of men, there are thousands in this world, in this kingdom, nay, among our own Border hills—who, like the stars of heaven during the daylight, hold on their course noiselessly and unseen, but are, nevertheless, shining with a sweet and steady radiance, every one in its place, in the firmament. Placid, pious, and cheerful, with a quiet but kind heart, that ever and anon displayed its workings in the sweet light of her eyes, or in the 'heartsome' smile that arranged her still lovely features into the symmetry of benevolence; in adversity—for she had lost children, and had known sickness—in adversity, patient and resigned; in prosperity—for their flocks had flourished, and many of their harvests had been abundant—in prosperity, not too much elated, but happy with a calm and grateful joy; finally, possessed of a gentle and forbearing nature, which rendered innocuous the occasional sternness or irritability of her husband, and turned insensibly aside the shafts which might have otherwise struck deadlily at their domestic peace:—such was the partner of the joys and the sharer of the sorrows of David Riddell for above a quarter of a century. Thus situated, it could not be but that he had been a happy man. For, though care and trouble had not infrequently entered his dwelling, they had never long remained; nor do they ever continue to haunt a house in which good nature and true piety are inmates. Four sweet children had been taken from them, each at an age which seemed more interesting than the other, and sorrow had, for a time, darkened their dwelling; but the tears of those griefs were now dried, and, save an occasional sigh from the bereaved parents as some casual circumstance recalled their lost little ones to their recollections, the only traces of their former afflictions were to be found in the prodigality of affection which they lavished on their only remaining child. David Riddell was verging towards three score when William, the subject of the following narrative, was born. The old man's heart was entirely bound up in this child of his age. Frequently, not from necessity, but impelled by love, had he performed the ministrations of a mother to him; often, on a sunny day, had he carried him, like a lamb, in the corner of his plaid, up to the hills; and often, laying the unconscious infant on the purple heath upon the mountain side, had he knelt down before him, beneath the solitary sky, and poured out his heart in gratitude to the God who had bestowed on him this precious gift. When little William was able to follow his father among the flocks, they became inseparable; and it was beautiful to behold the old man laying aside the gravity and sternness of his nature, and renewing, with his little boy, the sports which the lapse of half a century had wellnigh swept from his memory. They sought out together the nest of the lapwing and the moorfowl; they chased the humble bee over the heath in company; or, loitering down the mountain streams, assisted each other in the pursuit of the speckled trout. The old man taught his boy, amid the secluded glens, or upon the naked hill-tops, to modulate his voice to the hymns consecrated to religion throughout Scotland; the rich melody of the 'Old Hundred,' or the 'Martyrs,' rose in concert from their lips; or, perhaps, the aged shepherd played on the simple Scottish flageolet, on which he had been, in his youth, a skilful performer, some of the touching airs of his mother-land, and then, placing the pipe in William's hands, assisted him, by kind encouragement or skilful rebuke, to follow out the beautiful strain. Thus they lived together—

> "A pair of friends, though one was young,
> And Matthew seventy-two."

Linked closer and closer together by these sweet natural ties, they were happy, and their affection was the grateful theme of all the inhabitants of the valley.

A little incident, which occurred in William's childhood, had determined his father to rear him for the ministry. While yet only five years of age, he was found one day by his father, with an old family Bible upon his knee, some of the leaves of which he had torn out, and was arranging after a fashion of his own. On being asked by his father what he was doing, he replied—"That he thought the Evangelists differed in some portions of their history, and that he was trying to discover wherein the difference lay."* The old man retired with streaming eyes; and, from that moment,

* The same anecdote is related of Dr. Thomas Brown, the philosopher.

William Riddell was, like Samuel of old, vowed to the service of God.

As he grew in years, he displayed proofs of talent which astonished the shepherd, and filled old David's heart with exultation. Before he was fifteen, there was not a stream nor a legend that belonged to his native hills, which he had not celebrated in song. His pen was always ready to assist the shepherd lads in their rustic loves; and the crabbed and grasping little tyrants of the valley had, more than once, winced under his satire or ridicule. The old man, as we have said, rejoiced in the genius of his son, and had always, in his ample pockets, good store of the young poet's productions, wherewith to regale such of his companions as chose to listen. Rachel, however, with a more prophetic eye, saw, in the vivacity of her boy's nature, the germs of as much grief as joy to himself; and used commonly to shake her head and sigh, while her husband and his friends were convulsed with laughter at some of William's sallies.

At length the period arrived when he was to be sent to College.

I need not attempt to describe the feelings of the family when this little revolution in their domestic life occurred; the quiet but deep anxiety of Rachel—the restless and troubled looks and actions of the old shepherd—and the exulting anticipation of the bright world into which he was about to enter, which William displayed, tempered or repressed, every now and then, by natural sorrow, at leaving the hills and streams where his boyhood had been spent pleasantly, and the dear parents to whom he owed so deep a debt of love. The last words of David to his son, as he stood grasping his hand, at the foot of the glen where the path turns off to the next market town—while big tears stood heavily on his eye-lashes, visitants unknown for twenty years—were almost those of Michael to Luke, in Wordsworth's exquisite poem—

> "Amid all fear
> And all temptation, Luke, I pray that thou
> Mayest bear in mind the life thy fathers lived,
> Who, being innocent, did, for that cause,
> Bestir them in good deeds."

The old shepherd and his son had never been separated for a single night; now they parted, knowing that many months must elapse before they could behold one another again. It was a bitter moment, though full of the germs of joyful anticipation.

William had taken his farewell embrace, and, with convulsive sobs, had walked hastily away to a little distance; he turned and beheld his aged father still standing on the spot, with clasped hands uplifted, and eyes fixed intently on his own receding form. He was unable to withstand the sight; he rushed back again, and threw himself in an agony of affection upon the old man's neck, weeping—though a manlier heart throbbed not—weeping like a child. But, at length, they parted; a sadder heart never entered into the solitudes of nature than old David Riddell bore into the mountains on that evening—a purer never left the innocence of the country for the crowded city, than his son carried with him to the metropolis of Scotland.

For four years William attended college during the winter, and remained with his father during the summer months.

It was not that his labour was required by the old man; for he had now amassed a sufficient sum, with his moderate habits, to make him independent; but the sight of William was pleasant to the aged shepherd, among the hills where they had played together, and which were consecrated to their affections. The young student had distinguished himself highly at College, and had gained the esteem, both publicly and privately expressed, of many of his preceptors. His heart was still uncontaminated, his morals pure, and his habits simple, as when he was a boy. It was at this time that Rachel died. As her life had been peaceful and, upon the whole, happy, so her death-bed was tranquil and resigned. She had rejoiced with her husband, in the promising career of their son; and, as her dim eyes descried his manly form bent over her in an attitude of deepest grief, she could scarcely but feel her natural sorrow at leaving him, quenched in the glad anticipation of his future prospects in life. Yet the misery which his ardent and imaginative nature might inflict upon him was still not shut out from her mind, and almost her last words were to warn him against indulging it too far. She died, and the old shepherd and his son were left to attempt to comfort each other. William was about again to depart to College, and he would fain have had his father to give up his duties and accompany him to Edinburgh. He dwelt upon his increasing feebleness, his age, already beyond the common lot of man, the solitude to which he would be left, the comfort they would be to each other if together. To all this the old man replied—"Comfort, my boy, there is none for me in this world, except in thee. Gradually the circle of my love has been narrowed: first, my own parents, then my children, last, my beloved Rachel, have been swept away; and now thou only art left for my earthly affections to embrace. Gladly for thy sake would I go to the city; but I think these hills could not bear to look on another while I lived—this cottage to shelter another shepherd while I am able to fling my plaid around me. It is a foolish fancy for an old man to cherish, yet I cannot bid it depart. Go then alone, my dearest lad, and leave me in these scenes, which have become part of my being, to perform the duties in which my life has been spent. And still remember, William, when temptations assail thee, or bad men would lead thee by the cords of vanity or friendship into vice, that there is a grey-haired man among these hills, whom the tale would send in sorrow to the grave—a heart, that for twenty years has been fed by its love for thee, which would break to know thou hadst become unworthy of that love. Farewell! and may that good Being who has brought me in safety out of the heart of a thousand storms, preserve thee from the deadlier tempests of the world of vice."

William returned to College, with a heart softened both by grief and love. Strange, that out of this wholesome state of mind should have sprung the elements of wretchedness and vice! Yet so it was. He had written a poem on the subject of his late affliction, and had breathed into it the very soul of sorrow. The wild and beautiful scenery amid which he dwelt, and which he loved and knew so well, had also given its hues to the language and the thoughts of his strain; his rich and now cultivated taste imparted elegance and

harmony to his numbers; the poem was at once original, chaste, and imaginative; it gained him the esteem of the highest literary circles in Edinburgh, and he became a cherished guest in the houses of many distinguished men for whom he had never hoped to indulge any feelings save those of distant and respectful admiration. He emerged into a new world, too beautiful and dazzling for him at first to see his way clearly through its mazes. His undoubted genius commanded the respect of the men—his manly feeling, and the ingenuous eloquence of his address, presently made him a distinguished favourite with the female portion of his acquaintance. The tone of his thoughts and feelings underwent a perfect revolution. Once introduced into the society of the polite and the learned, the bashfulness and awkwardness of the shepherd-lad seemed to fall off from him, without effort of his own, but naturally, like the crustaceous envelope in the metamorphosis of insects. He felt as if he were a denizen of the clime in which he now luxuriated, and as if, till now, he had been living in a foreign land. He discovered, to his amazement, that those great men, whose very names he had been wont to utter with reverence, and before whose glance his eye had been accustomed to fall abashed, were the most easy, familiar, and communicative companions possible—that scarcely one of them was so severe in their morality as his old father—that they listened to his opinions with attention, and replied to them with respect. Then, again, among the satellites of these literary luminaries—those whom, till now, in the reflected light of their primaries, he had been wont to behold with respect, and almost with envy—he presently perceived weakness, dimness, and aberration; and he perceived, also, how capable he was of eclipsing them all; or, to speak in less metaphorical phrase, he found among the less distinguished literary persons who haunted the tables of the great, a degree of ignorance on subjects of general science, a slavishness of demeanour, and a petty jealousy which he could not but despise, and which it required very little penetration to perceive that the great man despised also. He soon acquired, therefore, a confidence in his own powers, and a conscious respect for, I had almost said pride in, the rectitude of his feelings, to which, till now, he had been an entire stranger. And if such was his success with the men, his conquest over his own timidity, in the presence of women, struck him with yet greater surprise. He who had been accustomed to blush and look down before a peasant girl, presently found himself able to gaze steadily into the eyes of a noble matron or maiden, undazzled by the jewelled coronet upon her brow, or the yet more brilliant charms in which nature and art had arrayed her brow, and neck, and bosom. The witchery of woman in all her loveliness, instead of, as he had often imagined, causing his heart to sink, and his cheek to burn, and his tongue to be dumb in his mouth, awoke the latent powers of his nature—it thrilled his heart with exulting admiration, and filled his eyes with a bold, steady radiance, and poured from his lips the eloquence which female loveliness can alone call forth. His nature was changed—that is, the external developement of his nature, for his heart remained the same; and often, amid crowded assemblies and rich peals of concerted music, it called on his imagination to portray the old solitary shepherd, amid the hills of his boyhood, or to recall the simple strains which his father had taught him to play upon the rude Scottish pipe.

At the period to which we refer, the literary society of Edinburgh was by no means distinguished for its abstemiousness. A "good" fellow, and a clever one, were almost synonimous terms. Sir Walter Scott, in his novel of "Guy Mannering," has matchlessly described the convivial habits of the Scottish Advocates: the habits of the whole literary society of Edinburgh were pretty similar. Why should I detail the circumstances of William's seduction from sobriety? The example of those whom he had been accustomed to admire, respect, and love; the gay sallies of his younger associates; the witchery of the society of genius; the flowing feeling which followed the circulation of the bowl; the song, the speech, the story, the flash of wit, the jocose roll of humour, and, above all, the forgiving approval (for how else shall we designate it?) of the ladies—all assailed him at once, and, beneath their attacks, his reason and resolve,

"That column of true majesty in man,"

fell. Age, wisdom, youth, wit, humour, friendship, love, and beauty—what could a raw shepherd-lad oppose to all these? "The request of his aged father, the injunction of the moral law, the direct command of God!" some stern, *perhaps* good man may reply. William tried to control his career by means of these; but the attacks were unceasing, various, distracting—the defence was in the hands of one, and he, alas! too often disposed to admit the enemy. We will pass rapidly over this part of our departed friend's career. He mingled, at first sparingly, at length more freely, in the convivial habits of his new friends; he felt the thrill of friendship; he was keenly alive to the social glow which the bowl awakens; his heart also was elated by the love of men of genius, and his vanity gratified by their loudly expressed admiration. Unfortunately, he engaged to write for a new periodical which some of his friends were then attempting to establish. Amid the solitude of his native hills he had experienced the grateful and rapid awakening of noble ideas; he was surprised to find that, in the city, amid the distractions of ambition, music, love, and wine, he could only now and then call up his natural powers to his aid. He had pledged himself to support the new periodical to a certain extent; and, in order to fulfil his promise, at the instigation of an acquaintance, he stimulated himself to its accomplishment by means of brandy. This was the first time he had ever drank ardent spirits for the sake of the effect which they produce. The paper which he had written was universally admired, the sale of the periodical was very much increased by its influence, and he was plied by the proprietors with new and lucrative engagements.

On the very morning on which he had received these proposals, he also received a letter from his aged father, informing him, that the brother of the old man, who was engaged in commerce, and for whom he had some time ago become surety, had failed, and that the whole of the little earnings of his past life would be required to liquidate the debt.

William closed with the proposal of the proprietors of the magazine, and wrote to the old man a letter, partly of condolence, but more of triumph. He was almost glad that the resources of his father were destroyed, now that he himself had the means of supporting him; and it was with a joyous heart that he sat down to write his paper for the new periodical. But, alas! he felt what all who have so occupied themselves have felt, how the mind becomes weak, and the fancy flags, when compelled to action. He rushed into society to escape from the dreadful depression which follows high mental excitement; the warmth of friendship with which he was met, fell gratefully on his spirit; the glee and glory of social intercourse first relieved his wearied faculties, and then pleasantly excited them; the titillation of gratified vanity, and the exercise of intellectual power, combined to make the scene fascinating; he went more and more into society; it became more and more necessary to him—he was a *social man*. His father was a stranger, I had almost said a stubborn man in some respects, and he might in some measure be blamed for this gradual sliding from sobriety of his son. To the affectionate letter of William, which beseeched him, now that his little hoard had been carried away, and now that his years were above fourscore, to come to Edinburgh and dwell with his son, the old man answered, that God had yet left him vigour to mount the hills, and tread the valleys; and that, so long as this was the case, he would consider it unjust to become a burden to others. There was a stern independence and lofty resolve in the determination of the aged shepherd which harmonized well with his character; but it fell like lead upon the bright dreams of William—it strangled many of his best resolutions of future virtue and industry. He did not know that his father had already heard of his relaxed habits, and had even had reported to him, in exaggerated phrase, the detail of some of his midnight carousals. William went on, gaining fame, but losing virtue. In the popular use of the word, it was *impossible for* him to resist the importunities of those who pressed him to partake of their bottle or their bowl. They grasped his hand cordially; they sang the songs which he loved, or perhaps had written; they drank his health with cheers of enthusiasm. It was *impossible* for him to resist the entreaties of those persons—it was *impossible* for him not to believe them sincere. Nor were they otherwise—but the value of the sincerity of the intemperate and the immoral, what is it?

"Ashes within beautiful fruit."

William Riddell passed the whole of his examinations, and was, as the students say, "ready for a church."—Nor was he long in procuring one. Among the friends to whom his genius and character had recommended him, was a nobleman, who had the gift of the very kirk to which William and his father had been accustomed to resort. The incumbent died; the nobleman presented the living to William. With the new duties which now devolved upon him, came a crowd of new feelings and springs of action. He gave up his engagement with the literary periodical, he retired from his social companions, and he devoted himself to grave and worthy study and contemplation. The struggle was severe; but he bore up against it under the excitement of the new responsibility which had fallen upon him. He went down to the country with some of the most distinguished members of the Scottish church, who officiated at his ordination. A proud, a tumultuously happy day was it for old David Riddell, who, with wonder and awe, felt his horny hand grasped by the great men whose very names he had considered subservient to his happiness of old time, and beheld his son, little William, the boy whom he had taught the alphabet upon Scaurhope hill, with the pebbles that lie there—beheld him holding high discourse with these same dignitaries, saw that his opinions were listened to with respect, and that his thoughts, according as they were solemn or ludicrous, were responded to by these great men with gravity or broad grins. A delightful day was it to the old shepherd, as he beheld the first man in the General Assembly—the greatest man in the Scottish Kirk—lay his hand upon the youthful head of his beloved son, and consecrate him to the care of the souls who dwelt in the very valley where he had been born and reared, in which his genius was known, and his family, though humble, respected.

There was another, and an equally strong reason for William's giving up his convivial habits and boisterous companions. He was in love.

It was at that least romantic of all places for a lover, a ball in Edinburgh, that William Riddell, the new pastor of Mosskirk, had first met Ellen Ogilvie, the daughter of the principal heritor of his parish, the owner of the hills on which his father had watched the sheep for above threescore years. Ellen had beheld him moving, a gay and welcome visitant, in noble halls; her hand had met his in the dance, in exchange with those of countesses and duchesses; she had heard his praise echoed from house to house, and from mouth to mouth; she was now alone in the country, with nothing but ignorant or coarse men around her; let it not seem wonderful that she, though the only daughter of a wealthy landholder, should bestow her love on the poor, handsome, manly, eloquent pastor of Mosskirk. And if this does not seem wonderful, it will surely not appear singular that the proud, haughty, bigotted, and ignorant father of Ellen should forbid the match, and should threaten with his vengeance the usurper of his daughter's love.

His vengeance! How weak a word to such a being as William! Not that he would not have rejoiced, for Ellen's sake, and for the sake of decorum, to have had the old gentleman's approval; not that he would not have used every possible means, consistent with honor and the dignity of his own character, to have gained the good opinion of the father of his beloved; but the laird was a man of the world, of acres, and of hundreds; his litany lay in pounds, shillings, and pence; his affections were wrapped up in rents and lordships; and that a poor parson, however God had chosen to ennoble him by genius and generous sentiments—that a poor parson should have dared to look upon a child of his with the eyes of affection, upon the child who was the natural heir of all those riches which he had laboured for half a century to amass, smote him as a personal insult, as an indignity which nothing but blood

could wipe out. The mother of Ellen had all along thought differently; and from the first moment in which she had perceived the affection that existed between them, (and, oh! how much quicker women are than men in discovering these things!) she had encouraged their intimacy.

William Riddell, the minister of Mosskirk, was out of the canons of the duello, and the laird, therefore, instead of calling him out, was compelled to be satisfied with disinheriting Ellen, who, under circumstances which fully exonerated her from her father's tyrannical wishes, became William's wife.

My friend, William, had always been one of those persons who abhorred the usual terms on which wives are sought and husbands achieved. 'Keeping a wife,' was a phrase of blasphemy to him, or at least it seemed degrading women to the level of a dog, a horse, or a cow—the 'keeping' of which appeared, according to their phraseology, a matter of the same general import, as the cherishing a beloved partner of all in which the human heart takes an interest. Nor, although he was a shepherd's son, could he perceive much inequality in a minister who earned four hundred pounds a-year, by looking after the spiritual interests of some hundreds of individuals, and who was to become the confident of their griefs and the sharer of their joys, their supporter in sickness and their guide in the common path of life—he could not perceive much presumption in such a man matching himself with the daughter of an ignorant and coarse person, whose worth lay only in his wealth, whose character was not esteemed by his neighbours, and whose sympathy for suffering human nature only developed itself now and then in his bestowal of a basin of hot soup upon a starving beggar at Christmas.

On the contrary, if William thought about the matter in this relation at all, he considered, and justly, that he was rather conferring an honour, than receiving one from the father of Ellen. But the old gentleman thought, as the world thinks, differently; and, accordingly in his wrath, he disinherited her.

It was fortunate, for the full gratification of his malice, that William was impassible to this mode of punishment, and that he beheld the whole of the old gentleman's possessions conveyed over to a charitable institution with as much pleasure as if he had signed them away of his own accord.

In the parish of Mosskirk, as in most of the country parishes in Scotland, there were a number of intelligent men who associated frequently together for the sake of cultivating scientific knowledge, and conversing on various subjects of interest in literature and philosophy. At the time when William was inducted into Mosskirk, all the ministers of the neighbouring parishes were members of this society, and it was generally held on a convivial footing. Some of the members came from a distance, others were jolly fellows naturally, and thus it happened that their discussions frequently dipped deep into the night, and sometimes were not settled until cock-crow.

Into this society William Riddell was welcomed with enthusiastic honours, and was at once made perpetual president. His fame as a poet had gone before him, and his genial warmth as a man followed up with general applause the sensation which he had created. He had natural powers capable of supporting him in the sphere to which his reputation had raised him. He had wit, humour, pathos, and fluency—and, eager to earn the kind opinion of his parishioners, he exerted himself to gain it, and he succeeded. Throughout the whole of his parish, he was admired as a man of genius and eloquence, he was respected as a man of irreproachable moral worth, and beloved as a friend, who shared sincerely in the gladness, and sympathised in the sorrows of his flock. Unfortunately, the habits of many of his parishioners, as well as of those of the literary club to which I have alluded, were the very reverse of temperate. For a time the attraction of his young wife, and presently that of his infant son, kept him from indulging in nocturnal potations. But afterwards those attractions lost their force; the glory and the glee of the musical and literary conclave overcame all his resolves; and, night after night, it happened that he returned to his manse at unseasonable hours, and greeted his wife with the leer of intoxication, instead of the steady glance of affection. We should have said that, before this, old David Riddell, moved by his son's entreaties, had given up his duties among the hills, and had come to live with him at Mosskirk Manse. A weekly delight was it to the old man to behold his son arrayed in his black gown, and with the smooth white hands drooping decently upon his bosom, delivering from the pulpit of his native parish the words of eternal truth; and pleasant was it to the old shepherd ever and anon to recognise, in the elegant but simple language of the pastor, some of those sentiments which he himself had instilled into his mind, while he was yet a shepherd-lad upon the moorlands.

But it could not long be concealed from him that William was irregular in his habits. When the fact first struck him, he almost swooned away; for the forebodings of Rachel rushed into his mind, and he saw as it seemed for the first time that his son's destruction was sealed.

It was long, however, before he could bring himself to speak on the subject to William; he felt the shame which his son appeared to have abandoned; and his own temperate blood sent a blush into his withered cheek, at the idea of addressing the child of his heart, the minister of God, on the subject of his intemperance. The miserable struggles of the old man, before he gave utterance to his sentiments to William, we are utterly unable to describe—we leave them to our readers' imagination. At length, however, on a morning after the minister of Mosskirk had shamefully been supported home by two of his parishioners in a state of deplorable intoxication, the old shepherd gathered up resolution to speak to his son. He did not denounce, insult, or even upbraid him; but, with tears in his eyes, delicately alluding to his misconduct, assured him that such another occurrence would cause him to leave the manse for ever; for that, though he might not be able to prevent, he was resolved never to sanction the fearful immorality, which drunkenness carries in its train, more hideous still when attached to a minister of the Gospel.

William, already disgusted with himself, and humbled before his own heart, was crushed to the earth by his old father's appeal. He threw himself upon his aged

parent's neck, and entreated his forgiveness. 'My forgiveness, my boy!' replied the shepherd; 'you cannot offend me, and therefore it is vain to ask for my forgiveness. My heart is so utterly bound up in thee, that, though it may deplore, it cannot denounce any conduct of thine. It is as it were but a servant of thine, and in good, or in evil report, will follow in its train. But, if my sufferings, and the sneers of men, have no influence over thee, think, O my dear boy! think on death, the judgment, eternity!'

Will it be believed, that, after this appeal, the remorse which he suffered, and the resolutions of reformation which he made, a single week saw the minister of Mossbirk reel into his manse, assisted by the pastor of the Methodist chapel, at two o'clock in the morning! Such was the distressing reality; and the next morning, without speaking to his son, but giving, amid heart-broken sobs and sighs, his blessing to his daughter-in-law and her children, old David Riddell removed from his son's roof; nor could all his intreaties induce him to return.

Let me hasten to conclude. The conduct of William became presently so notoriously shameful, that it could no longer be overlooked by his parishioners, and he was more than once called upon by some of them with remonstrances, which increased gradually in severity.—Still the infatuated man proceeded; until at length his behaviour became a public slander to his own parishioners and to the whole church. He was yet, however, so much beloved for his generous warmth of heart, and admired for his talents, that a last effort was made to prevent the sentence of expulsion, which had been passed against him, from being carried into effect; and his punishment was commuted, if so it could be called, into making a public apology, from his own pulpit, to his people, for his shameful irregularities. On the day of this heart-rending exhibition, not more than one-fourth of the congregation was present; the remainder being absent that they might not behold the spectacle of their pastor's humiliation. But old David Riddell was there, supported, for the first, and alas! for the last time, into church by a friend. Until now, the aged man had always walked unsupported, and with a firm, nay, with something of an elastic step, up to his pew; but, during the past week, since he had heard the news of his son's public disgrace, and the public penance which he was to perform, his vital powers had sunk with fearful rapidity. To those even who had seen him, on the preceding Sabbath, move decently into his accustomed seat, and depositing the broad-brimmed hat, which, on the Lord's Day, he exchanged for the broad knotted bonnet, smooth backwards his thin light grey locks, he appeared scarcely like the same man. His form was now bent nearly double, he shuffled his feet painfully over the ground, his head shook from weakness, not from age; his eyes were red and dim—he looked like a man who was only three or four steps from the open grave. When, after the service was concluded, William began to read the humiliating apology which he had written, the aged shepherd crept painfully down upon his knees, and, burying his face in his clasped hands, remained absorbed in prayer.—The last words had fallen from the minister's lips; there was a dead silence throughout the church, for all were penetrated with sorrow and shame at their pastor's disgrace, when a deep groan broke from the old shepherd and startled the congregation from the silence in which they were indulging. All eyes, and those of the minister among the rest, were instantly directed towards the old man; his frame remained for a moment in the attitude which we have described, and the next instant it fell heavily upon the floor—a corpse!

We shall not give pain to our readers, nor harrow up our own feelings, by attempting to describe the agony which this event caused William Riddell. It seemed to be one of those griefs which cannot, and ought not, to be outlived—a punishment greater than man is able to bear. So thought William—if the flash of this conviction across the settled gloom of his spirit could be called thought. Yet days, weeks, months, passed away, and he lived on, nay, performed his duties; and, at length, by the caresses of his wife and child, became even, as it were, sullenly reconciled to life. He found, however, that it was impossible for him ever to regain his former station in society. His brother ministers avoided him; and one or two of them, more harsh or orthodox than the rest, took occasion to allude to his misconduct in a public manner. The most respectable portion of his parishioners pitied, but, in general, kept aloof from him. Degraded and sunk as he was, William had a nature formed to feel, in all their most exquisite torture, these indignities and slights. The persons who came to comfort and sympathise with him, were unhappily those whose sympathy was more dangerous than their contempt. How shall we go on? William, again, after severe struggles, gave way to the entreaties of some of those mistaken friends, and to the treacherous wishes of his own heart. He became a confirmed drunkard! He seemed to have at length cast behind him every thought of reverence for God and his holy vocation—every particle of respect for himself or his fellow-men. He had two or three attacks of brain fever, brought on by his excesses; and he no sooner recovered from them than he went on as before. His poor young wife exhausted every argument which reason could afford—every blandishment with which affection and beauty could supply her, to reclaim him, but in vain. He retained, or seemed to retain, even, all the warmth of his first love for her; and, in his hours of intoxication, he seemed most strongly to acknowledge her worth and loveliness; but the necessity for the violent excitement of ardent spirits had overcome all other considerations. She wept long and bitterly; then, as despair began to close in upon her, she (dreadful that we should have it to relate!) sought, in the example of her husband, to escape from her sorrow! Ellen Ogilvie, the young, the graceful, the beautiful, the accomplished, the gentle, feminine creature, whose very frame seemed to shrink from the slightest coarseness in speech or action, became a drunkard!

Many years had passed away between the time when the old shepherd had perished in the church and the time to which we now refer, and William had a family of two sons and three daughters. If Ellen's father was unfavorable to her marriage at first, it will be easily imagined that he never now acknowledged them. His young family, therefore, had nothing to depend upon

amongst their father's exertions, and they were about to be closed forever.

The time arrived when it was impossible for William to be suffered any longer to remain in his charge. He was thrust out of his church and expelled from the ministry. The messenger who delivered this message to him, delivered it to one more dead than alive. His excesses had at length brought on a fit of apoplexy; he was but partially recovered from it, and could only, in a dim manner, comprehend the purport of the message, when, with his wife and children, he was removed from the manse. A friend sheltered him for a time—afterwards, he was conveyed over to Edinburgh. Within a twelvemonth he died, having been chained down to bed by his disease, one half of his frame being dead, with mind enough to see poverty and inevitable misery ready to crush his helpless family, but without the power to use the slightest exertion in order to avert the impending calamity. It was in a garret in the High-Street, upon rotten straw, the spectacle of an emaciated and shattered wife before his eyes, and the cries of his starving children sounding in his ears, that William Riddell breathed his last! What availed it then had he been good and pure, full of generous sentiments, endowed with a graceful person, a noble genius, and a manly eloquence!—these otherwise invaluable qualities had been all sunk or scattered by the spendthrift extravagances of the Social Man.

It is now five years ago, since, as we were hurrying past Cassels's Place, at the foot of Leith Walk, we were attracted by a crowd who had gathered round a poor intoxicated woman. She had fallen beneath the wheel of a waggon, and both her legs were crushed in a terrible manner. As two or three assistants carried her past a gas-light towards the nearest house, we were struck by the resemblance—hideous indeed, and bloated—which her features were to some one whom he had known. We inquired her history, and, to our horror, discovered that this was indeed Ellen Ogilvie—the widow of our poor friend, William Riddell. It was useless attempting to save her; her vital energies were sinking rapidly beneath the injuries which she had received. She revived a little from the effect of some wine which we gave her, and began, incoherently, to speak of her past life. 'You see me here, sir,' said she, 'a poor, wretched, degraded creature:—I was not always thus. There was not a happier heart in wide Scotland than mine was ten years ago. But my husband, sir, was—a Social Man!' A convulsive sob checked her words—her head sank back on the pillow—her lower jaw fell—the death rattle sounded in her throat—and in a few moments the unfortunate woman expired.

RANDAL BARCLAY.

"O Love, thou teacher! O Grief, thou tamer! O Time, thou healer of the human heart! bring hither all your deep and serious revelations!"—Mrs. Jameson.

In the autumn of 1813, as I was passing through a beautiful burial place, connected with a little town on the Scottish side of the Border, I observed an old gentleman standing in front of a tombstone. The object of his attention was a quadrangular slab of stone, with a semicircular cope, fastened into the northern wall of what had once been a spacious Gothic church, though scarcely more than one gable was now entire. I approached the stranger; for my impression was, that I could not be intruding on grief. The inscription was much defaced; tall nettles and weeds had sprung up beneath; the surface of the ground appeared to be quite flat; and several stones which had fallen from the building, were covered with moss. Besides this inference, there was something in the sanctity of the spot and the serenity of the adjacent scenery that operated most powerfully upon me. I had been suffering from severe depression; but I could not resist the mild air and the rich succession of autumnal circumstances, hopes, that have long since passed into dark recollections, had regained a momentary dominion; and I felt most anxious to meet any human being, who would come (even to the slightest extent) within the range of my sympathy.

Situated as I was, I conceived that the easiest mode of getting into conversation with the stranger would be to direct my attention, in the first place, to the inscription; which, as I have said, was much obliterated. It was as follows:—

RANDAL BARCLAY,
Died, 2d April 1784, aged 23.
"We do fade away as a leaf."

'I have often thought,' said I, 'that a short passage from Scripture, such as this, is much more suitable to a tombstone than any expression of private feeling. Among other reasons, this is obvious, that in many cases, survivors must be apt to be regulated in their tributes by the first impulses of grief, and anything but the severest truth is inconsistent with the character of a place which tends to remind us so energetically that all the excesses of human passion must decay.'

'Sir,' he replied, 'that is the very principle on which he requested that no other inscription should be placed over him.'

'You knew him, then?' said I.

'I did. He and I resided in the same house for several years.'

'I should wish much,' rejoined I, 'to hear something of his history, as I suspect, though I know not how, that it involves melancholy circumstances, in addition to premature death.'

'In that,' he replied, 'you are not deceived; and if you will take a walk with me through the dales, I shall willingly satisfy your curiosity.' He then began to beat down the weeds with his cane, begging me to

tained him, 'in order,' as he said, 'that people accustomed to visit the churchyard might be struck with the thought that some friendly survivor still looked with reverence on what had so long seemed a forgotten grave.'

We then proceeded along a range of fields, and walked for some hours; but I became so interested in the narrative of my new acquaintance, that I accompanied him to the inn, where the subject was continued; and, after his return to Edinburgh, he was so kind as to send me various documents in the handwriting of his deceased friend, upon which I shall draw liberally in the following sketches.

The moon was shining brightly on the snows of snow that covered the garden of a manse, in which the young widow of a Scottish clergyman was rapidly dying. A boy, about eleven years of age, was sitting beside a table, at a little distance from the bed, with the Bible before him.

'Mother,' said he, 'what other chapter would you wish to hear?'

'Randal,' replied his mother, in a tone so melodiously faint that it made his heart swell—'Randal, my dear, be so kind now, if you are not fatigued, as to read the last chapter of Job. It is full of encouragement to all the distressed who trust in God.' Randal began to do as he was desired; but, when he came to the 13th verse—'He had *also* seven sons and three daughters'—he bent heavily forward, laid his head upon the book, and paused.

'Randal,' said his mother, drawing aside the curtain, 'do you feel unwell?' The child raised his head, and replied—

'It was a thought that struck me, mother.' Here his utterance was again impeded, and he struggled in vain to repress the tears that were trembling in his long eyelashes. But he soon regained his self-command, afraid that this exhibition of feeling might agitate his mother. He could discern nothing, however, except profound serenity in her large, thoughtful eyes, and he was encouraged to speak. 'Mother,' he said, 'I don't like that part of the chapter. Though Job had now double of what he lost, he had only *other* sons and *other* daughters.'

'My dear boy,' replied Mrs. Barclay, 'I see how it is—you are thinking that you and I may soon be separated; and it would be wrong to conceal from you that I cannot recover. But you have many reasons for gratitude; and you have a pledge of protection in the blessing of a mother—though a sinful mother—whom you have never disobeyed.' The boy hastily thrust his hand through the thick chestnut curls that fell over his high forehead, stooped for a moment, and fixed his eyes with a stricken expression upon his dying parent, but made no reply.

Here it may be proper to give a brief outline of Mrs. Barclay's history. Mary Herbert was the younger daughter of a gentleman who had succeeded a long train of ancestors in the possession of an estate, (latterly entailed,) and who piqued himself excessively upon his patrician distinctions. Before his death, which had taken place about eight years prior to this period, Mary had become acquainted with Mr. Barclay, the minister of an adjoining parish, and an attachment had gradually been formed between them. He was a man of the very highest talents and accomplishments, and of the most amiable disposition; and, in fact, there was no objection which Mr. Herbert could plead against Mary's union with him, except that he was comparatively of obscure origin. Yet, when Mr. Barclay applied for his consent, Mr. Herbert coldly declared that, though he would not make any opposition, no encouragement must be expected from him; and it was after many serious struggles on the part of Miss Herbert, who at first recoiled from the thought of shewing any disrespect to what she might justly have considered the weakness of her parent, that Mr. Barclay's proposal was at last accepted. But Mr. Herbert kept his word; nor, either when the marriage was solemnized, nor at any succeeding period, did he exhibit the slightest remains of paternal kindness; and, upon his death, his elder daughter, Dorothea, acquired right to the estate, in virtue of the entail, while Mary's portion of the inheritance was confined to four thousand pounds—the sum provided to younger children by her father's marriage contract. Dorothea, who had been infected with all the aristocratic prejudices of Mr. Herbert, kept up little intercourse with her sister during his life; and, having subsequently married Sir William Musgrave, a man whose mind was equally contracted, the alienation became complete. That this was most acutely felt by the young wife, may be easily imagined; and, though she used every exertion to conceal her internal strife from Mr. Barclay, his perception was not to be deceived. Their union, however, was attended with no other alloy than this undermining pressure of parental disapprobation and haughty neglect on the peace of Mrs. Barclay, and the reflex influence which it had on her husband. But their happiness was not destined to be of long duration. A cold which Mr. Barclay had caught, on returning late from visiting a sick parishioner, had been followed by an inflammation in the lungs, which carried him off after a week's illness; and his wife's attendance on him having been too assiduous for her delicate constitution, a rapid decline had reduced her, in the course of four months, to the state in which she has been presented to my readers. But, to return to the bedside of the dying mother.

'Randal,' said she, 'come near me and sit down.' The heavy-hearted boy complied. 'My dear Randal,' she continued, 'I know your nature is so affectionate, that there is one admonition which I would impress upon you. Beware of too great an intimacy with those who are much superior to yourself in point of fortune. I do not mean that you should altogether shun their society; but that you should consider well before you allow them to acquire any important influence over your stronger affections. Above all, do not depend too hastily upon those who have risen to wealth and whose coarse habits and contracted feelings have not been refined and expanded by reflection and religion. How often has your father complained to me, that Mr W.'s boys, to whom he had been private tutor, and in whose improvement he had felt all the interest of a brother or a parent, coldly deserted him when his services were no longer necessary! My dear child, remember this warning—your fate may be determined by it.'

It would not be easy to describe the agonising exertion of self-control with which the poor boy listened to this dispassionate appeal. He left the room, desired the nurse to attend his mother, and shut himself up in his bed-chamber, to indulge his feelings in solitude and darkness.

It is the sixth night after the occurrence of what had just been related, that I again revert to the chamber of Mrs. Barclay. There was only one light in the room, snow-flakes were drifting fast and thick against the window-panes, and the wind at intervals whistled keenly through the bare boughs of an old maple-tree in front of the house. The nurse, exhausted with long watching, had just fallen asleep on the large arm-chair which had been appropriated to the invalid during her illness; and the little boy had not thought it necessary to disturb her. *His* grief was far beyond the power of slumber; and, unconscious of time, he continued sitting by his mother's side, and occasionally administering a little wine and other cordials. Speech had, by this time, deserted Mrs. Barclay, and she appeared nearly in the same state for about an hour longer, when Randal, observing *he knew not what*, rose and pressed his fingers on her pulse. He felt *one* throb; after a considerable interval, a *second*; after a still greater, a *third*. A slight convulsion succeeded, and he saw that 'all was past.'

Sheridan observed, when lamenting his amiable wife, that, in relation to survivors, there is a distinction between 'the sting of death' and 'the victory of the grave'—viz., the pain of seeing a friend die, and the pain of parting from the remains; and, among those cases in which the latter feeling may generally be supposed to act most powerfully, we may include that of a child who has been deprived of a parent. The boy would sit for hours beside the body of his mother, contemplating, with unutterable reverence, the saintly repose of her features, and reflecting how kind she had uniformly been to him. 'A tear,' says Bloomfield, 'is a witness which all hearts believe.'* But *none* are so far removed from suspicion as those which the dying shed in their anxiety about the lot of the living; and it was only *five* hours before Mrs. Barclay's death, that, while she was bending over Randal, (who had laid his head on the pillow,) and uttering some words of encouragement, he felt a burning drop fall upon his brow. In after years, he thought that this was, as it were, a second baptism, to proclaim him 'a sufferer,' as the first was intended to proclaim him 'a Christian.'

He was occupied in the manner we have described, when, after a gentle tap at the door, a man entered with implements for fastening the coffin-lid, accompanied by a gentleman whom Mrs. Barclay, with Randal's consent, had appointed to be his sole trustee. He approached the boy, and, expecting that he would be quite overcome, attempted to say something in the way of consolation—an effort which his own feelings rendered extremely difficult. In this supposition, however, he was deceived. Randal's grief was too profound to be clamorous. He gazed once more on the countenance of his mother, then took his friend Mr. Limont by the hand, and walked to the window, where he stood with apparent composure till the mournful ceremony was concluded; and even when the undertaker had retired, he simply remarked, though in a low and broken tone—

'How long it seems since my mother died!'

There had been a thaw for some days; but it was now a hard frost, and the sun was shining keenly, as the solemn procession moved along the lane that led to the churchyard. Flocks of sparrows, that had been feeding on the haws and brier-berries, darted joyously from the hedges, and the notes of the redbreast were occasionally heard from the smoking boughs of the hazels and alders. But the partial restoration of nature had no effect on the heart of the boy, as the coffin was borne along the path that had been cut for it through the crystallized snow-wreaths.

We must now pass over various details connected with poor Randal's final adieu to what had once been his happy home,—the arrangement of his patrimonial affairs, and his removal to Edinburgh, where he was received with almost maternal kindness by Mrs. Limont, whose only son was practising as a surgeon in England. Even in her isolated state, Mrs. Barclay had selected Mr. Limont as a person to whose care she could consign Randal with the utmost confidence. He had long been her father's factor, and was distinguished, not only for great practical sagacity, but for the strictest piety—with a degree of native sensibility which derived additional force from the homeliness of his language and manners. Mrs. Limont, too, from the suavity and benevolence of her disposition, appeared likely to unite with her husband in doing everything to promote the interest and happiness of her charge; and in this, as the sequel will show, Mrs. Barclay's parental instinct did not deceive her.

It may be easily imagined that, to the mind of a boy such as Randal, naturally sensitive, the striking contrast, in conversation and manners, between the inmates of his late and his present home would be rather intense for some time. But the unceasing assiduities of his kind friends tended gradually to reconcile him; and he soon began to regard them with almost filial respect.—Mr. and Mrs. Limont, on their part, exaggerated every good quality he had; and looked upon him as the best substitute that could have been provided for their absent son. One day, Mrs. Limont remarked—

'Hoo much ye put me in mind, laddie, o' yer Willie! Ye look sae like him, an' ye hae a' the ways that he had when he was aboot the same age.'

'Na, na, guidwife!' said Mr. Limont—'he's far bonnier, and far quieter, and he has far better abilities. Do ye think that Willie could hae brought hame sae muckle o' Dr. Strand's discourse as Randal did last Sabbath?'

'Deed, James,' replied the worthy Mrs. Limont, 'I canna say that ye're thet far wrang.'

But here it may be as well, in order to illustrate the species of sensibility peculiar to Mr. Limont, to detail a scene at family worship, which we transcribe from a memorandum by Randal.

Mr. Limont—(reading the concluding verse of the 5th chapter of 1st Peter)—'Greet ye one another wiith a kiss of charity.'

* "For, as he spoke, a big round drop
Fell trembling on his maple elbow—
A witness which he could not stop,
A witness which all hearts believe!"

Mrs. Limont.—Dear me, James! they mean hae been owre fu' o' hissing lang syne.

Mr. Limont.—Whisht, Jean! It was an ordinary form of salutation in the Kirk—Randal will tell you that; just like our practice of shaking hands. But, though it hadna been a mere civility—and, nae doot, the early Christians wadna neglect any civility that wae innocent in itself—we may weel suppose that their feelings were very different frae ours, for, oh! when we consider what a thin circle o' worshippers first gathered under the shadowe o' the Cross, what a pleasure it wad be, to them in particular, to worship God in company—the throbbings o' the regenerate spirit having to strive wi' enemies frae without and frae within, what wi' the persecutions o' the ungodly, and the rebellion o' the corrupt will in their own breasts!—if we wad only tak a thought o' a' this, need we wonder that they were drawn thegither wi' a *sympathy* that was mair extraordinar than the *stern power* o' Elias or the Baptist, and that may even seem *extravagance* to the like o' us! How different is the warld noo-a-days! The strongest professions o' folk that should be our best freends, are owre seldom coloured frae the heart; they often remind me o' the red on the portrait o' ane o' my auld acquaintances, that was taken when he was a *corpse*. The expression o' life is na there—natur winna be mocked.

Mrs. Limont.—James! James! ye've been owre lang! ye've fairly set Lizzie asleep; this, as ye ken, has been oor washing-day, and the lassie, puir thing, canna keep her een open.

Mr. Limont.—O Jean, is it in this way that ye hear the word, and the thoughts that it suggests? Lizzie! Lizzie! (Here the servant girl opens her eyes, and fixes them, as if under some irresistible fascination, on Mr Limont.) Lizzie! let me remind ye o' what ane o' the auld divines has said—'There is no sleep in Hell!' Think mair, my woman and sleep less.

Passing over the intermediate period between Randal's twelfth and eighteenth years—in the course of which he attended the High School of Edinburgh, and the literary classes of the University, where he was highly distinguished—we shall now proceed to relate an incident which had the most important consequences upon his future life.

One afternoon, in April 1779, an elderly gentleman, who had just returned to Scotland after acquiring an immense fortune in the West Indies, called upon Mr. Limont, for the purpose of consulting him with regard to the purchase of a property in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, which was offered for sale. His name was Ogilvie, and he and Mr. Limont had been at the same school. His wife, too, who accompanied him, had been well known in her youth to Mrs. Limont. When they were engaged in conversation, Randal entered the room, and both Mr. and Mrs. Ogilvie—to whom Mrs. Limont introduced him, with encomiums so profuse and so inordinate as to bring the blood into his cheeks—were struck with his manners and appearance, and invited him, and Mr. and Mrs. Limont, to spend the following evening at their lodgings.

Randal, as already mentioned, was remarkable for scrutiness of feeling. But this quality was united with a powerful mind, which his seclusion from the world, and his habitual application to abstract pursuits, had rendered perfectly unprejudiced; and "though," in the words of Shenstone, "his ordinary conversation was, perhaps, rather too pregnant with sentiment—the usual fault of rigid students—this awkwardness (so to call it) might be compared to the stiffness of a fine piece of Lorenzo, which, indeed, constitutes and is inseparable from its value." Such, at this period, was the subject of these sketches.

A circumstance which he had not anticipated, detained him the following evening beyond the usual hour of tea; and, as he pursued his way down the Pleasance to St. John Street, where Mr. and Mrs. Ogilvie lodged, the moonbeams were falling gently upon the green slopes of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags. Here I must pause. Randal Barclay, I grieve when I think of thee! Little didst thou then suspect that, like the shepherd in Virgil, thou wouldst find Love to be 'an inhabitant of the rocks.' But thou hast long been clad with 'a wedding garment,' stainless and imperishable, among those 'who have borne the yoke in their youth.'

When Randal entered Mr. Ogilvie's apartment, the candles were not yet lit; and, after the customary salutations had passed, he was about to seat himself, when Mrs. Ogilvie exclaimed—

'Let me introduce you to my daughter, Mr. Barclay. Elisa, my dear, this is the young gentleman we were speaking of.'

Randal turned hastily round, and saw a face which he was destined never to forget. Elisa Ogilvie, the only child of her parents, was now fifteen, and strikingly beautiful. She had been educated at a boarding school in Devonshire, to which she was sent at the age of seven, and had rejoined Mr. and Mrs. Ogilvie only six months previous to this period, upon their arrival in England. In the general cast of her features, Randal thought she strongly resembled the picture of Caravaggio's Mary at the Entombment. Her long, dark-brown hair fell in bright curls down each side of her face; her forehead was broad and high, and of the purest white; and her eyes of a deep violet blue, with that sort of serene expression which is generally considered the symbol of profound feeling; and, had it not been for a sort of airy gracefulness in her movements, and an occasional play of humour about her lips, she might have appeared too grave for her age. Her mind, too, was not only powerful, but highly cultivated; and the elegant simplicity of her manners formed as strong a contrast to those of her parents, as Randal's to those of Mr. and Mrs. Limont.

But here it is proper to state, that Mrs. Ogilvie's pretensions were very different from those of her homely friend. In a word, her character was thoroughly artificial; and her only redeeming quality was a sort of instinctive benevolence, applying to cases where she had no prejudice or object to sacrifice. With the view of creating an impression that Elisa's talents were directly inherited from her, she had lately begun to assume credit for superior acquirements, though she had little more to support her than an imperfect recollection of some old novels, which she had read during her voyage to the West Indies; and this ambition even stimulated her to such an excess, that no subject, however remote from her apprehension, could be

lacadaisical, with which she would not affect familiarity, by appearing profoundly attentive, and nodding or smiling significantly. Vanity, in fact, was the main principle of her actions. But it had worse effects than the absurdities in which it involved her. It was too powerful for the better part of her nature; and she often evinced no hesitation in violating consistency, and common regard to the feelings of others, for the mere purpose of indulging the most fantastic and abrupt caprices. No one, too, could be more expert in the application of

> "The serpent lulling, whose envenomed dart
> Pierces wounds the unseeing, while it wears the heart;
> The gorgeled prince, which kills, and yet, when told,
> The listener wonders you could think it cold."

She never had been what could be termed a beautiful woman, as none of her features, taken separately, were good, and their contour was small and babyish; but she had a great deal of colour, which rendered their general effect pleasing, particularly in her younger years. When she was acting in one of the humblest capacities, her smart prettiness had engaged the attention of an officer's lady, who had her instructed to act as a nursery-maid, and took her to Jamaica, where circumstances having introduced her to the notice of Mr. Ogilvie, she was married to him shortly afterwards. Mr. Ogilvie, though endowed with strong common sense, was yet remarkable for great simplicity of character; and, after a union of sixteen years, still remained an utter stranger, not only to the obvious defects, but to the subtle qualities of his wife, and might, in fact, be denominated the passive instrument of her will. He even considered her extremely ingenuous; for, like people who are deficient in real energy of mind, she was apt to rush perpetually into extremes—

> "So over violent or overcivil,
> That every one with her was god or devil."

and he used to say, "My wife always speaks out."

Let us now return to the company; supposing the conversation to have gone on for some time, and Eliza and Randal to have recognized in each other a decided congeniality of taste. They had been speaking of Milton, and the former had become extremely animated. 'How natural it was,' said she, 'for Eve to ask Adam, why the moon and the stars shone at night—

> 'When sleep had shut all eyes?'

and what a beautiful description he gives of their influence on the earth! But there is a degree of sadness in the passage; for, at that time, Adam had no idea of a purpose which this light would afterwards serve—that it would be the most soothing and agreeable to the sick and the disconsolate.' Randal gazed at her a moment in silence, and was about to reply, when Mrs. Limont, who had been for some time listening to the young people, exclaimed—

'The moon's a fine thing for ripening the corn in hav'st!'

'And useful to the husbandmen in bringing it hame, when the season's late,' rejoined the worthy Mr. Limont.

'Homer,' said Randal to Eliza, 'appears to be the only poet who has noticed that the stars in the immediate vicinity of the moon are peculiarly bright; and it is strange that this fine instance of poetical minuteness has been completely glossed over by Mr. Pope in his translation:—

> 'Around her shone the stars, and roses roll
> And stars, more numerous, gild the shining pole.'

This was pointed out to me a few days ago, and I was quite struck with it.'

'I have *often* heard it,' said Mrs. Ogilvie, to Randal's great surprise. 'Oh, how fond I am of reading! When I was on my voyage to India, I never wearied of poring over it. Oh Bliss!' my mind was so forward, to be so young a thing, just like our Eliza's there. Ay! ay!' Here she turned up her eyes, fixed them again on the ground, sighed, shook her head very sentimentally, and then looked at Randal, to see the effect of her speech.

'Hush sae, James!' said Mrs Limont, giving a most audible yawn—'it's getting late. Do ye no think it's time we were gaun?'

'I'm quite ready, Jean,' replied Mr Limont. 'Ye ken I'm a freend to early hoors.'

'But you *must* take a glass of wine,' said Mrs Ogilvie, rising and going to a closet. 'I cannot allow you to go without that. I am *sure* it will do you all *good*.' And she handed wine round, with such a profusion of bows and smiles, that Randal scarcely knew where to look. He had heard nothing of her history; but he felt assured, from the evident importance which she attached to a civility so common in the house of his father, that she could not have been brought up as a lady. On his departure, however, he received so many pressing invitations to visit them often that he forgot her defects, in the prospect of a continued acquaintance with Eliza.

While they were proceeding homewards, Mrs. Limont remarked—'Yon Eliza's a bonny, sensible, feelin crater—is she no, Randal? But wae's me! what a tiresome body her mother is! She's aye trying to speak see fine upon things that are no worth the noticin, that I wanna be fashed wi' her. She's weel up in the world noo; but she'll ne'er be like a leddy. The little sense she has, is just destroyed wi' conceit—turnin up her een and shakin her head as if she were gaun to fa' into a dwam. He's a quiet man, Mr. Ogilvie, and I wonder he dorna reprove her, when he sees her makin sic a fule o' herse!'

Randal, however, was prevented, by particular reasons, from making any reply; and they proceeded, therefore, in silence, interrupted only by some remarks from Mr. Limont on the folly of going to the West Indies to amass a fortune, as so few enjoyed the fruit of their labours on their return.

In the course of a few months after the period at which he has been introduced, Mr. Ogilvie purchased a beautiful villa near Collinton, to which Randal was in the habit of going two or three times a-week; and, amid the rows of stately elms or across the romantic hills in the vicinity, Eliza was his constant companion. About this time, one of Mr. Limont's old friends requested that he would take charge of his son (Mr. Hamilton, the gentleman mentioned at the outset) during his apprenticeship as a writer to the signet. He was nearly of the same age as Randal, and must have been a great acquisition to him, as he possessed [illegible]

information, and sensibility; and so Randal was also studying law, with a view of passing as an advocate.

Four years passed, and we find Randal still a visitor at Elmfield. Here our readers may, perhaps, inquire how this intercourse was not interrupted by so ambitious a woman as Mrs. Ogilvie. Had respect for worth or talent overcome her selfish aspirations?—was she liberal enough to trust to the probable effect of those qualities in raising Randal to opulence?—or was his income, along with what Mr. Ogilvie could contribute, considered sufficient? No; she had a very different reason. Randal was next heir of entail to the estate of Westwood, as Lady Musgrave was now childless, having, during the first year of Randal's acquaintance with the Ogilvies, lost both a son and a daughter. Besides, Mrs. Ogilvie felt a pleasure in Randal's society; more particularly as she had few visitors, and none either intelligent or genteel; and as she conceived that she benefited by his aid to attempting to improve her daughter with respect for her literary claims; for we cannot deny that Randal had one defect, naturally enough arising from the enthusiasm of his feelings towards Eliza. It was this; he never contradicted Mrs. Ogilvie, and enriched the tritest remark she made, by such illustrations that it actually assumed an air of originality and importance. As for Mr. Ogilvie, he was really attached to Randal, and continued quite instinctive to the inevitable consequences of such a constant association between the young people; and if the thought that they were in love with each other ever did cross his mind—"Eliza," he would probably say to himself, "will have a large fortune, and Westwood will be an excellent addition to it."

We now come to a sad crisis in Randal's life. Two events, of the utmost importance to him, happened on the same day, the 2nd of June, 1783. In the morning, he received intelligence that his aunt had given birth to a son; and, some hours afterwards, he had to go through his examination as an advocate, in which he acquitted himself most creditably. He had never contemplated, with much interest, the probability of his succession to Westwood; as he had not only his profession to trust to, but the four thousand pounds which he inherited from his mother, with the interest which had accumulated upon it since her death; and he had, therefore, heard of the former occurrence with little or no emotion. But, in the evening, when he went out to Elmfield, and, in the course of conversation, casually mentioned the intelligence he had received in the morning, we may easily imagine his surprise on observing an expression of blank disappointment, followed by a peculiar sneer, pass over Mrs. Ogilvie's countenance. He thought, at first, that he must have been deceived; but, shortly afterwards, her manner assumed a petulance and coarse haughtiness which she had never exhibited against him on any former occasion. He, as usual, in the course of the evening, proposed to take a walk with Eliza in the adjoining wood; and to this, for the first time, Mrs. Ogilvie interposed some trivial objections.—Here we may, however, remark, that a Mr. Richard Dipple, the son of a rich planter, with whom Mr. Ogilvie had been acquainted in the West Indies, had recently settled in Edinburgh; and, being frequently at Elmfield, showed the most unequivocal attentions to Miss Ogilvie. But he evinced no jealousy in Randal, as the whole tendencies of this man's nature, and the style of his education, were directly opposed to hers. He was, in fact, a mere boor—weak, shallow, contracted and vulgar.—Eliza, not anticipating the alteration in her mother's deportment to Randal, and having spontaneously combated all obstacles to the proposed walk, went for her bonnet and returned to the room. Randal and she then took the road to a favourite resort of theirs, near the river side. It was a sort of semicircular opening in the wood, bounded by a hedge of hawthorn and sweetbrier; the borders of the soft green turf were inlaid with a profusion of primroses and wild hyacinths; and the murmuring of the river below was distinctly heard, without being seen. When they arrived and had seated themselves on a rustic bench—

'I feel unusually depressed to-night,' said Randal. 'Will you allow me to ask you a question, Eliza?'

'Certainly,' replied she, with rather a startled expression.

'Eliza,' he continued, 'you must be convinced that I would not, intentionally, do anything to offend any of you. In fact, I am chiefly indebted to your family for any happiness I have had since my mother's death.'

'What is the meaning of this exordium?' exclaimed Eliza. 'You might have thought that all this would be taken for granted—there is no one whom we esteem more than you.'

'I am happy indeed to hear you say so,' replied Randal; 'and perhaps I may have allowed some fantastic misapprehension to disturb my mind. But I have always acted openly towards you, and I cannot conceal that there was a coldness in your mother's manner to me this evening, which stung me to the heart. I may be doing her injustice; I hope I am.' Here he raised his eyes, and fixed them mildly on his fair companion.

'I am sure,' replied she, turning slightly pale—'I am sure that there is no change in my mother's feelings, as there can be no reason for any. Do not allow such an idea to discompose you. If you notice her when we return to the house, you will see she is the same to you as ever.'

'Since you have not observed what I alluded to,' rejoined Randal, 'I must certainly be under some delusion; but this I know, that, were any alienation to take place between us, nothing could cease me, much less compensate me.'

'I would regret such a result,' said Eliza, 'very much—perhaps as much as yourself. But it is inadmissible to say that there is any species of calamity for which a remedy cannot be found. Do you recollect that fine anecdote in 'The Tatler,' of a gentleman who, on chiding a young lady, to whom he was engaged, fell over a cliff, exclaimed, '*It is not in the power of Heaven to relieve me;*' and, when he had scarcely uttered the words, *awoke?* I have often thought of this, Randal.' Here, raising her eyes, with an attempt at a smile, she met his. Hitherto, she had concealed the emotions that were busy at her heart; but the mournful and subdued enthusiasm of his glance overcame her so much

that she was seized with a violent bleeding at the nose, which did not subside for some minutes. Randal was much alarmed, and pressed her instantly to return to the house. They had only proceeded a few paces when she suddenly said—

'A circumstance to-night reminds me of my old maid, Nina, who accompanied me from the West Indies. The blacks, you know, are strangely superstitious; and she always maintained that the number three was ominous. Look, Randal,' she continued, in a faint tone of voice, raising the end of a white silk scarf; when, to his horror, he perceived three distinct drops of blood on its snowy surface; and, from that moment, notwithstanding all his efforts to revive her spirits, she continued sad and abstracted. This was the last time that ever Randal Barclay walked with Eliza Ogilvie.

We may well suppose that the conversation we have detailed, rendered Eliza an anxious and vigilant observer of her mother that evening; and, even at the first, she *did* detect a sort of coldness in her air to Randal. Still, however, Mrs. Ogilvie spoke to him with apparent frankness, and dilated upon her own sensibility and her singular skill in managing a household. But there were two things which attracted the attention both of Eliza and Randal, shortly before the latter took his leave. The one was, that Mrs. Ogilvie launched into a prolix and most extravagant encomium on Mr. Richard Dippie; the other that, in alluding to Randal's passing, she said, ironically, 'I'm thinking we shan't see so much of you now, Mr. Barclay, as professional matters will be taking up all your time.'

Randal took no notice of the last remark; but it confirmed him in the suspicions he had expressed to Eliza; and in her eyes, which frequently met his, he read no reassuring glance. He lingered, however, to the last moment, unwilling to go, as he had a presentiment that here he would no longer be a welcome visiter. The next day, he called again at Elmfield, and saw Mrs. Ogilvie; but was told that Eliza could not leave her room. During this interview, Mrs. Ogilvie preserved her usual appearance of frankness—still there was a *something* that did not satisfy Randal. But he only felt sorrow, even when she attempted to ridicule a remark that he had made, and, laughing most unpeasantly at her own wit, looked for approbation to her husband, who, at that moment, entering the room, inquired where Eliza was? A guilty blush overspread Mrs. Ogilvie's face, and she hastily replied—

'She is not well this morning.'

'What!—since breakfast!' rejoined Mr. Ogilvie. 'I never saw her looking better. Girls who have nothing to do are always fancying themselves ill.'

'I dare say it is true,' said his wife, with a hysterical giggle, glad that she had got something like a subterfuge in her husband's concluding reflection. At the same time, she had penetration enough to observe that Randal was by no means satisfied with her conduct, and she could not refrain from inflicting a mortification upon him. 'Will you be so good,' said she, in that deprecating tone of voice which she considered particularly beautiful, 'to give my compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Limont, and say that I *will* be so happy if they will take their tea with us to-morrow night?' Mr. Richard Dippie is to be here, and I wish them to see him—he is such a fine lad that I am getting fonder of him every day. What a beautiful chariot he has got!' Randal looked at her, expecting to be included in the invitation; but she merely said, she was sorry for putting him to so much trouble, while her babyish features expressed a sort of triumph which perfectly confounded him.

Here let us explain the reason why Mrs. Ogilvie had prevented her daughter from seeing Randal. It may be told in a few words. When he called, she had taunted Eliza with her partiality for him; and, this being openly avowed, she had declared (for she was a great pretender to energy of character) 'that she would go down stairs and forbid him to enter the house again.' But her spirit had shrunk when she came into his presence, and she found that her only resource for accomplishing her object was the artful species of attack which we have described.

Upon Randal's return, Mrs. Limont was struck by the dejection, or rather the total prostration of spirits, which his features indicated.

'What's the matter wi' ye, bairn?' said she—'ye appear to be sair cast doon. Has anything happened to vex ye?'

Randal simply replied, that he was fatigued with his walk.

'Nae ither wonder,' rejoined she—'ye haena eaten as' muckle the day as would hae served a sparrow. That weary passing has done ye nae guid. Let me bring ye a glass o' wine.' This she accordingly did.

Randal then delivered Mrs. Ogilvie's message.

'Weel, if it's a fine day, I hae nae objections. What time will suit you?'

'I was not asked,' replied Randal.

'No asked!'—cried Mrs. Limont—who had long been aware, from her own observation, of his strong attachment to Eliza—'no asked! I mind noo ye looked very disjaskit last night when ye cam hame. Ye'd be telling Mrs. Ogilvie, nae doot, that yer aunt had got a son?'

Randal, rather startled, replied in the affirmative.

'I see it a' noo. Hech! what a thing worldly pride is! Hoo often it makes a body act meanly! And that ill-faured lad, Dippie, was asked, and ye slighted! He's just a sumph. I dinna want to hae ony mair aboot him; but I'll gang, just to tell Bell Rippath a bit o' my mind. Her to tak sic airs on herself! I mind her a dirty-faced lassie, rinnin' bare-headed and bare-footed aboot Peaicuik. Her, indeed—the wean o' auld Elshie Rippath, the carters' cobbler—to put sic an affront on you?'

Randal attempted in vain to pacify her; but her honest wrath admitted of no mitigation, until her husband, in his own peculiarly mild and steady manner, expressed a conviction that the omission must have been accidental. Still, however, a strong impression that the important change in Randal's expectations had been the cause of Mrs. Ogilvie's conduct, lingered on Mrs. Limont's mind when she entered Elmfield the succeeding evening. Mrs. Ogilvie's reception was particularly cordial; but Mrs. Limont's feelings may be conceived when she merely inquired for Randal. There was one circumstance, however, which did

pleasure had—that, when Dippie, who was received with the most fervid expressions of kindness by Mrs. Ogilvie, and addressed by the familiar name of "Richard," entered the room, Eliza, after coldly replying to his inquiries, rose from her chair, near which he had placed his own, and seated herself on the sofa between Mrs. Limont and her husband. Mrs. Limont's manner, during her short visit this evening, was very different from its usual placidity. She listened with marked indifference to all Mrs. Ogilvie's attempts at sentimental conversation and self-eulogies; and her real warmth of heart was only discoverable when Eliza became suddenly unwell, and was obliged to leave the room. This last circumstance was occasioned by some rude allusion of Dippie about Randal having been "*cut out*" of the Westwood property.

'But the bairn may doo,' said Mrs. Limont, again seating herself after Miss Ogilvie's departure, and having recourse to her snuff-box, as a sort of sedative—'an auld woman's wean seldom lives; and Lady Musgrave, to my certain knowledge, was seven years the senior o' Maister Barclay's mother, who wad hae been little mair than forty had she been livin' at this day. Puir, winsome thing!—she dee'd young; and I sair, sair maun hae been her heart to leave her bairn to sic a cauld warld.'

'I think,' said Mr. Limont, whose serenity was also secretly disturbed by the rudeness of Dippie's allusion—'I think ye're richt, Jean; and nae guid can ever come o'yre Leddy Musgrave. If she didna excite auld Herbert against her sister, sho, at least, never made ony attempt to lessen his resentment. I sometimes fancied that, if he had had ony honest freend aboot him, matters might hae been made up between him and the Barclays before his death, as Miss Mary was aye his favourite; and I never can think o' Leddy Musgrave wi' onything like patience, when I remember the desolate state o' the puir young creature, as I found him sitting beside the corpse o' his mother, wi' no a relation in the house, though his aunt lived only five miles off. They say, too, that Sir William has had twa or three apoplectic strokes, and that his leddy is aye pingein'. But this I'm sure o'—that the loss o' the property has never cost Randal a thought. He has two hundred a-year clear money, and I'm far mistaen if he will not sune be at the top o' his profession. Mr. Hamilton, who has sic a great connexion wi' merchants in Glasgow, is to gie him a' his cases, which will be a business o' itsel.'

'We think very little of two hundred a-year in Jamaica,' said Mrs. Ogilvie, with a satirical expression of countenance.

'Hech me!' rejoined Mrs. Limont; 'but what *I* would hae thought o' siccan a sum lang syne, at Penicuik!' And it must be added that, to Mrs. Limont's great satisfaction, this allusion did not appear particularly agreeable to Mrs. Ogilvie. Here Mr. Ogilvie, apprehensive that Mrs. Limont should dilate on this obnoxious subject in the presence of Dippie, proposed that the gentlemen should take a walk in the garden. Mrs. Ogilvie was not, however, allowed to escape so easily; for, no sooner had the door closed, than Mrs. Limont began to detail a conversation which she had had, some nights before, with an old acquaintance of the ci-devant Miss Dippie.

'What changes happen in folks' lives!' said Mrs. Limont, commencing her attack.

'Oh, yes,' responded her companion, in a sentimental tone of voice—'that is what I *often* observe to our Eliza. *No* one, as *I* say, can reckon on what is to happen the next mornin.'

'And what enemies folk hae, that they dinna hae o'?' continued Mrs. Limont. 'An auld leddy, frae Penicuik, ca'd on me the ither day; and ye wadna believe what an ill-will she has to yo, and hoo she went on aboot yo.'

'She must be a low person; and I wish to hear nothing anent her,' cried Mrs. Ogilvie, hastily.

'She's no exactly what ye may ca' that,' rejoined the other; 'for she's come frae decent folk. Her faither was ance a guid stock-farmer, no far frae the Toun; and, gang where ye'd like, ye wadna hae seen a brawer lass than Babbie Brodie. She was just extraordinar. But, oh, she's awfu' wicked at ony body that slights her in her auld days. And only think,' continued she, lowering her voice to a confidential tone, and drawing her chair nearer Mrs. Ogilvie's—'only think what she said, "They tell me," quo' she, "that Mrs. Ogilvie keeps her heed unco high, and tries to speak fine, noo that she has an auld man wha got a' his siller—Losh preserve us!—wi' makin coffins for the puir craturs in Kingston that dee'd o' the yellow fever, when there was an unco scarcity o' wrights." 'Dear me,' says I, 'Miss Babby, onything for the honest penny.' "Ay," said she, "I wad be the last to cast up onybody's forbears, if folk took nae airs on themsels. But, when they do, merely because they've got siller withoot ony merit o' their sin, I canna hae ony patience wi' them. To think o' *Bell Rippath* turning up her nose at a 'sponsible man's dachter like mysel! a lassie that used to be glad to get an auld gown frae me, at an orra time, to gang decent-like to the kirk! Do ye no mind that auld Elshie was fit for naething but to cobble herds' and cottars' shoon; for naither my faither nor ony o' the farmers wad lippen theirs to him, the donnert, daidlin body?"

'I wish to hear no more of this,' said Mrs. Ogilvie, fuming with rage.

'Ay, but I haena come to the warst o't,' continued persevering Mrs. Limont. "She maun hae been unco fond o' siller," quo' Babby, "an' sweethearts maun hae been scarce, when she took the like o' Ogilvie, (for ma pairt, I dinna believe she ever had anither offer,) wi' his ggem leg and his gleo'd een."'

'I really cannot submit any longer to listen to the impertinence of this Miss Babby,' exclaimed Mrs. Ogilvie; and then, for she had observed Mrs. Limont's dislike to Dippie, and had guessed the cause which increased it, she remarked—"What a fine lad Mr. Dippie is! He is likely to be every day a greater favourite with us all. What a fortune he has! How much do you think?"

'Indeed, I neither ken nor care,' responded her companion.

'One hundred and twenty thousand pounds.'

'Weel, weel—that's most extraordinar. Babby tell me that ane o' the pleomen at Penicuik hunted his grandfaither, who was just bedrel at Currie, and that

his father was a mischievous callant, wha'is ane o' his cantrems, brak the bell when his father was oot o' the way, and ran off to sea, for fear o' a guid thrashing. Hoo he gat to Jamaica, Babby couldna tell. But, she says, it was weel kent that he made his money by marrying nae less than three planters' widows, ill-faured women; and, as for the lad, he hasna a word to thraw at a dog, sae different frae our Mr. Barclay.'

Here Mrs. Ogilvie displayed that peculiar sneer which was her usual diplomacy when she found herself discomfited; and it would probably have provoked a fresh retort from Mrs. Limont, had the gentlemen not re-entered the room.

'And, O sirs,' as Mrs. Limont said, when afterwards recounting this conversation, 'with what a smooth, composed countenance the cratur Bell received them, when her heart was flaming wi' passion! I couldna but think hoo little natur there is aboot her.'

Before the party dispersed, Miss Ogilvie came into the parlour; and, while Mrs. Ogilvie was engaged in producing wine and cake, said to Mrs. Limont, in a low voice—

'Randal was not well the night before last. I hope he is better now.'

'He'll be happy to hear that you are better,' whispered Mrs. Limont; 'but, puir fellow, he is very, very low.'

Randal called a few days afterwards, that he might not appear offended, and unwilling to abandon all hope of being permitted to visit the family. To his great delight, Mrs. Ogilvie received him with apparently more than usual kindness. But Eliza, who was also in the room, appeared to be much embarrassed. Her voice faltered as she returned his salutation, and he observed that she was much paler than usual. Let us explain the secret at once:—Dippie had that morning written to Eliza, making a proposal of marriage; and her mother had been strenuously, but fruitlessly urging her to accept of it. Upon her daughter's decided rejection, Mrs. Ogilvie, whose kindness, either as a wife or as a mother, depended emphatically upon the condition of unqualified subservience to all her caprices, tauntingly observed—

'You're refusing a good offer for the sake of a man who has never asked you to be his wife.'

'He has not, mamma. But his motives in this, as in every other respect, are pure and just. I have no doubt that the want of a profession has prevented him from making a formal disclosure. But there he is.'

And, to her astonishment, her mother received him with the utmost cordiality. But her heart was unchanged; and her assumed manner was partly founded on her wish to create an unfavourable contrast in the mind of her daughter between her frankness and Randal's reserve—for which she knew she had given him sufficient reason—and partly on an inclination to conceal from him her share in a letter which she had determined that Mr. Ogilvie should write him, forbidding any repetition of his visits. Soon, however, after his entrance, she was called out of the room; and Randal could no longer refrain from acknowledging his feelings to Eliza, and from asking her permission to open the subject to her father. She at once admitted that the regard was mutual, and complied with his request, not without expressing an apprehension that the opposition of her mother might prove successful; but declaring that, if it was, she never would become the wife of another. Mrs. Ogilvie's step was soon heard on the stairs, and Randal, (from some feeling of melancholy prescience,) having hastily begged for a lock of her hair, she instantly cut off one of the long beautiful curls which flowed down her temples; and he had only time to secrete it when the door opened. He then rose and took his leave. Immediately on his return home, he wrote to Mr. Ogilvie, avowing the attachment between himself and Eliza, detailing his circumstances and prospects, expressing a hope that he should soon succeed in his profession, and entreating that, in the meantime, he might be permitted to enter into an engagement with her. To this note, Mr. Ogilvie returned a cold and final refusal; at the same time stating that he and his wife and daughter were to set off next morning for the south of England.

From this time, Randal lost all interest in the usual occupations of life; seldom stirring from the house, except late in the evening, and frequently returning wet with dew or rain, to the great terror of Mrs. Limont. It was impossible for him to conceal what had happened from her and her worthy husband; and he had, at least, the comfort of real sympathy.

'Haud up yer head, my bairn,' she exclaimed, on one occasion, 'there's as guid fish in the sea as ever cam oot o't; and hae but patience—the lassie will be her ain mistress some time or ither; and that upsettin body, her mother, will hae but little power ower her when the auld man's dead. Ye may be sure, Randal, they maun hae had fecht aneuch wi her, since they've had to tak her to the south, and haena returned yet, though this is November, and she has been there since the beginnin o' July. Puir, bonny lassie! I'm thinkin she pines as muckle for the want o' you as ye hae dune for her.'

In the course of this month, Randal received intelligence of the death of his infant cousin, at which event Mrs. Limont could not conceal her satisfaction; and, without mentioning her intention to Randal, wrote to Mrs. Ogilvie, apprising her of what had happened.

'The puir lad,' said she, after she had dispatched the letter, 'will soon be himsel' again, as it's a' the want o' that weary estate that's brought him to this pass.'

'I really wish that the heart o' that woman may be turned,' observed Mr. Limont. 'It's an awfu' thing to see a mind sae gentle an' sae powerfu' as Randal's, owretaken wi' untimeous decay. Do you no notice hoo weak his voice is noo, Jean? and hoo his lips tremble and the tears come into his een, whenever we speak a kind word to him? My vera saul's wae for him. I hae often thought o' a saying o' Dr. Strang, when he was lecturing on the flood—'The raven,' quo' he, 'metaphorically speaking, finds itsel at hame in this world; but the dove canna get a spot where to rest its wing.' My fear is, Jean, that it'll no be lang before I'll hae to lay his head in the grave.'

Randal became every day weaker; and a severe cold which he had caught having settled on his lungs, medical aid was called in. But, one morning about the latter part of February, he requested that Mrs. Limont would sit down by his bedside; and he then, in as gentle a manner as possible, told her that, though he might linger for a month or two, he could not ultimately recover, expressing, at the same time, perfect resignation to his fate. He also stated that he had executed a will, bequeathing to her all he possessed; and advised her to get her own son home, that she might have the comfort of his society in her old age. We shall not attempt to describe Mrs. Limont's grief. From the sketches we have given of her character, it may easily be conceived; and her only conversation, when alone with her husband, consisted of profound lamentations for Randal, and execrations against Mrs. Ogilvie.

In the course of about three weeks after this disclosure, he was removed, by short stages, to the small Border town which was mentioned at the outset, as it was much recommended for the purity of its air. After the immediate fatigue of his journey was overcome, he felt somewhat stronger, and was even able, on two or three occasions, to go, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Hamilton, to the picturesque churchyard, which lies at a little distance from the town. He had never seen it before; and he was so struck with the secluded beauty of the situation, that he frequently enjoined his friend to see him buried in the very spot which we have described, and to cause a simple stone to be erected, bearing nothing but his name, the date of his death, his age, and the short passage from Scripture. It was only about a week, however, after the change, that all his symptoms became alarmingly worse—so much so, that Mr. Hamilton considered it indispensable to send for Mr. and Mrs. Limont. On the 2d of April, they arrived; and the anguish, particularly of the latter, when she saw him rapidly sinking, was quite indescribable.

'My poor bairn,' she exclaimed, her old face streaming with tears, 'THEY HAVE KILLED YE AT LAST; but they'll repent it.'

'O sire,' said Mr. Limont, 'ye've got but a puir reward for a' yer confidence; you've been *nestling* under the wing of a *vulture*.'

'Do not distress yourselves, my dear friends,' said Randal, in a faint tone. 'How thankful I am that I've lived to see you once more! This will be the last thrill of worldly enjoyment, except perhaps *one*, that I shall feel before I die. Be sure, Mrs. Limont, to get your son home—practice will be of comparatively small consequence to him now.' Then, after a pause, he continued, in a still lower voice—'Mrs. Limont, I wish to speak a few words with you alone.'

Mr. Limont and Mr. Hamilton then left the room; and Randal, raising his head a little from the pillow, stretched out his cold, moist hand to Mrs. Limont, which she grasped convulsively in her own.

'Mrs. Limont,' he said, 'have you heard anything of Eliza since I left Edinburgh?' Here he observed that the hand of Mrs. Limont trembled; and, making a sudden movement, exclaimed—"Yes, you have. Tell me all—I am strong enough to bear it.'

The truth was, that the intelligence conveyed in Mrs. Limont's letter to Mrs. Ogilvie hastened the family's return to Edinburgh; and, having discovered, casually, the real situation of Randal, they had all called the very day Mr. Hamilton's letter had reached Mr. Limont.

'I saw her,' replied Mrs. Limont, 'yesterday. She was very pale and thin; and sair, sair distressed when she heard ye were sae ill. Just when she was gaun out, she stopped for a moment shint her father and mother, and spoke something that I couldna weel mak out, as she was amaist choked, about a primrose ye had gien her langsyne, and she bid me tell ye she wad keep her promise.'

A sudden radiance lit up the dimmed, though still fine intellectual eye of Randal, on hearing these words. 'I knew it would be so,' he exclaimed, pressing Mrs. Limont's hand more firmly—'I knew it would be so; so I have still had one more earthly enjoyment.' After a short interval, he again spoke—'I have one more request to make,' drawing from his breast a gold locket, containing the curl of Eliza's hair. 'See, my friend, that this is not removed; and tell Eliza what I desired to be buried with me.' Mrs. Limont promised as articulately as she could, and he soon afterwards fell into a sleep which lasted till about ten at night.

When he awoke, he found Mr. and Mrs. Limont, and Mr. Hamilton, sitting by his bedside; and, though life was fast ebbing, the benignity of his nature still continued so unimpaired, that, on hearing Mrs. Limont cough, he begged her to go to bed, adding that she had a husband and a son to care for. But it may easily be thought that his request was not complied with.—The difficulty of breathing increased very rapidly; and, about a quarter before eleven, he was heard to murmur—'I neglected my mother's advice; but the penalty will soon be paid." Randal, then, in a tone of voice scarcely audible, requested Mrs. Limont to come near.

'Death is at hand,' said he—'would you be so kind as to close *this* eye?' She placed her hands upon both; but he gently removed the right, and whispered, '*That one is closed already*.*' The difficulty of respiration soon became greater and greater, and the only words which he spoke were—

'I bless God that I die in peace with Him and with all.' And, before midnight, his spirit had ascended to that place where 'they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels in Heaven.'

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* A similar incident is recorded of the Rev. Mr. Wolff.

BILL STANLEY;

or,

A SAILOR'S STORY.

Reader, if thou hast never visited the Fern Isles, but intendest to visit them, thou hast a pleasure in reserve—a positive, downright, profitable pleasure—profitable as regards the health of the body, for a trip upon the sea makes the blood feel ten years younger, and dance in the veins as merrily as the waves around us; and profitable also to the mind, by filling it with fresh objects for wonder and contemplation—and it is a fact very generally overlooked, that the poor jaded mind stands as much in need of new objects to work upon, as its plebeian neighbour, the body, stands in need of rest or change of diet. [illegible] a matter of small consequence whether you [illegible] yacht or in a steamer; in the former you [illegible] as much pleasure, in the latter more punctuality. But it is a matter of much consequence what sort of company you have on board—in a word, what materials your fellow-voyagers are made of. If they be all your exceedingly good-natured sort of people,—people bowed down with politeness and a desire to please,—you won't be half an hour at sea till you find them dead as uncorked small beer that has stood an hour in the sun, or insipid as milk and water. I had as lief dine upon dried veal as be mewed up a day with such society. If you wish to relish the company, and to see character developed, be careful to have it sprinkled with the salt, the pepper, and the mustard of human dispositions—as for the vinegar, even a drop of that would be too much. Sickness might improve your health for the future, but would impair your pleasure for the present, and in truth sea-sickness appears to be as pale, ghostly, and uncomfortable a companion as a man may meet withal. But if the day be fine and the breeze moderate, there is but little chance of your being sick. At any rate you will find about half a pound of well-boiled ham, just as the vessel kisses the salt water, an excellent preventive, and half the pleasure of a sea trip lies in the relish—the *salt* which it gives to the homeliest morsel.

When the Ferns are first seen, what appeared but two, or, at most, three islands, are now found to be a cluster of sixteen or twenty—the ocean-homes of ten thousand times ten thousand sea-fowls, which now may be seen rising in myriads, blackening the air, and covering the surface of the islands as if a thunder-cloud hung over them—anon their snowy wings flash in the sunbeams, countless specks of light begem the seeming cloud, and, flickering for a moment, assume the appearance of a magnificent rainbow instinct with motion,—and again, as if turning from the flashing of their own beautiful plumage, settle like darkness on the rocks. To appreciate the striking effect of these islands, it is necessary to sail round them as well as to land upon them. Each appears to be surrounded by a pier or bulwark of nature's masonry. What is termed the Pinnacle island is the most effective. We have been informed that it bears a strong resemblance to St. Helena—the grave of Europe's conqueror. The pinnacles are a mass of perpendicular rocks representing towers, battlements, and fortifications, apparently as perfect to the eye as if formed by the hands of man, but that their terrible strength seems to frown in mockery on his puny efforts. They alone are worth visiting again and again. They make man feel his own insignificance, and the power of the Omnipotent voice that called into existence the mighty ocean and the wonders of its bosom. Burns, on visiting a place in the Highlands, said it was "enough to make a blockhead a poet," and we say that the man who could visit the Fern Isles without feeling the influence of poetry within him, has a head as stupid as the sea-fowl that inhabit them, and an imagination as impenetrable as the rocks that compose the pinnacles.

About three years ago, a mixed party left Newcastle in a steamer, on a pleasure excursion to the islands. Amongst the company there was a man of a weather-beaten but happy and intelligent countenance, whose age seemed to be at least sixty, and whose general appearance and manners indicated that he was an old seaman, and perhaps had been a purser or a sailing-master in the navy, or the commander of a merchant-man who had made enough to enable him to cast anchor ashore in peace, quiet, and plenty, for the remainder of his days. His shrewdness, his knowledge and his humour, soon rendered him a favorite with the company.

On arriving at the islands, the party went on shore, and, dividing themselves into groups, sat down, and spread out their provisions on the rocks: about a dozen prevailed upon the old sailor to accompany them, and to be their messmate. After dinner they began to sing, and the old tar was called upon for a song.

'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I never could raise a single stave in my life; but if it's all one to you, I will spin you a sailor's yarn.'

'Agreed,' cried they, 'all! all!'

'Well, (began the old seaman,) it was a year or two before the short peace of Amiens, that two young seamen were sitting in a public-house in North Shields, which I shall please to speak of as the sign of the Old Ship; and its landlord I shall call Mr. Danvers. The name of the one sailor was William Stanley, the other Jack Jenkins. Jack was but a plain fellow, though no lubber; but Bill was a glorious young fellow—the admiration of every body; though only the son of a poor laundress, who wrought hard to bring him up, while a boy, he had contrived to get knowledge and book-learning enough to have been made commodore of a college. I may here tell you, too, that old Danvers had a daughter called Mary,—one of the best and prettiest girls on all Tyneside. She was Bill's consort on all occasions, and they were true to each other as a needle is to the Pole. Jack and he were friends and shipmates, and being sitting together—

'I say, Bill,' said his comrade, 'as we are to sail upon a long voyage to-morrow, what say you for a run up to Newcastle to the theatre to-night; you shall take Polly Danvers, and I shall take my old woman.' For Jack was married.

'It is of no use thinking of it,' answered he, 'I am brought up here as though it were my last mooring.'

'Whew! whew!' whistled the other, 'with pretty

Polly for a chain cable. But I don't ask you to part company with each other. So let us make ready and start.'

'No,' added Stanley, 'the best play and the best actors in the world, would be to me to night like a landlubber sitting smiling and piping upon a flute on the sea-banks, while I was being dashed to pieces by the breakers under his feet.'

'What are you drifting at, Bill?' said Jenkins, 'your upper works seem to have hoisted a moon-raker.'

'I am unhappy, Jack,' said he earnestly, 'and the cause presses like lead upon my heart. It throbs like fire within my forehead. For more than twenty years I have been tossed about as a helmless vessel, without compass or reckoning. It is hard, Jack, that I can't mention my mother's name, but the blush upon my cheek must dry up the tear that falls for her memory. Three months ago, as you know, I came home, with the earnings of a two years' voyage in my pocket, and I found—O shipmate! when I expected to have flung my savings into my mother's lap, I found her dying in a miserable garret, with scarce a blanket to cover her! She had been long ill, and the rich old rascal called Wates, (who came to this part of the country some years ago,) seized all but the straw on which she lay for his rent. I thought my heart had burst as I flung myself upon the ground by her side. A mist came over my eyes. I neither knew what I saw nor heard. I felt her cold arms clinging round my neck. She spoke—she told me *my father's name!* Comrade! it was the first time I had heard it! The word father pierced my heart like a dagger, and in my agony I knew not what she said. I started, I entreated her to repeat it again! But my mother was silent!—she was dead!—the arms of a corpse were fastened round my neck! With the breath which uttered the name she had not spoken for more than twenty years, her spirit fled—and I—I cannot remember it!'

'Vast there, Bill,' cried Jack, wiping a tear from his eyes, 'that is tragedy enough without going to the play for it. But for the sake of Mary Danvers, the prettiest girl on Tyneside, (not even excepting my old woman,) cheer up my lad!'

'If that should cheer me,' said he, 'I believe it is the principal cause why I am sad to-day.'

'Why then,' said Jack, 'don't you take an example by me, and run your frigate to church at once? You will find a plain gold ring is a precious fast anchor.'

'But what,' replied Stanley, 'if the old commodore, her father, won't allow me to take her in tow?'

'He won't!' cried Jenkins, 'that's a goodun! Old dad Danvers won't allow you to splice with her!—What's his reason? I'm sure he can't say but you are as sober as the chief judge of the admiralty.'

'To-night,' replied Stanley in a tone of agitation, 'he found her in my company, and called, or rather dragged her away; and as they went, I heard him upbraid her bitterly, and ask if the meanness of her spirit would permit her to throw herself away upon——upon' ——— William became more agitated,—the words he had to utter seemed to stick in his throat, and his friend Jenkins exclaimed—'Upon a better man than ever he was in his life! But what did he say Bill,—upon what was she going to throw herself away?'

'Upon a beggar's nameless *bastard!* he said,' groaned poor Stanley, striking his hand upon his brow.

'What d'ye say?' cried Jenkins, clenching his fist; 'had the old fellow's ribs not been removed off the first letter, this hand had shivered them! Flesh and blood, Stanley, how did ye endure it?'

'I started to my feet,' said he, 'my teeth grated together; but I heard her gentle voice reproving him for the word, and it fell upon my heart like the moon upon the sea, Jack, after a storm. My hand fell by my side. He is *her* father, thought I, and for the first time in his life Will Stanley brooked an affront.'

Just as he was speaking, a gentle tap came to the door; 'Good night Jack,' added he; 'I understand the signal; the old cruiser is off the coast, and now for the smuggling trade.'

I may tell you that the reason why old Danvers was so averse to his daughter keeping company with Bill Stanley was, that there was a hypocritical middle-aged villain called squire Wates—(the same that Bill spoke of as having sold off his mother and left her to die upon straw)—I hate the very name of the old rascal! Well, you see, this same squire Wates that I am telling you of, came from abroad some where, and bought a vast deal of property about Shields. He was said to be as rich as an Exchange Jew,—and perhaps he was. He had cast an eye upon Mary Danvers, and the gray-haired rascal sought, through the agency of his paltry yellow dross, to accomplish the destruction of the innocent and beautiful creature; and thinking that Will Stanley was an obstacle to the accomplishment of his purpose, he determined to have him removed. He also persuaded old Danvers that he wished to make his daughter his wife. Conscience!—after half drowning such a hoary-headed knave, I would have hung him up at a yard-arm without judge or jury, and buried him in a dunghill without benefit of clergy. He employed a fellow of the name of Villars as a confederate in his base intentions,—one who had been thrice a bankrupt, without being able to shew a loss that he had sustained, or pay a shilling to his creditors. This creature he professed to set up in business,—in something connected with the West India trade,—and he prevailed on landlord Danvers to embark in the speculation, and to risk all that he had saved in the *Old Ship* for five and twenty years. So that the firm,—if such a disgraceful transaction might be called by that appellation,—went by the designation of *Villars and Danvers*. The firm, however, was altogether an invention of Wates to promote his designs. There was another whom they engaged in their scheme,—a fellow who was a disgrace to the sea,—the very spawn of salt water,—a Boatswain Rigby; and the frigate to which he belonged was cruising upon the coast for the protection of the coasters. But you will hear more about these worthies by and by.

It was within a few hours of the time, when, as I told you before, Bill Stanley and Jack Jenkins were to sail upon a twelvemonth's voyage. The vessel to which they belonged was lying out in the harbour below Tynemouth Castle, and sweethearts and wives were accompanying the crew to the beach, where a boat was waiting to take them aboard.

Mary had ventured to accompany William part of

the way towards the beach, to bid him adieu, and when, through fear of her father finding them together, she would have returned, he held her hand more firmly within his, and said—'Fear nothing love; it is the last time we shall see each other for twelve months. Come down as far as the boat, and do not let it be said, when it pulls off, that Bill Stanley was the only soul in the ship's crew that had not a living creature on the shore to wave *good-bye* to,—or one to drop a tear for his departure, more than if he were a dog. If I be alone and an outcast in the world, do not let me feel it now.'

'Willingly,' she replied, 'would I follow you, not only there, but to the ends of the earth. But my father will be on the beach, watching the boat; or if he be not, the spies of another will be there, and my accompanying you would only make my persecution the greater during your absence.'

'What!' exclaimed he, 'have I then a rival for your affections, one that I know not of, and whose addresses are backed by your father's influence? Who is he?—or what is his name? Tell me Mary—I conjure you by our plighted faith.'

'Give not the name of a rival,' said she, 'to a hypocritical wretch, whose heart I would not tread beneath my heel for fear of pollution! A rival!—William, I would not insult the meanest reptile that feeds upon garbage, by placing it in competition with a hypocrite so base and mean! A rival!—rather would I breathe the vapours of a ploughed charnel-house for ever, than be blasted with his breath for a single hour! No—my heart is yours—it is wholly yours—fear not.'

'Mary,' said he solemnly, 'if I am worthy of your love, I am not unworthy of your confidence. You would not, you could not bestow such language on the most worthless, where personal indignity had not been offered or intended you. Name him I adjure—nay, I *command* you;' he added wildly, 'it will yet be three hours till the vessel sail, and in that period I will avenge the indignity that has been offered to you.'

'Speak not of such a thing,' said she; 'whatever be his designs, against such a persecutor she is a weak woman who cannot defend herself. Would you raise your hand against a worm, or draw a sword against a venomous fly? Come, think not of it,—look not so; would a vessel of the line throw a broad-side into a paltry cook-boat? Punish him! no—despise him!'

'It may be so,' he rejoined, 'but my heart is to yours as the eyelid is to the eye-ball, and even a moth between them causes agony. Name him, that I may judge of his power to do evil, or the vessel which is this day to sail—sails without me.'

'Then that your contempt may equal mine,' added she, 'think of the creature *Wates!* He whose name stands first on the list *of published* charities—and who sends the newsman abroad to trumpet his piety, while villany lurks in his grey hairs.'

'What!' he exclaimed wildly, '*Wates!* the murderer of my mother!—who sent his minions to sell the very bed from beneath her, and left her to perish on the ground! Justice! where sleep thy thunderbolts! Mary, we shall return,—I go not to sea to-day.'

'William,' said she affectionately, 'do you then fear to trust me? Did he carry honour in his right hand, and in his left the wealth of the world, and lay them both at my feet,—I feel that within me that would spurn them from me, as I would an insect that crawled upon me to sting me. To you would I give my hand and beg for sustenance, rather than share with him the throne of an empire. What then do you fear? In your own words, if I am unworthy of your confidence, I am unworthy your love.'

'No, Mary!' he cried, 'it is not fear. Wrong not yourself, neither wrong my bosom, that is full to burst-ing, by harbouring such a thought. When darkness lurks from the sunbeams, I will doubt your affection; when a whirlwind sweeps across the sea, and the billows rise not at its voice, I will fear your truth—not till then. But I know that to associate the name of the most virtuous woman with that of a villain, is to make the world suspect her. Ah Mary! in the innocence of your own heart, you suspect not the iniquity of which some are capable. Let the name of a libertine be attached to the character of a man, and especially of a rich man, till his crimes are heaped up like a world of sin upon the shoulders of their contemptible author, and the next sun that rises, in the eyes of the world, melts away their enormity, if not their remembrance; but if the mere shadow of such a villain's breath pass over the character of a woman, its stains will remain fixed and immovable, growing in blackness and gathering misery, until life and memory have made their last port. I will not speak of revenge to distress you,—but I shall not undertake this voyage. I will remain on shore, not to guard your innocence, but to protect your name from slander.'

'William,' she answered, 'ignorant of the world I may be, but I know that your remaining on shore would only give rise to the calumnies which you would wish to prevent. You would make yourself an object for the laughter and remarks of your shipmates; and would disoblige your owners, who, after this voyage, have promised you the command of a vessel. And for what would you do this, but through fear of a wretch on whom I would not waste a single thought, and on whom I regret that I have thrown away a single word.'

At that moment Jack Jenkins, with his wife Betty, weeping like a mermaid under his arm, hove in sight, and the moment he beheld his comrade, he called out—'Hollo Bill! how did you and Polly manage to pass the old Commodore of '*the ship*;' I see him keeping a look-out abaft there.' But his wife sobbed while he was speaking, and as he approached his shipmate, he continued—'Take aback in time Bill, and don't marry—I ask your pardon Polly, and yours too, Betty my love,' kissing his wife's cheeks, 'I don'at exactly mean not to marry either,—but this parting company breaks up one's heart, like an old fir-built craft that is not fit for fire-wood. I wish the lubber's back had a round dozen, that invented the word—*good-bye!* It always sticks in my throat like pushing a piece of old junk down it.'

While he was speaking, a king's cutter shot round a point of land, with a pack of lobsters abaft; and the black fellow, boatswain Rigby, sat in her bow. She was within twenty yards of where they stood.

'Fly, William!—fly!' said Mary wildly, 'it is you they seek—my heart tells me it is you—O fly!'

'Be not afraid dearest,' said Stanley, 'I do not think they mean harm to us, and if they did, flight is impossible.'

'O run! run!' cried Betty Jenkins, 'see the marines are handling their muskets.'

'Run! why it's of no use running,' said her husband, 'the lobsters would bring a fellow up with their pepper-boxes before he could run a quarter of a cable's length.'

The boat took the ground, and Rigby, with a party of sailors and marines, sprang on shore.

'Well my hearties,' said the boatswain, 'will either of you volunteer to serve his Majesty!'

'Why sir'——Jack Jenkins was replying, when his wife placed her hand upon his mouth, saying—'Are you a fool Jack?'

'What!' said the boatswain, 'no volunteers! Well we want but one of you. This is our man,' and he touched Stanley on the shoulder with his cutlass.

'O!' cried Mary, addressing the boatswain, as she fell upon William's neck, 'spare him! spare him! and with my last coin I will endeavour to procure a substitute in his stead.'

'It won't do, my pretty maiden,' said Rigby; 'in these times we cant lose so promising a prize for a woman's tears. Marines, to the boat with him!'

'Hold! servile slaves!' cried Stanley, as they attempted to drag him away, 'allow me to bid adieu to my Mary and to my friends here, or I defy the worst that you can do.'

'Quick then,' said Rigby, 'the service cannot wait for farewells.'

Mary still clung to William's arm. 'Good-bye, Jack,' said he, with the salt water rolling in his eyes and his heart ready to burst—'and when you return from the voyage, see that you keep the land-sharks off my poor Mary, for the sake of your old messmate.'

'Belay Bill!' cried Jenkins, 'my heart's afloat. Heaven bless you lad, and be at ease respecting Polly. Should any lubber pull alongside, my name's not Jenkins if I don't force him to strike his colours, and shove off with broken timbers. Good-bye, Bill, give me your hand, and though they were my last words, I say—I'm blowed if ever I shook the flipper of a better fellow!'

'Mary!' sobbed he, pressing her to his heart, 'farewell love!—we shall meet again!—you won't forget Bill Stanley!'

'Stay! O stay!' she exclaimed. But the boatswain waved his hand impatiently, and his crew rudely tearing them asunder, William Stanley was dragged to the boat, and borne on board the frigate.

Well, twelve months passed after the impressment of William Stanley, and squire Wates found that his wealth offered no temptation to Mary Danvers to enable him to effect her ruin. He, however, had inveigled her father into his meshes, and through the pretended failure of the mercantile speculation in which Villars and old Danvers had been engaged, the former brought a claim of five hundred pounds against the latter, who had lost his all. And the plan of the villains was, that Villars should cast the old man into prison, and that Wates should come forward, and professing to pay the debt, set the father at liberty, and obtain, through the daughter's gratitude, what her virtue spurned. To ensure success to this master-stroke of their wickedness, it was to be attended by a mock marriage, in which boatswain Rigby (the frigate to which he belonged being again lying off Tynemouth,) was for a consideration to officiate as chaplain.

It was on the very day that this piece of iniquity was hatched, that Jack Jenkins having returned, and having learned from his wife and from Mary Danvers, of some of the attempts that had been made by squire Wates during his absence, and since the impressment of his comrade, hurried to the house of the old rascal with a rope's end in his hand. He found the street door open, and without knocking he went to the foot of the stairs, and demanded to see squire Wates.

'You can't see him, fellow,' said a portly pampered man-servant.

'Can't see him,' roared Jack, 'he shall see me presently, and feel me too. So come along Mr. Powdered-pate, show me where he is, or I'll capsize you head and heels.'

The old villain, himself, hearing the uproar, came blustering out of a room, crying, 'Who are you, fellow? and how dare you in such a manner break into my house? What is your business with me?'

'Vast there with your questions, old leprous-livered knave!' vociferated Jenkins. 'As to who I am, I am a better fellow than ever stood in your shoes; and as to daring to break into your house, before I leave it I shall dare to break your head! And as to my business with you, I intend to make you *sensible* of that too,' and as he uttered the word *sensible*, he shook the piece of rope in his hand, and continued—'Now I have answered your questions, answer one to me. Do you remember a lad of the name of Bill Stanley—eh?'

The squire shook with terror, but endeavouring to assume an air of authority, stammered out, 'No—no—fellow; I—I know no such person. Begone sir.—Be—gone I say.'

'Smash me if I do!' added Jenkins, 'and belike you don't know Polly Danvers either? Well, perhaps this piece of old junk may sharpen your memory!'

Wates called upon his servants for assistance.

'Hands off! ye beggarly swabs, or kiss the boatswain's sister!' continued the sailor, laying lustily around him, and causing the domestics to shrink back. 'Vast there!' he continued, laying hold of the squire who attempted to escape, 'not so fast—I an't quite done with you yet. Now, you see, I'm an old friend and shipmate of Bill Stanley's; and the day that he was pressed, and you were the cause of it, Bill says to me—Jack, says he, when I am away, see that no land-shark comes alongside my Polly. Fear nothing Bill, says I, hang me if I don't—there's my hand on't. Now, I've been at sea ever since, until the other day, and my old woman tells me that you, you cream-faced scoundrel, not only had the impudence to pull alongside Polly Danvers, but had the audacity to propose!—shiver me if I can name it, but take that!'——

And so saying, he began to lay the rope forcibly round the shoulders of his victim; and as the servants again closed upon the sailor to rescue their master, he dashed them to the ground to the right and to the left,

and finally rushed out of the house, crying—'who shall say that Jack is the lad that would break his promise?'

I told you it was a part of the plot of Wates, that his confederate Villars was to cast old Danvers into prison, on account of the pretended debt. The old landlord was sitting in the parlour of the *Old Ship*, trembling at the horrors of a jail, and fearing every moment the entrance of a sheriff's officer to arrest him, while his wife and daughter endeavoured to comfort him, and he said mournfully—'Wife, after being married thirty years as we have been, I did not expect that we should have been parted in this way. I did not think that after toiling in the *Old Ship* here for twenty years to save a matter of money for our daughter, that I should lose all, and my half grow white in a prison. But it is of no use mourning about it, for I question if those for whom we wished the money would have thanked us. I know I would not have seen a father or mother of mine dragged to jail like a common thief, if I by any means could have prevented it.' And as he spoke he cast a look of sorrow and upbraiding upon Mary, who wept on her mother's shoulder.

'Don't be cruel, husband,' said his wife, 'how can you distress our daughter. I am sure she can't help the state we are reduced to any more than I can. But I always said what all your jobbing and trafficking in company with the bankrupt Villars would end in. I know thou'rt suffering enough, and we are all suffering, but don't be reflecting upon our dear Mary, for a better child never parents had.'

'I an't making reflections,' replied he peevishly, 'only I'm saying, I would not have stood so by my father. It is no reflection to say that Mary might have been a lady, and then I am sure I should not have been dragged from this parlour,—where I have sat for twenty years,—to a dungeon in a jail.'

'Father!' said Mary, 'what would you have me do? Would you have me become an object for the virtuous to shun, for your enemies to triumph over and despise, and for the abandoned to insult. Would you have me to sell my purity, my peace of mind, my present and eternal happiness, to a miscreant who carries sanctity on his brow and morality between his teeth, while his heart is a putrid sepulchre. Would you have me to do this to save you from a prison?—and to which you have been brought by your own simplicity. To assist you I will become the servant of servants—I would brush the dust from the shoes of strangers, in this house where I was born. But while the tear blanched my cheeks for your misfortunes, cause them not to burn with shame.'

'Why, daughter,' replied he angrily, 'I don't understand thy high words at all. But though I don't know as much of my Dictionary as thou dost, I know those books you read have turned thy head with foolish and high notions. I know you won't have Mr. Wates, because he is a thought oldish, and belike doesn't make love like one of the romance sparks you read about. But I say, I'm neither blind nor deaf, and for all that you have said, I know as how it is marriage, and nought else, that Mr. Wates intends. But rich as he is, you won't have him, but will see your poor old father dragged through the streets like a thief to a prison. O Mary! it is a sore thing to have an ungrateful child!'

'O husband! husband!' said Mrs. Danvers, 'they were thy high notions, and none of our dear daughter's, that have brought us to this. But it is not my part to add to thy sorrows, when thou art about to be torn from my side. Alack! I never thought to be made a widow in this sort.'

'Wife! wife!' cried he impatiently, 'be it my blame, or whose blame it may, we can't make a better of it now; but it is very hard to have lost the earnings of twenty years, and to be parted from wife and child. Don't be angry with me, daughter. Your father meant all he has said or done for your good.—Come, give your old father a kiss and forgive him. It may be the last he will ever receive from you in his own house.'

She threw her arms around his neck and wept, and while the father and daughter embraced each other, a sheriff's officer entered the house.

'Well-a-day! well-a-day!' cried Mrs. Danvers as she perceived him, 'thy errand, and the disgrace of it, will break my heart.'

'Don't be distressed good woman,' said the officer, 'it is no such disgrace but that many of the best in the country must submit to it every day.' 'Mr. Danvers,' added he, 'I am sorry to inform you, you must walk with me. This paper will inform you, you are my prisoner.'

'It is very hard,' said the old man; 'I say sir, it is very hard to be called a prisoner in a free country for doing nothing at all. Heaven knows about this here debt that is brought against me—for I don't. But I know that locking me up in a jail won't pay it.'

'O cruel law!' exclaimed Mary, 'framed by fools, and put in force by usurers. Let justice laugh at the wise legislators, who shut up the springs, and expect the reservoirs to be filled.'

'Why Miss,' said the official, 'I didn't make the law,—I be only the officer of the law. So come along Mr. Danvers my good man, for I can't stop all day to hear your daughter's speeches. I have other jobs of the same sort in hand, and business must be attended to.'

'Go, unfeeling man,' answered Mary, 'we will go with you. Bear with misfortune, my dear father, as a man. I will accompany you—take my arm. If I have hung upon yours with pride upon more joyful occasions, it shall not be said that I was ashamed for you to rest upon mine when they led you through the streets to a prison.' And she accompanied him to the place of confinement.

It was two days after old Danvers had been taken to prison, that the frigate into which William Stanley had been impressed made towards the land, and rode off the mouth of the Tyne, while a boat's crew were ordered on shore. Boatswain Rigby, apprehensive that William would request to be one of them, and that his request might be granted, had, previous to the boat leaving the vessel, sought to quarrel with him, and struck him; and requested of the lieutenant, that in consequence of the insolence he had used towards him, he should not be permitted to go on shore,—but as a punishment, placed on duty.

Poor Stanley was walking the deck, saying unto himself—'Refused permission to go ashore! Yes! Rigby, petty tyrant as thou art, thou shalt rue it! The

[illegible] a privilege that would have caused a slave to [illegible], had he been denied it. But the time will come, when we shall meet upon terms of equality, and were his cowardice equal to his brutality,—yes, were he clothed by a breast-plate hard as his own heart,—my revenge shall find a passage through both; and his blood shall wash out the impression and the shame of the blow, with which to-day he dared to smite me as a dog. The remembrance of that blow sticks as a dagger in my throat,—its remembrance chokes me!' And hurried on by the agitation of his feelings, he spoke aloud as he continued—'Not only denied to set my foot upon the place of my nativity,—but struck! you, struck like a hound, by a creature I despise! O memory!' he added, 'torture me not! Here, every remembered object strikes painfully on my eye-balls! The church and the churchyard, where my mother's bones lie, with the dust, are now before me, and I am prohibited from shedding a tear upon her grave.* The banks of the Tyne, where I wandered with my Mary, while it sighed affection by our side, and the blue sea which lay behind us, raising a song of love, are now visible,—but though they are still beautiful, they are as beautiful things that lived and were loved, but that are now dead!'

In the intensity of his feelings he perceived not a boat which drew alongside, and while he yet stood in a reverie, his old crony, Jack Jenkins, sprang on board, and assisted by a waterman, raised Mary Danvers to the deck.

'Yonder he is,' exclaimed Jack, 'leaning over the gunwale, as melancholy as a merman making his last will and testament in the presence of his father Neptune.'

Stanley started round at the voice of his friend, he beheld his betrothed wife,—for you know they were the same as betrothed, they had vowed to be true to each other, and I believe broken a ring betwixt them.

'My own Mary!' he cried, and sprang forward to meet her. The poor things fell upon each other's neck, and wept like children.

'Shove me your fist, my hearty,' cried Jenkins, 'as soon as you have done there,—I thought I would give you a bit of a surprise.'

'There Jenkins, [illegible] my honest old friend,' cried Bill, stretching [illegible] hand, and with the other supporting his sweetheart. 'My head and heart are whirling beneath a sudden tempest of joy! Speak, Mary love, let me again hear your voice thrilling like music through my breast! O Jack! this visit is like one who has been run down in a squall at midnight, and ere he is aware that the waters have covered over him, he finds himself aloft, listening to the harps of the happy.'

'I don't know what it is like Bill,' said the other, 'but it isn't like the meetings we used to have.'

'Why so silent love,' said William, addressing Mary; 'in another hour I shall be off duty, and in one [illegible] of happiness let us forget the past.'

'Dear William,' she replied, 'I know not what I should say nor what I should conceal. I have no little of joy to communicate, that I would not enhance the pleasure of the present short hour, by a recital of the events that have occurred during your absence.'

'Hide nothing from me Mary,' said he earnestly; 'but tell me,—have my forebodings regarding the master Wates been but too true?—or are your parents—— You tremble love—you are pale! O Jenkins, speak! —tell me what is the meaning of this?'

'Drop it Bill, my dear fellow,' said the other, 'drop it. You have got Polly alongside of you there, with a heart as sound and true to you as when you left her, and don't distress her with questions. She didn't come aboard for that. I served out the old fellow Wates, as you requested me, with a rope's end t'other night, and that pretty smartly too. And with regard to father Danvers, why, poor soul, somehow or other, misfortune has got the weather-gage of him, and the other day he was taken to jail. So say no more about it Bill—we can't mend it.'

'Why,' he exclaimed, stamping his foot as he spoke, 'why am I a slave? And who, my beloved Mary,—who now shall protect you? But I can still do something. I have a bank-bill for a hundred pounds,—the savings of former voyages. I know not why I took it out of my locker this morning. I had it carefully placed away with the ringlet which I cut from your brow, dearest. Here are both. I will keep the ringlet, and think it dearer than ever; take you the note my love, it may be of service to your father.'

'No, no, William,' she cried, 'I must not, I cannot! Dearest, most generous of men, do not *pity* me, or I shall wither in your sight. Look on me as you were wont. But O! let me not stand before you as a beggar. Keep it—as you love me, keep it—make me not ashamed to look in your face.'

'Then take it Jack, take it,' said Stanley, handing him the note; 'do with it as I desire. Say nothing more now, for here comes our boatswain, Righy—the curse of our ship's crew, and the disgrace of the service.'

Mary shuddered as Righy approached them, and boisterously said—'Who have you got there, fellow, and you upon duty? I shall report you instantly. Some of your old friends, and meditating an escape with them I see.' And turning to Jenkins, he added, 'Who, sir, gave you permission to come on board this vessel, and to bring *a woman of that description* along with you? Off instantly, or I shall detain you too.—You, girl, must remain,' and he approached her familiarly to take her by the arm. Stanley sprang forward, exclaiming—'Hold sir! hold! You have insulted her by your words, but touch not, as you would remain a living man, the hem of her garment.'

'Begone to your duty, presumptuous slave!' cried the boatswain fiercely, 'begone!' and as he spoke he raised his hand and struck him on the breast.

'Again! ha! ha! ha!' exclaimed William, like a demon laughing through excess of torture, 'twice you have struck me Righy to-day!—struck me in the presence of her who is dearer, to me than life! Now heaven have mercy on thee!'

And seizing the boatswain by the breast, he hurled

* From the London police reports of last week it would appear that to pass over a parent's grave is an offence against the law! Which law, we know not—but it is not the law of Nature.

him violently on the deck, and planted his foot upon his breast.

'William! dear William!' cried Mary—'forbear! forbear!'

'Bill! Bill, my dear fellow!' cried Jack, 'don't lose your life for the sake of a ruffian.

William continued stamping with his foot upon his breast, laughing in the same wild and fearful manner, and shouting—'struck me!' while Rigby called for help. A number of the ship's crew sprang forward to the rescue of the boatswain, who rising, cried—'The irons instantly! Set a double watch over him. He has attempted, as ye have witnessed, the life of an officer, and his first promotion shall be the yard-arm.'

While they were placing the irons upon him, Mary threw herself at Rigby's feet, exclaiming—'O spare him!—save the life of my William—by her that bore you, or that loves you, save him! save him!'

'Rise, Mary!' cried William, 'that our farewell glance be not one of reproach. Pray for vengeance on my enemy! Farewell, Jack—for ever this time! See my Mary safe!' And as they were bearing him away, he turned his head towards her and cried,—'Dearest, we shall meet hereafter, where the villain and the tyrant cannot enter.'

She fell insensible on the deck, and in a state of unconsciousness was conveyed on shore by Jenkins.

The frigate was commanded by Captain Sherbourne, and when the officers were assembled to hold a court martial over poor Stanley, he said, addressing Rigby—

'There is not a man in the British Navy, boatswain Rigby, more determined than myself to preserve order and discipline; but while as Captain of this vessel I am compelled to enforce the law, I am no advocate for the inhuman and degrading lash, nor can I with indifference sentence a brave fellow to be hung up for doing that which the best feelings of his nature, and the sentiments that make a hero, prompted him to do. I sit here as a judge, and am neither advocate for the prisoner, nor your accuser; but if the law must be satisfied, the offence, wherever it is found, shall be punished, whether in the accused or in the accuser. For it has not escaped my observation, that no officer under me has ever found a fault in the prisoner, save yourself. Are you then resolved and prepared to prosecute your charge?'

'I am both resolved and prepared, Captain Sherbourne,' said Rigby, 'and I demand the satisfaction of the laws of my country and the service, not only as an officer who has been insulted and injured, but as a British officer and subject whose life has been attempted.'

'This is a serious charge, boatswain,' said Captain Sherbourne; 'let the prisoner be brought forward.'

The culprit was brought up, guarded and in fetters, and being placed before his judges—'Prisoner,' began the Captain, 'I deeply regret that one of your appearance, and of your uniform excellent conduct and courage while under my command, should be brought before me under such circumstances as those in which you now stand; and I regret the more that if the charges be proved, the proofs of your former character and courage, which are known to us, will be of no avail. You are charged not only with striking your commanding officer, which is in itself a heinous offence, but also with attempting his life. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?'

'That,' replied the prisoner, 'is as your honours please to interpret the deed. But there is no such charge reckoned against me in the log-book aloft.'

'You then plead not guilty,' said the Captain.

'I am guilty,' answered he, 'of having acted as it was the duty of a man to act. I am guilty of having convinced a villain, that a proud heart may be found beneath a plain blue jacket. I am guilty of having proved that there are souls and feelings before the mast as high-minded and as keen as upon the quarter-deck. "But "the head and front of my offending hath this extent, no more."'

'He speaks bravely,' muttered some of those who heard him; 'the chaplain himself couldn't have said it so well by half.'

'Boatswain,' said the Captain, 'in the hearing of the prisoner, state the particulars of your charge against him.'

'While it was his turn on duty,' said Rigby, 'I found him neglecting it and planning his escape from the frigate, in conversation with a suspicious-looking man, and a girl of common fame'——

'"Tis false! despicable recreant!—'tis false!' interrupted William wildly, 'she is spotless as the fountains of light! Breathe again dishonour on her name, and those chains that bind me shall hurl you with the falsehood blistering on your tongue, down to'——

'Silence, young man,' interposed the Captain, 'I command you. If you have cause of complaint you will afterwards be heard. You may be mistaken, Mr. Rigby, regarding the character of the young woman, and you will not better your cause in our eyes, by unnecessarily blackening the prisoner's.'

'Captain Sherbourne,' inquired the boatswain in an offended tone, 'do you question my honour?'

'Permit no such interruptions, sir,' said the captain, 'we sit here to deal with facts, not with honour. Go on with your charge.'

'When,' resumed Rigby, 'I overheard him plotting his escape from the service, and commanded him to his duty, he haughtily rebelled; and on my ordering the strangers on shore, he sprang forward, and dashing me on the deck, stamped his foot upon my breast, threatening and attempting to murder me, as these witnesses will prove.'

'Stand forward, my good fellows,' said Capt. Sherbourne, addressing two of the seamen who had been witnesses of the assault, and assisted in rescuing the boatswain. 'Give your evidence truly. What do you know of this affair?'

'Why your honour,' said the first seaman, 'just that the boatswain was lying upon the deck, and that Bill there had his foot upon his breast.'

'Do you suppose,' inquired the Captain, 'he had a design upon his life?'

'Please your honour,' answered the seaman, 'I can't say; but you had better ask himself. If he had, he won't deny it; for I'll take my bible oath that Bill, poor fellow, never have the hatchet in his life, and I don't believe he would do it to save his life. I would

always to be aware of what he said, as I am of our ladies, when your honour's own hand works it out.'

'Well,' inquired the Captain, addressing the other seaman, 'what evidence have you to offer?'

'I don't know anything about evidence, your honour,' answered the seaman. The boatswain was lying on the deck, and poor Bill had his foot upon his breast enough, and was laughing in such a dismal way, as made me think that he had gone maddish through ill-usage or something. For, poor fellow, he was never easily raised, and thing's brave as a lion, was harmless as a lamb—all the crew will swear that of him.'

'Prisoner,' said the Captain, 'I am sorry that the evidence of these witnesses, who seem as sorry for your fate as I am, but too strongly confirm at least a part of the charges against you. If you have anything to say in your defence, the court is inclined to hear you.'

'I am neither insensible of, nor ungrateful for the kindness of my commander,' answered William, 'and for the sake of her and her only, of whom the boatswain dared to speak as one dishonoured, I do not hold life without its value. But I disdain to purchase it by the humiliation of vindicating myself farther from the accusations of a wretch whom I despise. Let the law take its award. Death is preferable to being the servant of a slave.'

'I know not,' whispered Captain Sherbourne to his first lieutenant, 'how my lips shall pronounce sentence of death on this brave young fellow. His heroic courage and his talents compel me to revere and love him,—and there is something, I know not what, in his features, haunts me as a lost remembrance.' Then turning toward the prisoner, he added, 'Before the sentence of the court is passed, whatever requests you may wish to have performed, I will see them faithfully carried into effect.'

'Thanks! thanks!' replied William, 'I have but little to offer in return for your goodness; but the same spirit that made me resent the indignity of my accuser, would, were my hands free, cause me to embrace your knees. I have but three requests to make. I wish my watch to be given to her who is dearest to me on earth—Mary Danvers; my quadrant and other matters to my friend Jenkins, who sails in the ship "*Enterprise*," now lying in the river; and my last request is, that with the ten guineas belonging to me, and now in the possession of the purser, a stone may be placed upon my mother's grave,—which Mary Danvers will point out,—with these words chiselled upon it—

TO THE MEMORY
OF THE
AMIABLE AND UNFORTUNATE
MATILDA STANLEY.
BY DEGREE OF HER UNFORTUNATE SON.

'Matilda Stanley!' exclaimed Captain Sherbourne in a tone of agitation, 'was that the name of your mother?'

'It was, your honour,' replied William, 'and there were few such mothers.'

'And your father!—your father!' repeated the Captain with increased agitation, 'what knew you of him?'

'Alas! nothing!' exclaimed the prisoner hastily, and the tears gushed down his cheeks; 'but O! would not to my memory in a moment like this—recal not my mother's——No! no! my injured mother!'

'O conscience! conscience!' exclaimed the Captain, and starting to his feet, and grasping in eagerness as he spoke—'One question more—and your mother's father was a dissenting clergyman in the village of——name! name the place! on that depends your life, and my happiness or misery.'

'In the village of ——in Westmoreland,' replied William, 'but he survived not his daughter's broken heart. You knew them then? O did you know my father?'

'My son! my son! come to a father's heart,' exclaimed the Captain springing forward and falling on his neck; '*I am your father!* Shade of my wronged Matilda! look on this!'

'My father!' exclaimed William, 'have I found him! and in such an hour! But, if you loved my mother, wherefore?——'

'Upbraid me not my son,' interrupted the Captain, 'mingle not gall with my cup of joy. Your mother was my wife—my first, my only one. Circumstances forced me to exact a promise from her, that our marriage should be concealed until I dared to acknowledge it; and long captivity severed me from her, until on my return I could obtain no trace of either of you. How I have mourned for her, all who now stand beside me have been the daily witnesses. My son! my son!'

'My father! O my father!' exclaimed William, 'but at this moment you are also my *judge*.'

'No! no!' cried the Captain. 'Seamen, strike off the fetters from your commander's son. Rigby, at another tribunal I will be surety for the appearance of my son.'

The fetters were struck off from William's hands and feet, and officers and men burst simultaneously into three times three loud, long, and hearty cheers.

The boatswain, fearing that a worse thing might come upon him, fell on his knees before the Captain, and made a full confession of his shameful intrigue with squire Wates, and begged forgiveness, as his kidnapping of William had been the means of finding the commander his son. The rascal was forgiven, but dismissed the frigate.

But I must return to poor Mary. She was sitting beside her father in the prison, when he addressed her saying—'Come, come child, thou saidst thou wouldst sing and read to me, and is this thy singing,—nothing but sighing and tears. I'm saying, is this thy promised singing daughter?—but it is perhaps the fittest singing for a jail.'

'Ah father!' said Mary, 'you know I would not willingly add to your sorrows. But can you forbid me to weep for him who from childhood has been to me as a brother,—whom I have long regarded as a husband, and who *for my sake* must in a few hours die as the vilest criminal.'

'Why I'm saying daughter,' said old Danvers, 'let's have no more about it. I'm as sorry for Bill Stanley as thou canst be for thy life. But I say girl, they are expect no better who fly in the face of a father. I am sure we have distress enough of our own, if we would

very think about it, without meddling with that of other people's. Is it not bad enough that thy father is shut up here within these iron bars, and perhaps thou and thy mother will be driven to beg upon the streets, when thou mightest have been riding in thy carriage. I'm saying, is not this misery enough, without thy crying about people thou had nothing to do with. Why, Mary, thou mayest be thankful thou an't his wife.'

'Father! father!' she said, wringing her hands together, 'murmur not at our lot, nor upbraid me with sympathising in misery to which yours is merry!—What are the sufferings of want compared with what I now feel? To save him I could smile and be happy, though doomed to beg and kiss the foot that spurned me from them.'

The sheriff's officer and Mrs. Danvers at this moment entered, and the latter rushed towards her husband, exclaiming—'O husband! husband! the worst is come at last! They have seized house and all!—and Mary, thou and I are left without a roof to cover us! Thou hast no home now, hinny! Your father is shut up in this filthy prison, and your mother never knew what misery was till now!'

'Wife! wife!' cried old Danvers, 'what dost thou say?—seized the house too!—and my wife and daughter driven to the street! O wife!—I say, I wish I had never been born! Mary! Mary love! what wilt thou do now?'

'Do not, my dear parents,' said Mary, 'repine at the hand of Providence. He who clothes the lily, and feeds the fowls of the air, will not permit us to perish in the midst of christians.'

'Daughter! daughter!' cried her mother, 'thou little knowest what a hard-hearted and wicked world we live in! Humanity and honesty, and every thing that is good, has gone out of it. The world was not so when I knew it first.'

'Well! well!' cried old Danvers, 'if the world be as bad as you say it is, it is one comfort that I shall not be long in it; for I cannot live to know that my wife and child are beggars, and that I am a prisoner, starving in a jail.'

At this moment Wates entered the room, and addressing Mr. Danvers, said—'I have but this morning heard of your misfortunes, Mr. Danvers, and have not lost a moment in hastening to offer my assistance. To your daughter I now offer my *hand*, my fortune, and my heart; and let her but say she will accept them, and this day ends your imprisonment.'

'There! old woman!' exclaimed Mr. Danvers in ecstacy, 'what dost thou and our daughter think of that? Did I not say that Mr. Wates meant marriage, and nothing else but marriage,—and was not I right? Thou shalt have her, sir, with a father's blessing, and I will pray for thee the longest day I have to live.'

'For the sake of human nature, Mr. Wates,' said Mary, 'I will suppose that your intentions are now honourable. But, could I even forget all that's past,—could I forget that for many months you have sought my destruction, and have striven to make me become that which would have made me to be despised in my own eyes, and an outcast in those of others,—if, sir, I could even forget these things, I could not give my hand to one whom my heart has been accustomed to detest. For your offered kindness I will thank you with tears, but I can only repay you with gratitude. If, however, your assistance to my parents is only to be procured through my consenting to your wishes, they must remain as they now are, until it shall please Providence to send them a more disinterested deliverer. Betwixt us there is a gulf fixed that shall ever divide us,—it is death and aversion,—therefore think not of me.'

'Daughter!' cried the old man wrathfully, 'hast thou taken leave of thy senses altogether?'

'Come Mary, love,' said her mother, 'now that poor William must be no more, and that Mr. Wates means honourably, be not obstinate,—do not suffer your father to die in a place like this, and your mother to beg upon the streets.'

'Mother!' cried Mary vehemently, 'with the last of my blood will I toil for your support; but speak not of that man to me. Keep, sir, your wealth for one to whom it may have attractions, and to whom you have never offered dishonour. I despise it, and I despise you; and this shallow and cruel artifice will avail you nothing.'

'Consent,' said Wates, 'and to-night our hands shall be united.'

'Monster! can ye talk of marriage to me, when he to whom my heart and vows are given, if he be not already dead, must in a few hours die a death of shame!'

'And will ye not save him?' said Wates, eagerly.

'Save him!—how? how?' she cried.

'Consent to be mine, and within an hour I shall procure his pardon,' said he.

'Villain! villain! would ye deceive me with the snare of the devil?' she exclaimed.

'I swear it,' he answered.

'Save him! save him!' she exclaimed wildly, but again cried suddenly—'No!—wretch, ye mock me!'

'Yes, he mocks you, Mary,' said Jack Jenkins, who had just entered. 'I could find in my heart to kick the old murderer through those iron gratings,—for I know it is all through him that poor Bill must, before the sun go down, lose his life.'

While Jack was speaking, the locks of the prison-doors were again heard creaking, and in rushed William, his father, and the officers of the frigate, and they dragged the rascal, Rigby along with them.

There was a cry of 'Mary!' 'William!' and a rush to meet each other. But the best scene was the confusion of Wates, when his brother-knave exposed his villainy; and Captain Sherbourne ordering them to be gone, Jack Jenkins rushed after them, for the pleasure of kicking them down the prison stairs; but Bill catching him by the arm, said—'Messmate, let me introduce you to '*my father!*'

'*Your father!*' exclaimed Mary; and it would have been hard to say which of the two was nearest fainting. Mary and Bill were soon spliced. They were the happiest couple alive. He rose to be post-captain, and I hope to see him an admiral. So, gentlemen, that's an end to my yarn.

But, inquired the company, what became of Jack Jenkins? Why, I am Jack Jenkins, answered he, sailing-master, with half-pay of five and twopence a-day, besides two shillings as interest for prize-money—thanks to my old friend Bill.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF AN AGED SPINSTER.

The poet of the THE BLUEY par excellence, hath written two lines which run thus—

> 'Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

Now, I never can think of these lines, but they remind me of the tender, delicate, living, breathing, and neglected flowers that bud, blossom, shed their leaves and die, in cold unsounded obscurity. Flowers that were formed to shed their fragrance around a man's heart, and to cherish his eye, but which, though wandering melancholy and alone in the wilderness where they grow, he passeth by them with neglect, making a companion of his loneliness. But, to drop all metaphor, where will you find a flower more interesting than a spinster of threescore and ten, of sixty, of fifty, or of forty? They have, indeed, 'wasted their sweetness on the desert air.' Some call them 'old maids,' but it is a malicious appellation, unless it can be proved that they have refused to be wives. I would always take the part of a spinster,—they are a peculiar people, far more 'sinned against than sinning.' Every blockhead thinks himself at liberty to crack a joke upon them; and when he says something that he conceives to be wondrous smart about Miss Such-as-one and her cat, or poodle-dog, he conceives himself a marvellous clever fellow; yea, even those of her own sex, who are below what is called a 'certain age,' (what that age is, I cannot tell,) think themselves privileged to giggle at the expense of their elder sister. Now, though there may be a degree of peevishness (and it is not to be wondered at) amongst the sisterhood, yet with them you will find the most sensitive tenderness of heart, a delicacy that quivers like the aspen leaf at a breath, and a kindliness of soul that a mother might envy—or rather for envy shall I not write *imitate?* But ah! if their history were told, what chronicle would it exhibit of blighted affections, withered hearts, secret tears, and midnight sighs!

The first spinster of whom I have a particular remembrance, as belonging to her caste, was Diana Darling. It is now six and twenty years ago since Diana paid the debt of nature, up to which period, and for a few years before, she rented a room in Chirnside. It was only a year or two before her death that I became acquainted with her, and I was then very young. But I never shall forget her kindness towards me. She treated me as though I had been her own child, or rather her grandchild, for she was then very little under seventy years of age. She had always an air of gentility about her; people called her 'a betterish sort o' body.' And although *Miss* and *Mistress* are becoming general appellations now, twenty or thirty years ago, upon the Borders, those titles were only applied to particular persons or on particular occasions, and whether their more frequent use now is to be attributed to the schoolmaster being abroad, or the dancing-master being abroad, I cannot tell, but Diana Darling, although acknowledged to be a 'betterish sort o' body,' never was spoken of by any other term but 'auld Diana,' or 'auld Dia.' Well do I remember her flowing white gown, with short sleeves, her snow-white apron, her whitey cap, and old kid gloves reaching to her elbows; and as well do I remember how she took one of the common *blue* cakes which washerwomen use, and tying it up in a piece of woollen cloth, dipped it in water, and dashed it round and round the walls of her room, to give them the appearance of being peppered. I have often heard of and seen *starching* done, but rude as the attempt was, I am almost persuaded that Diana was the first who put it in practice. To keep up gentility poverty teaseth people to strange shifts, and often to ridiculous ones,—and to both of these extremities she was driven. But I have hinted that she was a kind-hearted creature; and above all, do I remember her for the fine old ballads which she sang to me; but there was one that was an especial favourite with her, and a verse of which, if I remember correctly, ran thus—

> 'Fy Lizzy Lindsay!
> How long in the morning ye lie,
> Maist fit ye was helping your mother,
> To milk the ewes and the kye.'

Diana, however, was a woman of some education, and to a relative she left a sort of history of her life, from which the following is an extract:—

My father died before I was eighteen, (so began Diana's narrative,) and he left five of us, that is, my mother, two sisters, a brother and myself, five hundred pounds a-piece. My sisters were both younger than me, but within six years after our father's death they both got married; and my brother, who was only a year older than myself, left the house also, and took a wife, so that there was nobody but me and my mother left. Every body thought there was something very singular in this, for it was not natural that the youngest should be taken and the oldest left; and besides, it was always acknowledged, that I was the best-faured* and the best tempered in the family, and there could be no dispute but that my sister was as good as theirs.

I must confess, however, that when I was but a lassie o' sixteen, I had drawn up wi' one James Laidlaw—but I should score out the word *one*, and just say that I had drawn up wi' *James Laidlaw*. He was a year, or may be three, aulder than me, and I kenned him when he was just a laddie at Mr. Wh—'s school in Dunse; but I took no notice o' him then in particular, and indeed I never did, until one day that I was on errand down by Kimmerghame, and I met James just coming out free the gardens. It was the summer season, and he had a posie in his hand, and a very bonny posie it was. 'Here's a fine day, Diana,' says he.—'Yes, it is,' says I.

So we said nae mair for some time, but he keepit walking by my side, and at last he said—'What do ye think o' this posie?' 'It is very bonny, James,' said I. 'I think sae,' quoth he, 'and if ye will accept it, there should naebody be mair welcome to it.' 'Oh, I thank ye,' said I, and I blushed in a way, 'why should ye gie me it?' 'Never mind,' says he, 'take it for auld acquaintance sake—we were at the school together.'

So I took the flowers, and James keeplt by my side,

* Best-looking, or, most beautiful.

and crouched to me a' the way to my mother's door, and I crouched to him—and I really wondered that the road between Kirkmeeghame and Dunse had turned one short. It seemed half the length that it used to be, or what I thought it to be.

But I often saw James Laidlaw after this, and somehow or other I aye met him just as I was coming out o' the kirk; and weel do I remember, that one Sabbath in particular he said to me—'Diana, will ye no come out and take a walk after ye get your dinner?' 'I dinna ken James,' says I, 'I doubt I daresna, for our folk are very particular, and baith my father and my mother are terribly against anything like your wi' strayaging on the Sundays.' 'O, that's sae! Never heed where ye're gaun,' says he. 'Weel, I'll try,' says I, for by this time I had a sort o' liking for the lad.—'Then,' said he, 'I'll be at the Penny Stane† four o'clock.' 'Very weel,' quoth I.

And although baith my father and mother said to me as I was gaun out—'Where are ye gaun lassie?'—'O no very far,' said I, and at four o'clock I met James at the Penny Stane. I shall never forget the grip that he gied my hand when he took it in his, and said—

'Ye have been as good as your word, Diana.'

We wandered away down by Wedderburn dyke till we came to the Blackadder, and then we saunntered down by the river-side till we were opposite Kelloe,—and O! it was a pleasant afternoon. Every thing round about us, above us, and among our feet seemed to hae it was Sunday—every thing but James and me. The laverock was singing in the blue lift,—the blackbirds were whistling in the hedges,—the mavis chaunted his lood sang frae the bushes on the brae,—the lennets* were singing and chirming among the whins,—and the chiffch† cheerively seemed to follow ye wi' its three notes owre again, in order that ye might learn them.

It was the happiest afternoon I ever spent. James gaed, and I gaed. I got a scolding frae my father and my mother when I gaed hame, and they demanded to ken where I had been; but the words that James had spoken to me bore me up against their reproaches.

Weel, it was very shortly, (I daresay not six months after my father's death,) that James called at my mother's, and, as he said, to bid us *farewel!* He took my mother's hand,—I mind I saw him raise it to his lips, while the tears were on his cheeks; and he was also greatly put about to part wi' my sisters; but to me he said—

'Ye'll mi me down a bit, Diana.'

He was to take the coach for Liverpool,—or at least a coach to take him on the road to that town, the next day, and from there he was to proceed to the West Indies, to meet an uncle who was to make him his heir.

I went out wi' him, and we wandered away down by our auld walks, but O! he said little, and he sighed often and his heart was sad. But mine was as sad as his, and I could say as little as him. I winna, I canna write a' the words and the vows that passed. He took the chain frae his watch, and it was o' the best gold, and he also took a pair o' bibles from his pocket, and he put the watch-chain and the bibles into my hand, and—'Diana,' said he, 'take these frae—keep them for the sake o' your poor James, and as often as you see them think on him.' I took them, and wi' the tears running down my cheeks—'O James,' cried I, 'this is hard!—hard!'

Twice, aye thrice, we hade each other '*farewel*,' and thrice after he had parted frae me, he came running back again, and throwing his arms round my neck, cried—

'Diana! I canna leave ye!—promise me that ye will never marry any body else!'

And thrice I promised him that I wouldna.

But he gaed awa', and my only consolation was looking at the bibles, on one o' the white leaves o' the first volume o' which I found written by his own hand, '*James Laidlaw and Diana Darlin pledged that if they were spared, they would become man and wife; and that another time, distance, nor circumstances should shake their plighted troth. Dated May 2014, 17—.*'

These were cheering words to me, and I lived on them for years even after my younger sisters were married, and I had ceased to hear from him. And during that time for his sake I had declined offers, watch my friends said I was wauir than foolish to reject. At least half-a-dozen good matches I let slip through my hands, and a' for the love o' James Laidlaw who was far awa', and the vows he had plighted to me by the side o' the Blackadder. And although he hadna written to me for some years, I couldna think that any man could be so wicked, as to write words o' falsehood, and bind them up in the volume o' everlasting truth.

But about ten years after he had gaen awa', James Laidlaw came back to our neighbourhood; but he wasna the [illegible] he left—for he was now a dark-complexioned man, and he lied wi' him a mulatto woman and three bairns that called him *father!* He was no longer my James!

My mother was by this time dead, and I expected naething but that the knowledge o' his faithlessness would kill me too,—for I had clung to hope till the last straw was broken.

I met him once during his stay in the country, and strange to tell, it was within a hundred yards o' the very spot where I first forgathered wi' him, when he offered me the posie.

'Ha! Die!' said he, 'my old girl, are you still alive? I'm glad to see you. Is the old woman, your mother, living yet?' I was ready to faint, my heart throbbed as though it would have burst. A' the trials I ever had were naething to this; and he continued—'Why, if I remember right, there was once something like an old flame between you and I.' 'O James! James!' said I, 'do you remember the words you wrote in the bible, and the vows that ye made me by the side of the Blackadder?' 'Ha! ha!' said he, and he laughed, 'you are there are you! I do mind something of it.—But Die, I did not think that a girl like you would have been such a fool as to remember what a boy said to her.'

I would have spoken to him again, but I remembered that he was the husband o' another woman,—though she was a mulatto,—an' I hurried away as fast as my fainting heart would permit. I had but one consolation,

* Linnets. † Chiffchaff.

and that was, that though he had married another, nae-body could compare her face wi' mine.

But it was long before I got the better o' this sair slight—aye I may say it was ten years and mair; and I had to try to pingle and find a living upon the interest o' my five hundred pounds, wi' any other thing that I could turn my hand to in a genteel sort o' way.

I was now getting on the wrang side o' eight-and-thirty, and that is an age when it lens prudent in a spinster to be throwing the pouty side o' her lip to any decent lad that hauds out his hand, and says—'Jenny, will ye tak' me?' Often and often, baith by day and by night, did I think o' the good bargains I had lost, for the sake o' my fause James Laidlaw; and often when I saw some of them that had come praying to me, pass me on a Sunday, wi' their wives wi' their hands half round their waist on the horse behint them—'O James! fause James!' I have said, 'but for trusting to you, and it would hae been me that would this day been riding behint Mr. ———.'

But I had still my five hundred pounds, and sic fend as I could make, to help what they brought to me.—And about this time, there was one that had the character of being a very respectable sort o' lad, one Walter Sanderson; he was a farmer, very near about my own age, and altogether a most prepossessing and intelligent young man. I first met wi' him at my youngest sister's goodman's kirn,* and I must say a better or a more graceful dancer I never saw upon a floor. He had neither the jumping o' a mountebank, nor the sliding o' a playacter, but there was an ease in his carriage which I never saw equalled. I was particularly struck wi' him, and especially his dancing!—and it so happened that he was no less struck wi' me. I thought he looked even better than James Laidlaw used to do,—but at times I had doubts about it. However, he had stopped all the night at my brother-in-law's as weel as mysel', and when I got up to gang hame the next day, he said he would bear me company. I thanked him, and said I was obliged to him, never thinking that he would attempt such a thing. But just as the powney was brought out for me to ride on, (and the callant was to come up to Dunse for it at night,) Mr. Walter Sanderson mounted his horse, and says he—

'Now wi' your permission, Miss Darling, I will see you hame.'

It would hae been very rude in me to have said—'No I thank you sir,' and especially at my time o' life, wi' two younger sisters married that had families; so I blushed as it were, and gien my powney a twitch, he sprang on to his saddle, and came trotting along by my side. He was very agreeable company; and when he said "I shall be most happy to pay you a visit Miss Darling," I didna think o' what I had said, until after that I had answered him, 'I shall be very happy to see ye sir,' and when I thought o' it, my very cheek bones burned wi' shame.

But howsoever, Mr. Sanderson was not long in calling again—and often he did call, and my sisters and their gudemen began to jeer me about him. Weel, he called and called, for I daresay as good as three-quarters of a year; and he was sae backward and modest a' the time that I thought him a very remarkable man; indeed I began to think him every way superior to James Laidlaw.

But at last he made proposals—I consented—the wedding-day was set, and we had been cried in the kirk. It was the Fair-day, just two days before we were to be married, and he came into the house, and after he had been seated awhile, and cracked in his usual kind way—

'O,' says he, 'what a bargain I hae missed the day. There are four lóts o' cattle in the market, and I might have cleared four hundred pounds—cent. per cent. by them.'

'Losh me! Walter, then' says I, 'why didna ye do it? How did ye [illegible] such a bargain slip through your fingers?'

'Woman!' said he, 'I dinna ken, but a man that is to be married within eight and forty hours is excusable. I came to the Fair without any thought o' either buying or selling,—but just to see you Diana,—and I kenned there wasna meikle siller necessary for that.'

'Losh, Walter, man,' said I, 'but that is a pity,—and ye say ye could make cent. per cent. by the beasts?'

'Deed could I,' quoth he, 'I am sure o' that.'

'Then Walter,' says I, 'what is mine the day is to be yours the morn I may say, and it would be a pity to lose such a bargain.'

Therefore I put into his hands an order on a Branch Bank that had been established at Dunse, for every farthing that I was worth in the world, and Walter kissed me, and went out to get the money frae the Bank, and buy the cattle.

But he hadna been out an hour, when one o' my brother-in-law's called, and I thought he looked uncodowie. So I began to tell him about the excellent bargain that Walter had made, and what I had done. But the man started frae his seat as if he were grazed, and without asking me any questions, he only cried—'Gracious! Diana! hae ye been sic an idiot?' and rushing out o' the house ran to the Bank.

He left me in a state that I canna describe; I neither kenned what to do nor what to think. But within half an hour he returned, and he cried out as he entered—'Diana ye are ruined! He has taken in you and every body else. The villain broke yesterday. He is off! Ye may bid fareweel to your siller!' 'Wha is off?' cried I, and I was in such a state I was hardly able to speak. 'Walter Sanderson!' answered my brother-in-law.

I believe I went into hysterics; for the first thing I mind o' after his saying so, was a dozen people standing round about me,—some slapping at the palms o' my hands, and others laving water on my breast and temples, until they had me as wet as if they had douked me in Pollock's Well.

I canna tell how I stood up against this clap o' misery. It was near getting the better o' me. For a time I really hated the very name and the sight o' man, and I said as the song says, that

"Men are a' deceivers."

But this was not the worst o' it—I had lost my all, and I was now forced into the acquaintanceship of poverty and dependence. I first went to live under the roof o'

* Harvest Home.

my youngest sister, who had always been my favorite; but before six months went round, I found that she began to treat me just as though I had been a servant, ordering me to do this and do the other; and sometimes my dinner was sent ben to me into the kitchen. And the servant-lasses, seeing how their mistress treated me, considered that they would be justified in doing the same—and they did the same. Many a weary time have I lain down upon my bed and wished never to rise again, for my spirit was weary o' this world. But I put up wi' insult after insult, until flesh and blood could endure it no longer. Then did I go to my other sister, and she hardly opened her mouth to me as I entered her house. I saw that I might gang where I liked, I wasna welcome there. Before I had been a week under her roof, I found that the herd's dog led a lady's life to mine. I was forced to leave her too.

And as a sort o' last alternative, just to keep me in existence, I began a bit shop in a neighbouring town, and took in sewing and washing; and after I had tried them awhile and found that they would hardly do, I commenced a bit school, at the advice o' the minister's wife, and learned bairns their letters and the catechism, and knitting and sewing. I also taught them, (for they were a' girls,) how to work their samplers, and to write and to cast accounts. But what vexed and humbled me more than all I had suffered, was that one night,—just after I had let my scholars away,—an auld hedger and ditcher body, almost sixty years o' age, came into the house, and 'How's a' wi' ye the night?' says he, though I had never spoken to the man before. But he took off his bonnet, and pulling in a chair, drew a seat to the fire. I was thunderstruck! But I was yet mair astonished and ashamed, when the auld body, sleeking down his hair and his chin, had the assurance to make love to me!

'There is the door sir!' cried I, and when he didna seem willing to understand me, I gripped him by the shoulders, and showed him what I meant.

Yet quite composedly he turned round to me and said, 'I dinna see what is the use o' the like o' this—it is true I am aulder than you, but ye are at a time o' life now that ye canna expect ony young man to look at ye.—Therefore ye had better think twice before ye turn me to the door. Ye will find it just as easy a life being the wife o' a hedger as keeping a school—rather mair sae I apprehend, and mair profitable too.' I had one patience wi' the man, I thought my sisters had insulted me, but this offer o' the hedger's wounded me mair than all that they had done.

'O James Laidlaw!' cried I, when I was left to myself, 'what hae ye brought me to! 'My sisters dinna look after me. My parting wi' them has gien them an excuse to forget that I exist. My brother is far frae me, and he is ruled by a wife; and I hae been robbed by another o' the little that I had. I am like a withered tree in a wilderness, standing by its lane—I will fa' and nae body will miss me. I am sick, and there are none to hand my head. My throat is parched, and my lips dry, and there are none to bring me a cup o' water! There is nae *living thing* that I can ca' mine! And some day I shall be found a stiffened corpse in my bed, with no one near me to close my eyes in death, or perform the last office of humanity! For I am alone—I am by myself—I am forgotten in the world; and my latter years, if I have a long life, will be a burden to strangers.'

But Diana Darling did not so die. Her gentleness, her kindness, caused her to be beloved by many who knew not her history, and when the last dern messenger came to call her hence, many watched with tears around her bed of death, and many more in sorrow followed her to the grave. So ran a few leaves in the diary of a spinster, and the reader will forgive our interpolations.

THE ONE-ARMED TAR.

Old Tom Moffat was the finest fragment of a jolly, good-natured, fearless seaman, that I ever met with. I say a fragment of a man, for he was minus his right arm. It was pleasant to look upon his merry old face, and to see his flaxen locks descending over his brow in sea-made ringlets; for, though he was turned threescore, there was not a gray hair upon his head. He appeared like an image of contentment, that envious mortals had deprived of an arm, and left him laughing at their malignity. But, above all—though Tom was neither given to the throwing of the hatchet, nor the spinning of long yarns—it was delightful when he was about half-a-sheet in the wind, to hear him relate a few scraps of his history.

'Ay! ay!' he would say, 'I have been in some rum scenes, and encountered some rough squalls in my time—but no matter: I am now sailing-master Moffat, with five and sixpence a-day, and no mistake; and a pension for the loss of my fin into the bargain. I am as comfortable and happy as any two-handed man in the three kingdoms. But, if you wish to know my history, all that's worth telling of 't is soon told. I was born in Hexham. My mother was a naval officer's widow, and her father a clergyman. I say she was a widow, because my father died before I was born. I had a sister, but I do not remember her; and I was brought up by my mother beneath the roof of her father. He was a good but a severe old man, and I tried to like him, but I could not, for I check'd as I heard him cry—'Thomas.' He gave me a good education, and wished to make a parson of me, though I don't think I was any more parson-like then than I am now, and that's not much, I take it. The old man did'nt belong to the church—he was a dissenter; and he persevered in his determination of making me a preacher. Therefore, when I was about sixteen, he called me into his study, and informed me that he intended sending me through to Edinburgh to attend the classes. He even spoke of my succeeding to the pulpit which he occupied; and he spoke till he brought the salt water into my eyes, and almost upon my chance of living to see me preach in it! I had no ambition for the honours which he seemed to have in store for me. However, as he was rather too strict to dispute

ration for me, I offered no objections to his plan of sending me to Edinburgh. I thought it would free me from the restraint under which he kept me, and that was all I knew about the matter; though, like an ungrateful dog, as I was, I did not thank the old man as I ought to have done.

Now, my grandfather had a watch—it was not a gold one, but it was a very excellent silver one, and it had a gold chain and seals attached to it—it had been presented to him as a token of respect on the day of his ordination, by a family in which he had been for six years tutor and chaplain. And, on the day of my departure, when I had kissed my mother's cheek and felt her lips upon mine—for I loved her as I did my own soul, and she deserved it all—the old man took my hand, and he pulled the watch from his fob, and he put it into my hand, chain, seals, and all, and—

'Take this, Thomas,' said he, 'for your grandfather's sake; and, as often as ye look at it, remember that time is precious—spend it not in vain.'

If I never loved the old man before, I believe that I loved him then. For presents are excellent temporary openers of the heart, either of man or woman. If your sweetheart be shy, it is wonderful how a present will mollify her—but it is not the real thing; and her seeming affection, so produced, wont stand the test, or be of long duration. I have been a sailor, and a foolish enough in my day, but I tell you, if you want a girl to love you sincerely and truly, never attempt to win her heart by the offer of bribes. Give a heart for a heart, and nothing more, till you have her hand too, and then give as much as you like.

But, as I was telling you, I set out for Edinburgh with my grandfather's watch in my pocket, and I pulled it out, either to see the hour, or admire my property, during every half-hour on the journey. And, I believe, though I did shed tears when he gave it, that, before I was half way to Edinburgh, I had forgot the giver in the gift. However, the first session passed on tolerably enough. I was not kept upon short allowance; but, though I did not want for victuals, I had not a sixpence of pocket-money; and I felt this the more, because I thought that some of my fellow-students perceived my circumstances, and despised me on account of them.

I returned home honoured with a prize, and received the caresses of my mother, and the congratulations of my grandfather. The old man predicted bright days for me—already, in imagination, he beheld me in the pulpit which he had occupied for thirty years.

But, with his first session, ended the prudence of Tam Moffat and his grandfather's hopes. About the end of the second, a circumstance occurred which put a stop to my studies for twelve months, if not for ever. The people with whom I had lodged during the first year, were about to emigrate to America. Their name was Lindsay, and they had a daughter called Margaret, a beautiful girl of seventeen. I never saw her but my blood ran at the rate of ten knots. During my second session, we used to walk in the Meadows, or around Duddingstone Loch, together, and I forsook the study of Greek and Latin, to study the words that fell from the lips of Margaret Lindsay. But, as I was saying, they were about to emigrate to America, and I accompanied them to Leith, and went on board the vessel with them. It was night when they sailed. Margaret and I were sitting in a corner below, away from her parents and the rest of the passengers, unseen, and talking words of tenderness together. She promised never to forget me—I never to forget her. I intended to accompany her out into the Firth, and to return on shore with the pilot. But we knew not how time moved on. We were loath to part, and I noted not that the vessel was under weigh. In truth, I had never been on board of one before. But, lo! her parents called upon Margaret, and there sat she with my hand across her shoulders—and the vessel not only beyond Leith Roads, but out of the Firth! There was I, a pennyless and involuntary passenger across the Atlantic. It was a glorious situation for a student to be placed in! But the idea of enjoying Margaret's company reconciled me to it. My mind was made up at once, and I went to the commander of the vessel and offered to make myself useful during the voyage. He agreed to the proposal, and I began to take my first lessons in seamanship.

We arrived at Quebec, and, after accompanying the girl I loved for more than three thousand miles, it was hard to part from her, and I wished to go up the country with her father. But he would not hear of the scheme. He said that I must go back to my friends; and the master, having found me of service on his passage out, told me that he considered himself accountable for me, and that he must take me back to Leith.

I will not bother you with an account of my parting with Margaret, nor of her distress, poor thing. More than forty years have passed, and I never think of it without feeling, I can't tell how, until this day. Neither will I tell you about our passage home—there was nothing particular in it. My mother received me as if I had risen from the dead—her joy was unbounded—she hung upon my neck and wept for hours; and, though I did not escape several lectures from my grandfather, he was not so severe upon me as I anticipated. But I said nothing to either him or my mother of Margaret Lindsay.

Such was my second session; and my third and last was more unfortunate. As I was now becoming a lad, my grandfather became more liberal, and he allowed me a shilling a-week for pocket-money. But, during the very first month of the session, a fellow-student advised me to accompany him to the theatre. I had never been in one, and, besides the amusement, he said we should receive a lesson in elocution. I needed but little persuasion to accompany him, and we went to the pit together. Two young ladies took their seats beside us. They were wondrous affable, and one of them was almost as beautiful as Margaret Lindsay. I sometimes thought they were too affable; but then they were polite—very polite—and they smiled so sweetly, and thanked me so kindly for every answer I was able to give to their inquiries, that I could not think evil of them. They wished us good night at the door of the theatre, and my friend and I proceeded to our lodgings. But as we were passing along the South Bridge—

'Moffat,' says he to me, 'what's the clock?'

I put my hand to my watch pocket, but neither

seals nor watch were there. I remembered having had it in my hand, between the play and the farce, in the theatre. I thought I should have fallen dead upon the street; a blindness came over my eyes. I heard the voice of my grandfather crying in my ears, 'Thomas! Thomas! reprobate! reprobate!'

We gave information to the watchmen at the police-office, and at the houses where such articles are received. But, *presto!* my grandfather's watch, chain, and seals, were gone. It had vanished like a rainbow, and was nowhere to be found. Every succeeding day of the session was one of agony and reproach. I learned no more. If I opened a page, imagination heard the ticking of my grandfather's watch, and it ticked in my years eternally: or, as I strove to read, I put down my finger and thumb mechanically to fumble with the chain and the seals, and they rubbed against each other, and I started and cried, 'What shall I do for the watch?'

With a heavy and forboding heart, and a countenance that bespoke disaster, I returned to Hexham. My welcome was beyond my deserving; but supper-time came, and my grandfather, my mother, and myself sat in his little parlour.

'What o'clock is it, Thomas dear?' said she, kindly.

Had she driven a knife to my heart, I would have taken it as kind. I faltered—I ventured a reply. My grandfather observed my hesitation, and he inquired—'Where is your watch, *Sir*—the watch which I gave you?' He laid particular emphasis on the latter part of his question—my confusion increased, and I stammered out some excuse about its being in my chest, I believed. 'You believe no such thing, Sir,' said my grandfather, sternly, 'go, bring it instantly.' I saw the storm gathering on his brow. I perceived that he not only suspected the truth, but believed me more guilty than I was. I left the room, as if to go to my own apartment for the watch; but, scarce knowing what I did, I left the house by the garden-door, and took the road towards Newcastle. Before I had proceeded a mile, my resolution was taken to go to sea.

I reached Newcastle before the inhabitants were astir. You may suppose that my experience in the manual duties of a seaman were not great, being merely what I acquired in a trip across the Atlantic and back again. But I had love for the sea, and had learned readily. I knew that the clothes which I wore were not likely to procure me a berth, and I resolved, as soon as the shops should open, to offer them to a second-hand dealer, in exchange for the garb of a sailor.

About seven o'clock I was wandering along what is called the Close, on the look-out for a shop where I should be likely to get an exchange of rigging, when, seeing a street of almost perpendicular stairs, on each side of which were dealers in old clothes, shoes, and such like, I ascended it, saying to myself—this is my shop. I entered one of the cells, shops, or call them what you like, the proprietress of which had already been at her morning libations. She received me with a low curtsey, and as sweet a smile as her deep rosy face was capable of expressing. On making known my proposal, the smile vanished from her face quicker than the sun is hidden by a cloud in a hurricane. She surveyed me from head to foot, as a sergeant would examine a recruit, and turning me uncerremoniously round, inquired—'And how much wilt thou gie me t' boot?'

Her whole stock of old clothes, shoes, marine stores, and other *et cetera*, were not worth five pounds, while my coat alone had cost three, not three weeks before.

'Nothing,' replied I.

'Nothing! thou sccomy robber o' the dead!' cried my fair dealer in second-hand garments. 'Dost think I steal my gude? Nothing!—Be off!' I was retiring from the tempest, when she grasped me by the tails of the coat, adding, 'Coom back; let me syee what I can do wi' thee.'

She then spread out a patched blue jacket, an old Guernsey frock, and a pair of canvass trousers.

'Now, these will fit ye t' a tee,' continued she, 'or I'm a Dutchman! But, upon my word, thou shud gie me summut t' boot, my canny lad.'

The wide aperture, serving for a window, was without frame or glass, and the folding-door was so hung around with the principal stock of the shop, and barricaded with boots, shoes, and such like, that it could not be shut till night; and, on my enquiring for an apartment to change my dress—

'Jemmy Johnson!' exclaimed she, bursting into laughter, 'that's a good un! where did ye get yur modesty? Did ye steal the claes, that ye are afraid to be seen? My fyeth! I dinna knaw but the constables may be here for them before night yet! I had better mind what I'm deein', else I'll lose baith gude and character.'

Making a virtue of necessity, I equipped myself as quickly as possible; and, with a hurried step, hastened to the quay. Without stopping, I proceeded to North Shields, where I went on board a collier, and inquired for the skipper. I was directed down to the cabin, and there I found sitting a jolly, fear-nothing, merry little fellow, penning a love epistle to his owner's daughter. On applying to him for a berth—

'Why, I don't know but I may gi'e thee one,' said he; 'thou's a gud-looking chap like mysel'. Was ye ever in the coal-trade afore?' 'No,' answered I. 'I might ha'e seen that by the whiteness o' thy hands,' said he. 'Where did ye sar your time?'

I told him I had been in the American trade.

'Well,' continued he, 'I canna engage ye by the run, but by the month; and I'se no gaun to ask ye if ye can hand, reef, and steer, and splice a rope, and them land-lubberish sort o' questions; but only, I maun tell ye, when ye are at the helm, if the watch sing out 'Ship a-head!' dinna ye mind a pin; but, if the other doesn't ship about, run right athwart the lubber's hawse, and learn him better manners: That's wur way o' deein'. Let him knaw it was his duty to stand clear o' a fire-ship.——But, I say, are ye a gud writer?' 'Rather good,' said I.

'Shiver me,' said he, 'then yur just the chap for me! I want a bit letter here for a sweetheart o' mine, man; but, smash me! I can't flourish it off at all. Try thy fist at it, mate. Maybe ye can dee a bit at the inditing, tee—for, ye see, she's been at the boarding-school; and, drat me, though I can manage the spelling pretty hobbling, wi' looking at the dictioner for the words, yet I knaw nought about their grammar. Now

I say, if ye understand it, gi'e her a gud deal o' grammar in't. That's the way to dee their business! Conscience! had my father keept me another year at the school, I would married a duchess.'

I now entered upon the honourable office of confidential secretary to the skipper of a collier. On finishing the letter, I read it to him; and, on hearing it, he danced round the cabin in ecstasy, exclaiming—'Blow me, if that wunna deo, nought will. I say, if ye turn out as gud a seaman as ye are a scholar, I will make ye my mate, and that's all.'

I thus became a favourite with the skipper from the first; and, not being a bad-natured fellow—though I say it myself—I soon became a favourite with the crew also. I sailed in the collier during three years, and, in that time, I had obtained the forgiveness of my mother—but the countenance of my grandfather never. He cut me off as a prodigal.

But there was one night that about half-a-dozen of us were upon the lark, as we called it—rattling the watchmen, and seeing life in London, and, upon the whole, making more mirth than mischief, when, as luck would have it, we ran foul of a press-gang upon Tower Hill. 'What cheer, my hearties?' cried the Lieff who headed the gang.

Some of our party took to their heels, but I stood still; for I didn't care a toss-up of a copper about the matter. I was just as willing to serve the king as any other man, if he would pay me for it. So I surrendered at discretion, and the lieutenant called me a 'fine fellow' for so doing. 'Ah, you old shark!' thinks I, 'your purser's grin won't gammon Tom Moffat.'

One of my mates who attempted to run was brought back; and, from my heart, I was sorry for him, for he had a wife and four little ones; and I suppose they might dink or swim, live or starve, for all that the service into which he was impressed would see, say, or care, about the matter. Confound me! after all, impressment is too bad. It's a black shame to the navy. It has broken more hearts than ever it made hardes. Why drag away the man, like a dog at a cart-tail, against his will? Again I say it is a shame all over! Why not give better pay, and clear the decks for promotion. Then they would get men—good men, willing men, and the navy would be what it ought to be. I can't away with impressment.

However, I was taken on board the tender in the river, and, in three or four days, joined a seventy-four off Portsmouth. I liked the service well enough, for our Captain was the very model of what an officer ought to be. He was none of your fresh-water, courtly puppies, who are sent to officer the navy because their fathers or their mothers are doing dirty work for the government-people on shore. He was none of your butterflies, recommended by a Lord of the Admiralty, and promoted over the heads of better men, because their relations have Court influence. This system is as bad as impressment, every whit. It takes away both heart and hope from a man. Is it not hard for a brave fellow who has been a lieutenant for ten years, and been in twice ten actions, and behaved nobly in all, to have to lift his hat to a puppy to-day as his superior officer, who was a middy beneath him yesterday? I say it is a shame. Fair play is a jewel; and there should be no promotion but what service and merit procure. But I do say that my old commander was a man every inch of him. He is getting well up the list now, and I hope to live to see him an admiral.

I had a little library on board the collier; and, amongst my books, which my old skipper brought on board the tender to me himself, was a copy of the Iliad—not Pope's translation, but the original. It was my favourite book. My shipmates marvelled at it, they regarded me as a sort of prodigy, and swore I would be a post-captain some day; and they were wont to look over my shoulder as I read, and point with their finger to a particular word or letter, and inquire—'Tom, what does that mean?' or, 'What does that stand for?'—and replying, when I answered them—'Blow me, but that's funny!'

At length, they began to call me 'Greek Tom!' and the name coming to the Captain's ears, he inquired the meaning of it; and, upon being informed, he sent for me aft; and says he—'Moffat, what's this I hear of you—you a Greek scholar, eh?' 'Yes, your honour,' said I.

'The deuce you are!' said he; and he began to put some questions to me, which he found I was more able to answer than he was to ask.

'Well, my good fellow,' he continued, 'you are out of your proper sphere at present—that's all that I can say.' And he began to ask me about my history and relations; and I told him everything, not even omitting my trip to America, and the loss of my grandfather's watch. 'Well, I must see what I can do for you,' said he; and at first he made me a sort of schoolmaster on board, and afterwards his clerk or secretary. He treated me like a brother.

We had been in two or three actions, and had had a fair run of prizes, when we were sent upon the American station. We were lying off Newbury Port, which is about a hundred miles from Boston, and I went ashore for letters. I reached the post-office, and, as I tapped at the window, and the tin pane was withdrawn—eyes and limbs!—whose face—I say whose face d'ye think I should see, but that of my own sweet and never-forgotten Margaret Lindsay! It was like a pistol-shot in my heart—I was more dead than alive; and she—why, she fell back with a scream, and her father rushed into the office, and again to the door to see what had alarmed his daughter. He beheld me as much alarmed as her, but he knew me in a twinkling. He took my hand, and led me into the house. What passed I won't tell you. I found Margaret was not married, but she was more beautiful than ever. We didn't speak much, but our eyes said a thousand things.

On going on board, I told my commander all that happened. He was, indeed, a good soul, and a considerate one. He saw which way the land lay with me; and, as we were cruizing upon the station, and Newbury Port was a sort of rendezvous, he gave me permission to remain a month on shore. I blessed him in my heart, and I could have embraced his knees.

My mother had been dead for several years—my pay was more than I required—I had nobody to assist out of my prize-money, so that I had saved a trifle. I went ashore, therefore, to spend a month with Margaret, with my pockets pretty comfortably lined. Why, the month

was like a dream—it was like sailing round a romantic coast in fine weather. But, before three weeks of it had passed, I prevailed on Margaret to accompany me to the church, and we became man and wife; and her father offered no objections.

I found it hard to part with her; and, at her entreaty, I would have given up the sea—but then I was in prospect of being made sailing-master—and that was what I call having my bread baked for life.

But—not to spin my yarn too long nor too fine—some months after my marriage, we were ordered upon another station; and, a little before the orders arrived, a letter from my wife informed me that I was about to become a father. I longed to return to her, to fling my arms around her neck, and kiss the cheek of our little one. But fate had ordered it otherwise. We left the station, and we attacked one of the French islands in the West Indies. Two boats' crews of us went ashore to storm their batteries. We had already made a sort of breach, and I was resolved to be one of the first to mount it—for I was determined to obtain my promotion to the rank of sailing-master if anything in my power could do it. I was the first, and I believe, the only one. I was surrounded, wounded, made prisoner, and, for seven years, I was shut up in a French prison, without hearing of either wife or child, and very little of my country, or how the game went on.

At length, a change of prisoners took place, and I was one of them. On the first day of my liberty I wrote to my wife, and I wrote also to my old commander. Within six months, I received an appointment as sailing-master; but months and months passed on, and I heard not a syllable concerning my wife. It made me miserable, and my promotion couldn't cheer me. I left no stone unturned to discover where she was, or whether she were dead or living: but it was of no effect. Nothing could I hear concerning her; and many a tear have I shed on the deep sea, and at the dead of night, for her sake.

Such was the state of suspense I was in for eleven years after my promotion as sailing-master. About that time, our vessel had a turn-up with a French ship of the line, and a frigate; and, at the very close of the action, when one of them, in fact, had struck her colors, a shot carried away my right arm. But, as I told you, I have a pension for it. But it soon healed, and I quitted the service. I went to America, and to Newbury Port, to inquire after my wife, my child, (if I had one,) and her parents. And there, all that I could learn was—that her father had died fifteen years ago, and that my wife, with an infant daughter, had gone to England. I re-crossed the Atlantic in the first vessel I could find. I determined to search for her through every town and village in the three kingdoms. On landing, I found that my old commander was also on shore. He felt for me, and he did everything in his power to assist me; and we got paragraphs, setting forth all the particulars, inserted into all the newspapers, and they were copied into the papers throughout the country. What could I do more?

Well, about two months after I had been in England, a dejected, but beautiful young creature, with a child in her arms, came to my lodgings and inquired for me. Heaven and earth! how I started!—how I trembled! how my heart throbbed, when I gazed upon her countenance, for it bore the engraven lineaments of my wife. Scarce could I speak to her. A tide of feelings swelled in my bosom, as though my heart would burst. I thought,—I feared a thousand things in a moment.

She wept; she told me that she had heard of my paragraph in the newspapers. That the circumstances related seemed to connect her with me—that her father's name was Moffat—that he had married her mother at Newbury Port—and other things she stated which the newspapers mentioned not. 'God bless thee, my child! my lost one!' cried I; and I flung my arm around the neck of the poor, weeping, and forlorn being. Her cheeks bespoke want, and her eyes misery. I ordered wine. I seated her on a sofa beside me. I took her child in my arm and I kissed it; but I saw the agony that was heaving in my daughter's breast and I feared to ask her concerning its father. I saw that all was not right. 'And where is thy mother, love?' said I—'Oh! does she live?'

'Yes! yes!—she lives!—she lives!' sobbed my poor child, and placed her hands before her face and wept bitterly. 'She lives!—she lives!' she repeated; 'but I cannot meet my dear mother again.'

'My Margaret, then, lives?' said I; 'thank Heaven. But weep not, my own child—my sweet one, do not weep. I am your father. I will protect you. Tell me your story; and, by Heaven! my girl, if you have been injured, I will avenge your wrongs.'

But she wept more bitterly. I at length learned that my Margaret resided in Scotland, and that my daughter, against her mother's will, had, while a mere girl, married a thoughtless young man, with whom she had come to London, and who had now all but forsaken her.

I desired to know where I might see him, without his knowing who I was; and, receiving the information I sought, I found him with a dozen others, thoughtless as himself, at a billiard table. One-armed and left-handed as I was, I played with the best of them; and, without discovering my name, I endeavoured to ingratiate myself into the good opinion of my hopeful son-in-law; and I succeeded. I found him more thoughtless than depraved. He was not beyond reformation; and I asked him home to sup with me, and the invitation was accepted.

There was a frankness in his manner that gave me hope of him. During supper, I endeavoured to wind round him, and to cast the anchor of contrition in his heart. Without directly stating my object, or giving him reason to suspect what my intentions were, 'I spoke daggers' to his conscience, 'but I used none;' and when I saw that I had brought him to the right point, like King David before Nathan, to pass his own condemnation, I rang the bell, and his wife and child entered the room. But I extended to him my solitary hand in forgiveness, and gave him a father's greeting. My scheme succeeded; and, from that day until this, he has been a husband of whom my daughter has had no cause to be ashamed.

But the next day we all took our passage for Scotland, where I was to meet my long-lost Margaret. Every mile of our passage seemed a league, every hour a day. But we landed at Leith; and, whenever

stopping there an hour, I hired a coach, and we proceeded to Roxburghshire, where she resided. It was mid-day; the coach drew up at the door. My daughter and her child were first handed out, then followed her husband, and I heard a scream of joy as my dear wife beheld her child. But she had just reached the door, with open arms, to welcome her, when I too stepped upon the street. I hurried forward—

'Margaret!' I cried; 'my Margaret!'

'Thomas!—my husband!—my husband!' she exclaimed, and she flew towards me.

We had been parted for eight years, and we were, but we have never been separate from each other since that day until this. We are contented to live together as long—and, once for all, I say, I am as happy a two-handed man in his Majesty's dominions.

THE SNOW-STORM OF 1825.

Our readers will recollect the dreadful snow-storm that occurred in the year 1825. Indeed, it is impossible that any one who was above the years of childhood at the time, can have forgotten it, or can ever forget it. It was the most tremendous with which this country has been visited for a century. For nearly six weeks, and in some places for a much longer period, every road, excepting those in the immediate vicinity of large towns, was blocked up, and rendered impassable by either horse or foot; and one consequence was, that scores of travellers, of all descriptions, were suddenly arrested in their several places of temporary sojournment on the road, and held in durance during the whole period of the storm, without the possibility of communicating with their friends, or, in the case of mercantile travellers, with their employers.

It was a weary time, on the whole, to those who were thus laid under embargo; but not without its pleasures either; for each house thus situated, having perhaps a dozen strangers in it, from and going to all parts of the kingdom, became a distinct and independent little community, from which its local exclusion from the busy world had shut out, also, for the time, at any rate, much of its cares and troubles—a philosophic spirit soon prevailing, after the first day or two's confinement, to make the most of what could not be helped.

The writer of this sheet happened to be one of nine who were shut up in the way alluded to, in an inn in the south of Scotland: and although, as already said, it was rather a weary thing on the whole, yet was it not without its enjoyments. Our *ennui* was often delightfully relieved by the diversity of character as developed in our little community; for we had, if we may so speak, the salt, the pepper, and the vinegar of human dispositions, sprinkled throughout the party, which not only took from the cold insipidity of our confinement, but gave to it a rich and pleasant relish. Our host's cellar and larder happened to be well stocked, while the house was, in all other respects, as comfortable; so, what with the produce of the former, and the roasting fires kept up by Jean in the walnut, we had really nothing to complain of on the score of creature comforts—and it is astonishing how far the possession of these will go in reconciling men to circumstances very unpleasant otherwise. In this case, they were enhanced by the dreary prospect from without—the howling storm, the drifting snow, and the [illegible] monotonous white or whirling white that met the eye.

The consciousness of the common misfortune, in short, put us all in good humour with one another; while a fellowship in misfortune, and a community of feeling as well as of persons, introduced a degree of familiarity and intimacy, to which few other circumstances, perhaps would have given rise. We had our own round of standard jokes peculiar to our situation, which few else could have understood, and fewer still have appreciated, though they did understand them. We had, too, a small round of harmless tricks, which we regularly played off every day on some one or other of the corps. But, notwithstanding all this—the larder, the cellar, the fire, the jokes and the tricks—time did occasionally hang rather heavily upon our hands, especially in the evenings. To lessen this weight, we latterly fell upon the contrivance of telling stories, one or two of us each night, by turns. The idea is a borrowed one, as the reader will at once perceive, but we humbly think not a pin the worse on that account. There was no limitation, of course, as to subject. Each was allowed to tell what story he liked; but it was the general understanding that these stories should be personal if possible—that is, that each should relate the most remarkable circumstances in his own life. Those who had nothing of the kind to communicate were, of course, allowed to get off with any thing else they chose to substitute. The first to whose lot it fell to entertain us in this way, was a fat, good-humoured, good-natured, little, hunch-backed gentleman, with a short leg and a bright yellow waistcoat. He was a mercantile traveller, and, if I recollect right, a native of Newcastle.

When the little man was asked to open his budget, 'Why, gentlemen,' said he, 'I do not see that I can do better than comply with the understanding of the company, by giving you a sketch of my own life, which you will find to present, I think, a curious a race, or struggle, or whatever else you chose to call it, between luck and misfortune; perhaps you have heard of:—

'You must know, then, my [illegible], (went on the little gentleman in the bright yellow waistcoat,) that the indications of my future good [illegible] began to exhibit themselves as early as they were [illegible]. I was born with a caul upon my head, [illegible], which all of you know is an indubitable token that the little personage to whom it belongs will be singularly fortunate in life. Well, gentlemen, I was favoured, as I have already said, with one of those desirable head-pieces; and great was the joy the circumstance gave rise to amongst the female friends and gossips who were assembled on the occasion. The midwife said that everything I should put my hand to would prosper, and that I would be, to a certain [illegible] at the very least,

a general, a bishop, or a judge; the nurse to whom I was subsequently consigned, on the same ground, dubbed me a duke, and would never call me by any other title; whilst my poor mother saw me in perspective, sitting amongst the great ones of the earth surrounded with power, wealth, and glory. Such were the bright visions of my future prosperity, to which my caul gave rise; and probably they might have been realized, had it not been for an unlucky counteracting or thwarting power that always stepped in, seemingly for no other purpose but to disappoint my own hopes and those of my friends; sometimes baulking my expectations altogether, when on the point of fruition—sometimes converting that to evil in me which would assuredly have produced good to any other person. But to proceed with my history. I grew up a fine, stout, well-made child. Ay, you may laugh, gentlemen,) said the little man, good-humouredly, seeing a titter go round at this personal allusion, which so ill accorded with his present deformed appearance,) but it was the case, I assure you, until I met with the accidents that altered my shape to what you now see it. Well, I repeat that I grew a fine, promising child, and, to the inexpressible amazement and delight of my parents, showed symptoms of taking unusually early to my legs.

Nor were these symptoms unfaithful. I took to my pins on my own account, before I was ten months old; but, unfortunately, my first walk was into a draw-well, where I would infallibly have been drowned, if it had not been for a large Newfoundland dog which my father kept, and which was close by me at the time of the accident. The faithful creature leaped in after me, and kept me afloat, until my father came and extricated me. After this, I was never trusted a moment out of sight; and thus, instead of this precocious developement of my physical powers proving a blessing to me, it proved a curse; for it deprived me of all liberty. As I grew up, however, this restraint became less rigorous, and I was permitted to ramble in the garden; and one of my first feats, after obtaining this freedom, was, to climb a high wall, to come at an uncommonly fine apple that had long tempted me with its rosy cheeks, and I had just succeeded in getting near enough to the prize to grasp it, when, in making this effort, down I came; and this leg, gentlemen, (said the little man, holding out his deformed limb,) was the consequence. I fell and broke my leg, just as I was about to grasp the apple. Fatal type of all my subsequent misfortunes!

I have now, gentlemen, (went on the little man,) to account for the other deformity that disfigures me: viz., my hump-back. This befell me in the following manner. Playing one day with a number of boys of about my own age, which was then six or seven, a big fellow, of double the size of any of us, came in amongst us, and began to plunder us of our playthings; and he was in the very act of [illegible] of a hoop, when another lad, still stronger and [illegible], who saw the attempted robbery, generously ran to my assistance, and aimed a tremendous blow with a stick at my assailant. The blow, however, missed him at whom it was aimed, and took me exactly on the small of the back, which it broke in two as if it had been a pipe-shank; and the consequence was, as you see, gentlemen, (said the little man in the bright yellow waistcoat, edging round, at the same time, to indicate his hump.)

Well, then, gentlemen, (he went on,) up to my sixth year, this was all the good fortune that my caul brought me—that is being first half-drowned, then breaking my leg, and lastly my back. To compensate, however, in some measure, for these mischances, I turned out an excellent scholar; and, especially, became a very expert Latinist—a circumstance which my father, who had a great veneration for the language, thought sufficient alone to make my fortune; and it certainly procured me—that is, very nearly procured me—in the meantime, some of the chief honours of the school. I say very nearly—for I did not actually obtain them; but it was only by the merest accident in the world that I did not. The misapprehension of a single word deprived me of a prize which was about to be awarded to me, and gave it to one of my competitors. This was reckoned a very hard case, but there was no help for it.

Still there was luck in the caul, gentlemen, (continued the little man in the bright yellow waistcoat,) as you shall hear. Going home from school one day, a distance of about a mile and a half, I found a very handsome gold watch, with valuable appendages, lying upon the road. I was at first afraid to lift the glittering treasure, hardly believing it possible that so rich and splendid a thing could be without an owner; but, gradually picking up courage, I seized on the watch, hurried it into my pocket, and ran onwards like a madman. I had not run far, however, when a man, respectably dressed, but who seemed the worse of liquor, or rather like one just recovering from a debauch, met me, and, seizing me by the breast, fiercely asked me if I had seen anything of a gold watch. I instantly confessed that I had found such a thing; and, trembling with apprehension, for the fellow continued to look furiously at me, produced the watch.

'Very well,' said he, taking it from me. 'Now, you little villain you, confess. You did not find the watch, but stole it from me whilst I slept on the roadside.'

I protested that it was not so—that I found it as I had said. To this protest the fellow replied by striking me a violent blow on the side of the head, which stretched me on the road; where, after administering two or three parting kicks, to teach me honesty, as he said, he left me in a state of insensibility. I was shortly afterwards picked up and carried home; but so severe had been the drubbing I got, that I was obliged to keep my bed for three weeks after. And this was all I gained by finding a gold watch. Had any other person found it, they would have been allowed to keep it, or, at the worst, have got a handsome reward for giving it up; but such things were not to be in any case in which I should be concerned.

Still I say, gentlemen, (continued the little man in the bright yellow waistcoat,) there was luck in the caul; for, soon after, a distant relation of my mother's, who had been long in the West Indies, and had there realized a large fortune, having come to England on some business, paid us a visit, and was so well pleased with the attention shown him, and with the [illegible]

get introduced to, that he spent the whole subsequent period of his temporary residence in this country with us. During this time, he became remarkably fond of me—so fond that he could never be without me. I was obliged to accompany him in all his walks, and even to sleep with him. In short, he became so attached to me, that it was evident to every one that some good would come out of it; for he was immensely rich, and had no family of his own, never having been married. Indeed, that I would be the better for the old boy's love was not matter of conjecture, for he frequently hinted it very broadly. He would often take me on his knee, and, while fondling me, would say, in presence of my father and mother, 'Well, my little fellow, who knows but you may ride in your carriage yet? As odd things have happened.' Then, 'Would you like to be a rich man, Bobby?' he would inquire, looking archly at me. 'If you continue as good a boy as you are just now, I'll undertake to promise that you will.' In short, before leaving us, our wealthy friend, whose name was Jeremiah Hairsplitter, held out certain hopes to my parents of my being handsomely provided for in his will. This so affected us all, that we wept bitterly when the good old man left us to return to the West Indies; where, however, he told us, he now intended remaining only a short time, having made up his mind to come home and spend the remainder of his days with us.

Well, gentlemen, (said the little hump-backed man in the bright yellow waistcoat,) here was a very agreeable prospect, you'll all allow; and it was one in which there appeared so much certainty, that it cost my father—who had been led to believe he should get a handsome slice too—many serious thoughts as to how we should dispose of the money—how lay it out to the best advantage. My father, who was a very pious man, determined, for one thing, to build a church; and, as to me and my fortune, he thought the best thing I could do, seeing, from my deformities, that I was not very well adapted for undergoing the fatigues of a professional life, was, when I should become a little older, to turn country gentleman; and with this idea he was himself so well pleased, that he began, thinking it best to take time by the forelock, to look around for a suitable seat for me when I should come of age and be ready to act on my own account; and he fortunately succeeded in finding one that seemed a very eligible investment. It was a very handsome country-house, about the distance of three miles from where we lived, and to which there was attached an estate of 1000 acres of land, all in a high state of cultivation. The upset price of the whole—for the property was at that moment on sale—was £20,000; a dead bargain, as the lawyer who had the management of the property assured us. It was worth at least double the money, he said; and in this, Mr. Longbeaks, the land-measurer, whom my father also consulted on the subject, perfectly agreed; but was good enough to give my father a quiet hint to hold off a bit, and, as the proprietor was in great distress for money, he might probably get the estate for £18,000, or something, at any rate, considerably below the price named. Grateful for this hint, my father invited Mr. Longbeaks to dine with him, and gave him a bottle of his best wine. Now, gentlemen, please to observe (said the little hump-backed gentleman in the bright yellow waistcoat) that while we were thus treating about an estate worth £20,000, we had not a farthing wherewith to buy it; so that Mr. Longbeaks' hint about holding off was rather a superfluous one. But then our prospects were good—nay, certain; there was, therefore, no harm—nay, it was proper and prudent to anticipate matters a little in the way we did; so that we might at once have the advantage of sufficient time to do things deliberately, and be prepared to make a good use of our fortune the moment we got possession of it.

That our prospects were excellent, I think you will all allow, gentlemen, when you take into account what I have already told regarding our worthy relative; but that they really were so, you will still more readily admit, when I tell you that we received many letters from Mr. Hairsplitter after his arrival in Jamaica, (for he now opened a regular correspondence with us,) in all of which he continued not only to keep our hopes alive, as to the destination of his wealth, but to increase them; so that I—for the bulk of his fortune, there was no doubt, was intended for me—was already looked upon as a singularly lucky young dog; and of this opinion, in the most unqualified sense, and in a most especial manner, was my mother, my nurse, and the lady who ushered me into the world—all of whom exultingly referred to my caul, and to their own oft-expressed sentiments regarding the luck that was to befall me.

But, to return to my story. After a lapse of about two or three years, during which, as I have said, we received many letters from our worthy relative, one came, in which he informed us that it was the last we should have from him from Jamaica, as he had wound up all his affairs, and was about to leave the island, to return home and spend the remainder of his days with us, or in our immediate neighbourhood.

Well, gentlemen, you see matters were gradually approaching to a very delightful crisis; and we, as you may believe, saw it with no small satisfaction. We indulged in the most delicious dreams; indeed, our whole life was now one continued reverie of the most soothing and balmy kind. From this dreamy state, however, we were very soon awakened by the following paragraph in a newspaper, which my father accidentally stumbled on one morning as we were at breakfast. It was headed 'Dreadful Shipwreck,' and went on thus:—'It is with feelings of the most sincere regret we inform our readers, that the Isabella, from Jamaica to London, has foundered at sea, and every one on board perished, together with the whole of a most valuable cargo. Amongst the unfortunate passengers in this ill-fated vessel, was a Mr. Jeremiah Hairsplitter, a well-known Jamaica planter, who was on his return, for good and all, to his native land. The whole of this gentleman's wealth, which was enormous, will now go, it is said, (he having died intestate,) to a poor man in this neighbourhood, [Liverpool,] who is nearest of kin.'

Well, gentlemen, (continued the little hump-backed man in the bright yellow waistcoat,) here was a pretty finish to all our bright anticipations! For some time, indeed, we entertained hopes that the reports, especial-

ly the last, might be false; but, alas! they turned out too true. True, true were they, to the letter. My father, unwilling to believe that all was lost, called upon a lawyer in the town where we resided, who had a good deal to do with our late relative's affairs; and, after mentioning to him the footing we were on with the deceased, and the expectations he had led us to indulge in, inquired if *nothing* would arise to us from Mr. Hairsplitter's effects.

'Not a rap!' was the laconic and dignified reply—'not a cross, not a cowrie! You haven't a shadow of claim to anything. All that Mr Hairsplitter may have said goes for nothing, as it is not down in black and white, in good legal phrase.'

So, my friends, (said the narrator, with a sigh,) here was an end to this fortune and to my luck at that bout, at any rate. Still, gentlemen, (went on the little hump-backed man in the bright yellow waistcoat,) I maintain there was luck in the caul.

I was now, you must know, my friends, getting up in years—that is to say, I was now somewhere about one-and-twenty. Well, my father, thinking it full time that I should be put in a way of doing something for myself, applied, in my behalf, to a certain nobleman who resided in our neighbourhood, and who was under obligations to my father for some election services.—When my father called on the peer alluded to, and informed him of his object—'Why, sir,' said his Lordship, 'this is rather a fortunate circumstance for both of us. I am just now in want of precisely such a young man as you describe your son to be, to act as my secretary and amanuensis, and will therefore be very glad to employ him.' His Lordship then mentioned his terms. They were liberal, and, of course, instantly accepted. This settled, my father was desired to send me to Cram Hall, his Lordship's residence, next day, to enter on my new duties.

Here, then, you see, was luck at last, gentlemen, (said the little hump-backed gentleman in the bright yellow waistcoat;) for the nobleman was powerful, and there was no saying what he might do for me.—Next day, accordingly, I repaired to Cram Hall with a beating, but exulting heart; for I was at once proud of my employment, and terrified for my employer, who was, I knew, a dignified, pompous, vain, conceited personage.

'Show off your Latin to him, Dick, my boy,' said my father, before I set out: 'it will give him a good opinion of your [illegible] and erudition.' I promised that I would.

Well, on being introduced to his Lordship, he received me with the most affable condescension; but there was something about his affability, I thought, which made it look extremely like as if it had been assumed for the purpose of showing how a great man could descend.

'Glad to see you, young man,' he said. 'I hope you and I shall get on well together. But there was just one single question regarding you, which I quite forgot to put to your father. Do you understand Latin thoroughly?—that is, can you translate it readily?'

Feeling my own strength on this point, and delighted that he had afforded me an opportunity of displaying it, I replied, with a degree of exultation which I had some difficulty in repressing—'I flatter myself, my Lord, that you will not find me deficient in that particular. I understand Latin very well, and will readily undertake to translate anything in that language which may be presented to me.'

'In that case,' replied his Lordship, gravely, 'I am sorry to say, young man, you will not suit me.'

'How, my Lord!' said I, with a look of mingled amazement and disappointment—'because I understand Latin? I should have thought that a recommendation to your Lordship's service.'

'Quite otherwise, sir,' replied his Lordship, coolly. 'It may appear to you, indeed, sir, rather an odd ground of disqualification. But the thing is easily explained. I have often occasion, sir,' he went on, with increasing dignity, 'to write on matters of importance to my friends in the Cabinet; and, when I have anything of a very particular nature to say, I always write my sentiments in Latin. It would therefore, sir, be imprudent of me to employ any one in transcribing such letters, who is conversant with the language alluded to; or, indeed, otherwise exposing them to the eye of such a person. You will, therefore, young man,' continued the peer—now rising from his seat, as if with a desire that I should take the movement as a hint that he wished the interview to terminate—'present my respects to your father, and tell him that I am very sorry for this affair—very sorry, indeed.'

Saying this, he edged me towards the door; and, long before I reached it, bowed me a good morning, which there was no evading. I acknowledged it the best way I could, left the house, and returned home—I leave you, gentlemen, to conceive with what feelings. My Latin, you see, of which I was so vain, and which, with anybody else, would have been a help to success in the world in many situations, and in these could have been against it, was the very reverse to me.

That there was luck in the caul, gentlemen, nevertheless, I still maintain, (said the little hump-backed man in the bright yellow waistcoat, laughing;) and you will acknowledge it, when I tell you that, soon after the occurrence just related, I bought a ticket in the lottery, which turned out a prize of £20,000.'

'Ha, ha! at last!' here shouted out, with one voice, all the little man's auditors. 'So you caught it at last!'

'Not so fast, gentlemen, if you please—not so fast,' said the little man, gravely. 'The facts certainly were as I have stated. I did buy a ticket in the lottery. I recollect the number very well, and will as long as I live. I chose it for its oddity. It was 9999, and it did turn out a £20,000 prize. But there is a trifling particular or two regarding it, which I have yet to explain. A gentleman, an acquaintance of mine, to whom I had expressed some regret at having ventured so much money on a lottery ticket, offered not only to believe me of it, but to give me a premium of five pounds, subject to a deduction of the price of [illegible] of punch. 'A bird in hand worth two in the bush,' [illegible] and at once closed with his offer. Nay, so well pleased was I with my bargain, that I insisted on giving an additional hour, and actually did so.

'Next day my ticket was drawn a twenty thousand pound prize, and I had the happiness (added the little [illegible]

man, with a rueful expression of countenance) of communicating to my friend his good luck, as the bearer of advice on the subject came, in the first instance, to me.

However, gentlemen, luck there was in the end still, say I, (continued the little hump-backed gentleman in the bright yellow waistcoat.) Love, gentlemen—sweet, dear, delightful love!—(here the little man looked extremely sentimental)—came to soothe my woes and banish my regrets. Yes, my friends, (he said, observing a slight smile of surprise and incredulity on the countenance of his auditors, proceeding, we need hardly say, from certain impressions regarding his personal appearance,) I say that love—dear, delightful love—came now to my aid, to reconcile me to my misfortunes, and to restore my equanimity. The objects of my affections—for there were two'——

'Oh, unconscionable man!' we here all exclaimed in one breath. 'Two! Ah! too bad that.'

'Yes, I repeat, two,' said the little man, composedly—'the objects of my passion were two. The one was a beautiful girl of three-and-twenty—the other, a beautiful little fortune of £10,000, of which she was in full and uncontrolled possession. Well, gentlemen, to make a long story short, we loved each other most devotedly; for she was a girl of singular judgment and penetration, and placed little store by mere personal appearance in those she loved: the mind, gentlemen—the mind was what this amiable girl looked to. Well, as I was saying, we loved each other with the fondest affection; and at length I succeeded in prevailing upon her to name the happy day when we should become one. Need I describe to you, gentlemen, what were my transports—what the intoxicating feelings of delight with which my whole soul was absorbed by the contemplation of the delicious prospect that lay before me! A beautiful woman and a fortune of £10,000 within my grasp! No. I'm sure I need not describe the sensations I allude to, gentlemen—you will at once conceive and appreciate them.

Well, my friends, all went smoothly on with me this time. The happy day arrived—we proceeded to church. The clergyman began the service. In three minutes more, gentlemen, I would have been indissolubly united to my beloved and her £10,000, when, at this critical moment, a person rushed breathless into the church, forced his way through the crowd of friends by whom we were surrounded, and caught my betrothed in his arms, exclaiming—'Jessie, Jessie! would you forsake me? Have you forgot your vows?' Jessie replied by a loud shriek, and immediately fainted.

Here, then, you see, gentlemen, (continued the little hump-backed man in the bright yellow waistcoat,) was a pretty kick-up all in a moment.

In a twinkling, the bevy of friends by whom we were surrounded scattered in all directions—some running for water, some for brandy, some for one thing and some for another, till there was scarcely one left in the church. The service was, of course, instantly stopped; and my beloved was, in the meantime, very tenderly supported by the arms of the stranger; for much her was to me of any man, although by no means so dear to the lady herself or to her friends. I was, as you may well believe, all astonishment and amazement at this extraordinary scene, and could not at all conceive what it meant; but it was not long before I was very fully informed on this head. To others, however, in the meantime, to the lady. On recovering from her fainting fit, the stranger, who had been all along contemplating her with a look of the most tender affection, asked her in a gentle voice, 'If she would still continue true to him?' And, gentlemen, she answered, though in a voice scarcely audible, 'Yes;' and, immediately after, the two walked out of church arm in arm, in spite of the remonstrances and even threats of myself and my friends—leaving us, and me in particular, to such reflections on the uncertainty of all human events as the circumstance which had just occurred was calculated to excite. In three weeks after, the stranger and Jessie were married. Who he was is soon explained. He had been a favoured lover of Jessie's some seven years before, and had gone abroad, where it was believed he had died, there having been no word from him during the greater part of that period. How this was explained I never know; but that he was not dead, you will allow was now pretty clearly established.

'Now, gentlemen, (added our little friend,) I have brought my mishaps up to the present date. What may be still in store for me, I know not; but I have now brought myself to the peaceful and most comfortable condition of having no hopes of succeeding in anything, and therefore am freed, at least, from all liability to the pains of disappointment.' And here ended the story of the little hump-backed gentleman in the bright yellow waistcoat.

We all felt for his disappointments, and wished him better luck.

The person to whose turn it came next to entertain us was a quiet, demure-looking personage, of grave demeanour, but of mild and pleasant countenance.—His gravity, we thought, partook a little of melancholy; and he was, in consequence, recognised generally in the house by the title of the melancholy gentleman. He was, however, very far from being morose; indeed, on the contrary, he was exceedingly kind and gentle in his manner, and would not, I am convinced, have harmed the meanest insect that crawls, let alone his own species.

'Well, gentlemen,' said this person, on being informed that it was his turn to divert us with some story or other, 'I will do the best I can to entertain you, and will follow the example of my unfortunate predecessor of the evening, by choosing a subject of something of a personal nature.

'To begin, then, my friends,' went on the melancholy gentleman—'I do not, I think, arrogate too much when I say that I am as peaceable and peace-loving a man as ever existed. I have always abhorred strife and wrangling; and never knowingly or willingly interfere in any way with the affairs of my neighbours or of others. I would, in short, at any time, rather sacrifice my interests than quarrel with any one; and I reckon it the greatest happiness to be left alone, and to be allowed to go through the world quietly and peacefully. From my very infancy, my friends, (said the melancholy gentleman,) I loved quiet above all things;

and there is a tradition in our family strikingly corroborative of this. The tradition alluded to bears that I never cried while an infant, and that I never could endure my rattle. Well, gentlemen, such were and such still are my dispositions. But, offending no one, and interfering with no one, how have I been treated in my turn? You shall hear.

At school, I was thrashed by the master for not interfering to prevent my companions fighting; and I was thrashed by my companions for not taking part in their quarrels: so that, between them, I had, I assure you, a very miserable life of it. However, these were but small matters compared to what befell me after I had fairly embarked in the world.

My first experience after this of how little my peaceful and inoffensive disposition would avail me, was with an evening club which I joined. For some time I got on very well with the persons who composed this association, and seemed—at least I thought so—to be rather a favourite with them, on account of my quiet and peaceable demeanour; and, under ordinary circumstances, perhaps I might have continued so.—But the demon of discord got amongst them, and I became, in consequence of my non-resisting qualities, the vent of their spleen; or, rather, I became the safety-valve by which their passions found a harmless egress. But, to drop metaphor, my friends, (said the melancholy gentleman,) the club got to loggerheads on a certain political question—I forget now what it was—and for some nights there was a great deal of angry discussion and violent altercation on the subject. In these debates, however, in accordance with my natural disposition, I took no part whatever, except by making some fruitless attempts to abate the resentment of the parties, by thrusting in a jocular remark or so, when anything particularly severe was said. Well, gentlemen, how was I rewarded for this charitable conduct, think you? Why, I'll tell you.

On the third or fourth night, I think it was, of the discussion alluded to, a member got up and said, addressing the club—'My friends, a good deal of vituperation and opprobrious language has been used in this here room, regarding the question we have been discussing these three or four nights back; but we have all spoke our minds freely, and stood to it like men who isn't afeared to speak their sentiments anywhere. Now, I says that's what I likes. I likes a man to stand to his tackle. But I hates, as I do the Devil, your snakes in the grass, your smooth-chopped fellows, who hears all and never says nothing, so as how you can't tell whether he is fish or flesh. I say, I hate such dastardly, sneaking fellows, who won't speak out; and I says that such are unfit for this company;' (here the speaker looked hard at me;) 'and I move that he be turned out directly, neck and heel.'

Well, this speech, my friends, (went on the melancholy gentleman,) which you will perceive was levelled at me, was received with a shout of applause by both parties. The ruffing and cheering was immense; and that landlady prompt was the execution of the proposal that excited it. Before I had time to evacuate the premises quietly and of my own accord, which I was about to do, I was seized by the breast by a tall ferocious-looking fellow who sat next me, and who was immediately aided by three or four others, and dragged over every obstacle that stood in the way to the door, out of which I was finally kicked with particular emphasis.

Such, then, my friends, (said the melancholy gentleman,) was the first most remarkable instance of the benefits I was likely to derive from my inoffensive meddling disposition. However, it was my nature; and neither this unmerited treatment nor any other usage which I afterwards experienced could alter it.

Some time after this, I connected myself with a certain congregation in our town, and it unfortunately happened that, soon after I joined them, they came all to sixes and sevens about a minister. One party was for a Mr. Triteite, the other a Mr. White. These were distinguished, as usual in such and similar cases, by the adjunct *ite*, which had, as you may perceive, a most unhappy effect in the case of the name of the first gentleman, whose followers were called Triteiteites, and those of the other Whiteites. However, this was but a small matter. To proceed. In the squabbles alluded to, gentlemen, I took no part; it being a matter of perfect indifference to me which of the candidates had the appointment. All that I desired was, that I might be let alone, and not be called upon to interfere in any way in the dispute. But would they allow me this indulgence, think you? No, not they. They resolved, seemingly, that my unobtrusive conduct should be no protection to me. Two or three days after the commencement of the contest, I was waited upon by a deputation from a committee of the Triteiteites, and requested to join them in opposing the Whiteites. This I civilly declined; telling them, at the same time, that it was my intention and my earnest wish to avoid all interference in the pending controversy; that I was perfectly indifferent to which of the candidates the church was given, and would be very glad to become a member of either of them; that, in short, I wished to make myself no enemies on account of any such [illegible].

'Oh, very well, Mr. B——,' said the spokesman, reddening with anger, 'we understand all this perfectly, and think very little, I assure you, of such mean, evasive conduct. Had you said boldly and at once that you favoured the other party, we would at least have given you credit for honesty. But you may depend upon it, sir,' he added, 'White never will get the church. That you may rely upon.'

'Scurvy conduct,' muttered another of the committee, as he was retiring after the speaker.

'Shabby, snivelling, *drivelling* conduct,' muttered a third.

'Low, mean, *sneaking* conduct,' said a fourth.

'A dirty subterfuge,' exclaimed a fifth. And off the gentlemen went.

But they had not yet done with me. One of the number was a person with whom I had some acquaintance, and the next day I received from him the following note:—'Sir, your unmanly, (I will not mince the matter with you,) your unmanly and disingenuous conduct yesterday, when called upon, by Mr. Triteite's committee, has so disgusted me that I beg you to understand that we are friends no longer. A candid and open avowal of opposite sentiments from those

which I ascertain, I trust, I shall be always liberal enough to tolerate in any one, without prejudice to previous intimacy; but I cannot remain on terms of friendship with a man who has the meanness to seek to ameliorate the party he opposes, by concealing his adherence to that which he has espoused.—I am, sir,' &c.

Well, my friends, (said the melancholy gentleman,) was not this an extremely hard case? To be thus abused, and reviled, and cursed, for merely desiring to be allowed to live in peace, and to have nothing to do with a squabble in which I did not feel in any way interested. But this was not all. I was lampooned, caricatured, and paragraphed in the newspapers, in a thousand different ways. In the first, I was sketched as the fair dealer; in the second, I was represented as a wolf in sheep's clothing; and in the last, I was hinted at as 'a certain quiet double-faced gentleman, not a hundred miles from hence.'

But still this was not all. Two or three days after I had been waited on by the Triteviteites, the same honour was done me by the Whiteites, and with similar views. To the gentlemen of this party, I said precisely what I had said to those of the opposite faction, and begged of them, in heaven's name, to let me alone, and settle the matter amongst them as they best could.

'Well,' replied one of the gentlemen, when I had done, 'I must say, I did not expect this of you, Mr. B. I thought I could have reckoned on your support; but it doesn't signify. We can secure Mr. White's appointment without you. But I must say, if you had been the candid man I took you for, you would have told me, ere this, that you meant to have supported the other party. I really cannot think very highly, Mr. B., of your conduct in this matter; but it doesn't signify, sir—it doesn't signify. We now know who are our friends and who are not. Mr. Triteite, you may depend upon it, will never get the church, even though he has you to support him.' Saying this, he turned on his heel and left me, followed by his train, who, precisely as the others had done, muttered as they went, 'shabby fellow,' 'mean scamp,' 'shuffling conduct,' 'snake in the grass,' (favourite phrase this,) &c. &c.

Well, my friends, here you see, (said the melancholy gentleman,) without giving any one the smallest offence, and desiring nothing so much as peace and the good will of my neighbours—here was I, I say, become obnoxious to heaven knows how many people; for my reputation naturally extended from the committees to the other members of the congregation, and from them again to their friends and acquaintances; so that I had, in the end, a pretty formidable array of enemies. The consequence of this affair was, that I soon found myself compelled, from the petty persecutions and annoyances of all sorts to which I was subsequently exposed, to leave the congregation altogether.—However, to compensate for all these troubles and vexations, I had the good fortune, about this time, to become acquainted with a very amiable young lady, as peaceably inclined and as great a lover of quiet as myself. This lady I married, having previously secured a house in one of the quietest and most retired places in the town, so as to be out of the way of all noise and din. Immediately beneath this house, however, there was an empty solicit shop, which I could not help regarding with a suspicious eye, from an apprehension that it might be taken by a person of most noisy calling or other; and so much at last did this fear alarm me, that I determined on taking the shop into my own hands, and running myself the risk of its letting—thus securing the choice of a tenant. Having come to this resolution, then, I called upon the landlord and inquired the rent.

'O sir,' said he, 'the shop is let.'

'Let, sir!' replied I; 'I saw a ticket on it yesterday.'

'That might well be, sir, for it was only let this morning.'

'And to whom, sir, is it let, may I ask? I mean, sir, what is his business?'

'A tinsmith, sir,' said the landlord, coolly.

'A tinsmith?' replied I, turning pale. 'Then my worst fears are realized!'

The landlord looked surprised, and inquired what I meant. I told him, and had a laugh from him for my pains.

Yes, my friends, (said the melancholy gentleman,) a tinsmith had taken the shop—a working tinsmith—and a most industrious and hardworking one he was, to my cost. But this was not the worst of it. The tinsmith was not a week in his new shop, when he received a large West India order; and when I mention that this piece of good fortune, as I have no doubt he reckoned it, compelled him to engage about a score of additional hands, I may safely leave it to yourselves, gentlemen, to conceive what sort of a neighbourhood I soon found myself in. On this subject, then, I need only say, that, in less than a week thereafter, I was fairly hammered out of the house, and compelled to look out for other quarters. But this, after all, was merely a personal matter—one which did not involve the inimical feelings of others towards me; and, therefore, though an inconvenience at the time, it did not disturb my quiet beyond the moment of suffering, as those unhappy occurrences did in which I had, however unwittingly, provoked the enmity of others; and, therefore, after I had been fairly settled in my new house, I thought very little more about the matter, and was beginning to enjoy the calm, quiet life which I so much loved, as nobody had meddled with me for upwards of three weeks. But, alas! this felicity was to be but of short duration. The election of a member of Parliament came on, and I had a vote—but I had determined to make no use of it; for, being but little of a politician, and, above all things, desiring to be on good terms with every body, whatever might be their religious or political persuasions, I thought the best way for me was to take no share whatever in the impending contest; it being a mere matter of moonshine to me whether Whig or Tory was uppermost. In adopting this neutral course, I expected, and I think not unreasonably, to get quietly through with the matter, and that I should avoid giving offence to any one. I will further confess, that, besides this feeling, I was guided to a certain extent by interest. I had many customers of opposite political tenets—Whig, Tory, and Radical—and I was desirous of retaining the custom and good will of them all, by taking part with none. Grievous error—dreadful mistake!

from other, the conditions varied, and there happened to be one of each of the three classes just mentioned—that is, Whig, Tory, and Radical. I received a card from one of my best customers, a Whig, containing a larger order than usual for tea, wine, spirits, &c.—such being the articles in which I deal, gentlemen, (said our melancholy friend;) but, at the bottom of the slip, there was the following note:—'Mr. S—— hopes he may count on Mr. B.'s supporting the liberal interest in the coming election, by giving his vote to Lord Rotherham. Mr. S—— is perfectly aware of Mr. B.'s indifference to political matters; but it is on this very account that Mr. S—— reckons on his support, as it can be a matter of no moment to him to whom he gives his vote.'

Well, gentlemen, here you see was the first attack upon me; and the second soon followed. I saw the storm that was gathering. In the course of the very same day, I was waited on by another customer, an inveterate Tory.

'Well, Mr. B.,' he said, on entering my shop, 'I am come to collect a very important favour from you; but did one which I am sure you will not refuse an old friend and a tolerably good customer. In short, Mr. B.,' he went on, 'knowing it is a matter of moonshine to you who is member for this burgh—for I've heard you say so—I have come to ask your vote for Mr. Buckingham, the Tory candidate.'

'My dear sir,' I replied, 'you are quite right in saying that it is a matter of moonshine to me what may be the political tenets of our member; but I have resolved, and I have done so for that very reason—not to interfere in the matter at all. I do not mean to vote on any side.' And I laughed; but my friend looked grave.

'Oh! you don't, Mr. B.?' he said. 'Then am I to understand that you won't oblige me in this matter, although it is on a point which is of no consequence to you, on your own confession, and, therefore, requiring no sacrifice of political principle?'

'My dear sir,' replied I, in the mildest and most conciliating manner possible, anxious to turn away wrath—'I have already said'——

'Oh! I know very well, sir, what you have said, and I'll recollect it, too, you may depend upon it, and not much to your profit. My account's closed with you, sir. Good morning!' And out of the shop he went, in a furious passion. On the day following this, I received a note from the Whig canvasser, in reply to one from me on the subject of *his* solicitation, in which I had expressed nearly the same sentiments which I delivered verbally to my Tory friend: and in this note I was served with almost precisely the same terms which the Tory had used in return, only he carried the matter a little farther—telling me plainly that he would not only withdraw his own custom from me, but do his endeavour to deprive me of the custom of those of his friends who dealt with me, who were of the same political opinions with himself. This I thought barefaced enough; and I dare say you will agree with me, my friends, (said the melancholy gentleman,) that it was so.

Here, then, were two of my best customers lost to me for ever. Nay, not only their own custom, but that of all their political partisans who happened to deal with me; for the one was fully as good as his word, and the other a great deal better: that is to say, the one who threatened to deprive me of the custom of his friends, as well as his own, did so most effectually; while the other, who held out no such threat, did precisely the same thing by his friends, and with at least equal success.

In truth, I wanted now but to be asked to support the Radical interest, to be fairly ruined; and this was a piece of good fortune that was not long denied me. 'My Dear Bob,'—thus commenced a note, which I had, on this unhappy occasion, from an intimate friend, a rattling, rough, out-spoken fellow—'As I know your political creed to be couched in the phrase—'Let who likes be king, I'll be subject'—that is, you don't care one of your own figs what faction is uppermost—I request, as a personal favour, your support for Mr. Sweepchimneyte; and this I do the more readily, that I know there is no chance of your being pre-engaged. Now, you mustn't refuse me, Bob, else you and I will positively quarrel; for I have promised to secure you.'

Here, then, you see, my friends, (said the melancholy gentleman,) was a climax. The entire in the system of persecution adopted against me, were strictly observed. There was beginning, middle, and end complete—nothing wanting. Well—still determined to maintain my neutrality—I wrote a note to my friend, expressing precisely the same sentiments to which I have so often alluded. To this note I received no answer; and can only conjecture the effect it had upon him by the circumstance of his withdrawing his custom from me, and never again entering my shop.

Observe, however, my friends, (here said the melancholy gentleman,) that, in speaking of the persecutions I underwent on this occasion, I have merely selected instances—you are by no means to understand that the cases just mentioned included all the annoyance I met with on the subject of my vote. Not at all. I have, as already said, merely instanced these cases. I was assailed by scores of others in the same way. Indeed, there was not a day, for upwards of three weeks, that I was not tadgered and abused by somebody or other—ay, and that, too, in my own shop. But my shop was now not worth keeping; for Whig, Tory, and Radical had deserted me, and left me to the full enjoyment of my reflections on the course I had pursued. In short, I found that, in endeavouring to offend no one, I had offended everybody; and that, in place of securing my own peace, I had taken the most effectual way I possibly could to make myself unhappy.

Well, in the meantime, you see, my friends, (continued the melancholy gentleman,) the election came on, and was gained by the Whig candidate. The streets were on the occasion paraded by the partisans of each of the parties; and, as is not unusual in such cases, there was a great deal of mischief done, and of which, as a sufferer, I came in for a very liberal share.

The Whig mob attacked my shop, and demolished everything in it, to celebrate their triumph, as they said, by plucking a Tan—in other words, one who would not support them. The Tory mob, again, attacked my house, and smashed every one of my windows, alleging that, as I was not a Tory, I must be a Whig; and, finally, the third estate came in, and finished what the other two had left undone, because I was not a Radical.

Here then, gentlemen, was I, I repeat, who had offended no one, or, at least, had given no one any reasonable grounds of offence, but who, on the contrary, was most anxious to remain on friendly terms with everybody—here, I say then, was I, surrounded with enemies, persecuted at all hands, my business dwindled away to nothing, and, lastly, my effects destroyed, to the extent of nearly all I possessed in the world. There was still, however, a small residue left; and with this I now determined to retire to the country, and to take a small house in some sequestered place, at a distance from all other human habitations, with the view of ascertaining if I could not there secure the peace and quietness which I found the most harmless and inoffensive conduct could not procure me in society. I determined, in short, to fly the face of man. Well, such a house as I wished, I, after some time, found; and to it I immediately retired. It was situated in a remote part of the country, in a romantic little glen, and several miles distant, on all hands, from any other residence—just the thing I wanted. Here at last, thought I, as I gazed on the solitude around me, I will find that peace and quiet that are so dear to me; here is no one to quarrel with me because I do not choose to think as he does—none to disturb me, because I seek to disturb no one. Fatal error again!

There was a small trouting-stream at a short distance from the house. I was fond of angling. I went to the river with rod and line; threw in, (it was the very next day after I had taken possession of my new residence,) and in the next instant found myself seized by the cuff of the neck. I had trespassed; and an immediate prosecution, notwithstanding all the concession I could make, was the consequence. The proprietor, at whose instance this proceeding took place, was a brute—a tyrant. To all my overtures, his only reply was, that he was determined to make an example of me; and this he did, to the tune of about a score of pounds.—This occurrence, of course, put an immediate stop to my fishing recreations; and, at the same time, excited some suspicion in my mind as to the perfect felicity which I was likely to enjoy in my retirement. Having given up all thoughts of angling, I now took to walking, and determined to make a general inspection of the country in my neighbourhood; taking one direction one day, and another the next, and so on, till I should have seen all around me to the extent of some miles—'And surely this,' thought I to myself, 'will give offence to nobody.' Well, in pursuance of this resolution, I started on my first voyage of discovery; but had not proceeded far, when a beautiful shady avenue, with its gate flung invitingly open, tempted me to diverge. I entered it, and was sauntering luxuriously along, with my hat in my hand, enjoying the cool shade of the lofty umbrageous trees by which it was skirted, and admiring the beauties around me—for it was, indeed, a most lovely place. I was, in short, in a kind of delightful reverie, when all of a sudden I found myself again seized by the cuff of the neck, by a ferocious-looking fellow with a gun in his hand.

'What do you want here, sir?' said the savage, looking at me as if he would have torn me to pieces.

'Nothing, my good fellow,' replied I, mildly. 'I want nothing. I came here merely to enjoy a walk in this beautiful avenue.'

'Then, you'll pay for your walk, I warrant you. Curse me if you don't! You have no right here, sir. Didn't you see the ticket at the entrance, forbidding all strangers to come here?'

I declared I did not; which was true.

'Then I'll teach you to look sharper next time. Your name, sir?'

I gave it; and, in three days after, was served with a summons for another trespass, and again severely fined.

'Strange land of liberty this!' thought I, on this occasion—as, indeed, I had done on some others before—'where one dare not think as they please without making a host of enemies, and where you can neither turn to the right or left without being taken by the neck.'

I now, in short, found, gentlemen, (said our melancholy friend,) that I had only exchanged one scene of troubles for another; and that even my remote and sequestered situation was no protection to me whatever from annoyance and persecution; and I therefore resolved to quit, and return once more to the town, to make another trial of the justice of mankind; and in this resolution I was confirmed by a letter which I shortly after this received from the proprietor whose lands adjoined the small patch of ground that was attached to the house I resided in.

'Sir,' began this new correspondent, 'you must be aware that it is the business of the tenant of the house you occupy to keep the drain which passes your garden in an efficient state, throughout the length of its passage by your ground. Now, sir, it is just now very far from being in such a condition; and the consequence is, that a large portion of my land in your neighbourhood is laid under water, to my serious loss. I therefore request that you will instantly see to this, to prevent further trouble. I am, Sir,' &c.

Well, gentlemen, (continued our melancholy friend,) to prevent this further trouble, and to keep, if possible, on good terms with my neighbour, I went, immediately on receipt of his letter, and examined the drain in question; resolving, at the same time, to do what he requested, or rather commanded, if it could be done at a reasonable cost, although I considered it was a matter with which I had nothing to do, as it was an affair of my landlord's altogether, I thought, especially as nothing had been said to me about the drain when I took the house—at least nothing that I recollected. However, as I have said, I determined, for peace sake, to repair it in the meantime, and to take my landlord in my own hand for restitution. On looking at the drain, I found it indeed in a very bad state, and immediately sent for

a person skilled in such matters to give me an idea of what might be the cost of putting it in proper order; and was informed that it might be put in very good condition, in such a state as my neighbour could not object to, for about fifty pounds. Now, gentlemen, this was precisely equal to two years' rent of my house, and, I thought, rather too large a price to pay for the good-will of my neighbour; and I resisted, at the same time referring him to my landlord. My landlord said he had nothing to do with it, and that I must settle the affair with Mr. T—— the best way I could. Well, I took advice in the matter, for I thought it looked very like a conspiracy against my simplicity and good nature; and was advised, by all means, to resist. The result was, that my neighbour, Mr. T——, immediately commenced a suit against me; and, in my own defence, I was compelled to raise an action of relief against my landlord; so that, when I returned to town, I brought with me from my sweet, calm, peaceable retirement, a couple of full-blown law-pleas of the most promising dimensions. Who would have thought it—who would have dreamt it—that, in this seclusion, this desert as I may call it, I should have got involved in such a world of troubles? Well, gentlemen, what do you think was the result? Why, both cases were given against me. In the one I had to pay costs—and in the other, to pay costs and repair the drain too; and (added the melancholy gentleman, with a sigh) I am at this moment so far on my way to Edinburgh to pay the last instalment of these ruinous and iniquitous claims." And with this the melancholy gentleman ended the sad story of his sufferings.

We all pitied him from our hearts, and each in his own way offered him the condolence that his case demanded.

He thanked us for the sympathy we expressed, and said that he felt encouraged by it to ask our advice as to how he should conduct himself in future, so as to obtain the peace and quiet he so earnestly desired.

'What would you recommend me to do, gentlemen—where would you advise me to go,' he said, in an imploring and despairing tone—nay, we thought half crying—'to escape this merciless and unprovoked persecution?'

We were all much affected by this piteous appeal, and felt every desire to afford such counsel to our ill-used friend as might be of service to him; but, while we did so, we felt also the extreme difficulty of the case; for we did not see by what possible line of conduct he could escape persecution, if the very harmless and inoffensive one, which he had hitherto of his own accord adopted, had been found ineffectual for his protection.

Indeed, it was the very, nay, the only one which, I *protest*, we would have recommended to him; but, as he had clearly shown us that it was an ineffectual one, we really felt greatly at a loss what to say; and, under this difficulty, we all remained for some time thoughtful and silent. At length, however, it was agreed amongst us, as the case was a poser, that we should sleep on the matter, and in the morning come prepared with such advice as our intervening cogitations should suggest.

The melancholy gentleman again thanked us for the kind interest we took in his unhappy case; adding, that he was now so disheartened, so depressed in spirits, by the usage he had met with, that he almost felt it an obligation to be allowed to live.

As it was now wearing late, and our landlord had just come in to announce that supper was ready, and would be served up when ordered, we agreed to rest satisfied for the night with the extempore autobiographies, as I may call them, of our two companions—the little hunch-backed personage in the bright yellow waistcoat, and the melancholy gentleman; but we, at the same time, resolved that we would resume the same mode of entertainment on the following evening, and continue it till every one had contributed his quota.

MARY MERTON.

The poet has said—and in many a melancholy tale has the truth of the oft-quoted saying been exemplified—that "The course of true love never did run smooth;" but I am not sure that it ever took a more unhappy turn than in that of Mary Merton and James Brooks.

Mary was the daughter of a fisherman, who lived in a solitary cottage on the east coast of Scotland. Her father was a sober, industrious man, and pursued his calling with a degree of perseverance and success that made him ultimately independent of the world. The house in which Merton lived was, I have said, a solitary one—so it was; but he was not the only tenant. Next door to him—the building consisting of two houses outwardly conjoined—lived Henry Brooks, who also followed the business of a fisherman, and with nearly as much success as his neighbour. In his labours the latter was assisted by his son, James, an active, stout-built, daring young man of five-and-twenty, of a kind and generous disposition, free and open in his manners, warm-hearted and lively, and a first-rate seaman; but his temper was irascible, and in his anger he was somewhat fierce and ungovernable—a combination of opposite qualities unfortunately but too often found in one and the same person. As, however—from the retired situation in which he lived bringing him but seldom in contact with strangers, and the peaceful and industrious life which he led, together with the perfect harmony which subsisted in his own family, and between the latter and their neighbours—few occasions had occurred to elicit the warmth of his temper under provocation, or to bring it under the notice either of his friends or others; and it was therefore scarcely known that he possessed such an infirmity. Almost the only instances, indeed, in which James' remarkable irritability of disposition had discovered itself was, in occasional little bickerings with Tom

Merton, a brother of Mary's, who was about the same age with himself, and similarly situated, as he followed the same occupation, and was also a sharer in his father's labours.

The occasional differences, however, that occurred between the two young men were generally of but a very slight and temporary nature, and they happened but seldom—a circumstance this, however, entirely owing to the frank and generous disposition of Brooks, who, as if at once aware of his weakness, and resolved to guard against it, always put an end to any angry altercation with Merton into which he might be betrayed, by some humorous joke or remark; and was always the first to tender the hand of reconciliation after such differences. In this frank and manly conduct, however, he was far from being imitated by Merton, who was of a dogged and sullen disposition, envious, sarcastic, and unforgiving—in short, the very opposite of Brooks; and, as he never got into a passion, however angry he might be, he had, in this particular, greatly the advantage of him in their quarrels.

Notwithstanding all this, however, the young men lived, on the whole, on sufficiently friendly terms. They had been brought up together from their infancy; and the close and intimate footing which had always subsisted between their families, furnished a bond of union which almost supplied the want of personal regard.

Very different, in disposition, in manner, and in mind, from Tom Merton was his sister Mary, at the period of our story, in the twenty-first year of her age. Singularly handsome in her person, gentle and mild in her disposition, warm and sincere in her affections, and gifted with more than an ordinary degree of intelligence, Mary Merton was, altogether, one of the most amiable and agreeable young women that could be met with.

As a matter almost of course, her first affections were fixed on young Brooks; and most sincerely and ardently was her pure and virtuous love returned.

The mutual attachment of the young pair early attracted the notice of their respective parents, who rejoiced in the circumstance, and looked forward, with delight, to its termination in their union; an event which, at length, appeared to be at hand, as James had prevailed on Mary to name the day. Their parents were duly apprised of this arrangement, and joyfully set about making preparations for the happy occasion. A room was appropriated for the youthful couple, until a cottage could be built for them. Little articles of furniture were, from time to time, picked up, as bargains, real or imaginary, presented themselves; and bandboxes, containing articles of bridal finery, began to appear, *in transitu*, going to and from Mary Merton's door. In short, one lazy fortnight only had now to elapse before Mary should become the happy wife of a doting husband.

As the day of their union approached, the mutual fondness of the loving pair seemed to increase; if, indeed, such ardent and devoted affection as theirs could admit of addition. For hours they might be seen, at this period, walking hand in hand, in the twilight, on the sea-beach, at some distance from their homes, where a sudden turn in the rocky shore screened them from the view of prying curiosity, and where the smooth, firm sand presented an easy and pleasant footing. There, with the little wavelets of a placid sea murmuring at their feet, while the deepening shades of evening gathered around them, Mary Merton and James Brooks talked, with rapture, of their future hopes and prospects; and exquisitely delightful was it to these two fond hearts to speak, as they did, much and often, of the little household arrangements which their union would render proper or necessary. Delightful was it to them to talk over the little plans and systems of domestic economy which they proposed to act upon when their interests should have become one.

On one of these occasions, Brooks, after walking in silence for a few minutes absorbed in thought, with his arm affectionately encircling the waist of his beloved companion, as if suddenly struck with the greatness of his felicity, and a consequent doubt of its stability, all at once stopped short, and, gazing tenderly in the face of his betrothed bride—'Mary,' he said, 'I can scarcely credit my own happiness; I cannot believe either that I am deserving of it, or that I can be permitted to enjoy it. It is too much—too much, Mary. Think you not so, my love? Will it endure, think you?'

Mary blushed; and, under the impulse of the moment, flinging her arms around the neck of her lover, and burying her face in his bosom, gave way to the emotion which the ardent attachment manifested to her by the expressions of her intended husband excited. After a short pause—'I hope it will endure, James,' she said, softly. 'I'm sure I shall strive to make you as happy as I can.' And tears of tenderness and love glistened in her soft blue eye.

'That I am sure of, too, Mary, my love,' he said—and he embraced her tenderly. 'My happiness is safe, I know, so long as it is in your keeping.'

At this moment the lovers were interrupted by the approach of some person on horseback. The gloom of twilight did not permit the parties to recognise each other, until they were within the distance of a few paces, when Brooks discovered in the horseman, Mr. Edmunds, a gentleman of large landed property in the neighbourhood, to whom he was well known—as he had often, by way of amusement, gone out with his father and him to the fishing. He was, moreover, always a regular and large purchaser of the commodity in which they dealt—viz., fresh fish.

'Ha! Brooks. What! courting, eh?' exclaimed Mr. Edmunds, on recognising the young fisherman; 'and, on my word,' he immediately added, peering in the face of Brooks' blushing companion as he spoke, 'a very pretty fish, indeed, you have hooked! I always knew you were expert at your business, James; but this is the most striking proof of it I have yet seen. But why,' he continued, 'does this pretty mermaid of yours appear to be so abashed, James? She should know that you and I are old acquaintances, and have been often shipmates.'

Poor Brooks felt the awkwardness—conceiving that there was much in it—of this meeting nearly as much as his companion; and, colouring almost as deeply, stammered out some confused replies to Mr. Edmunds' remarks, endeavouring, at the same time, not very suc-

carefully, to answer him in the same bantering spirit in which he had been assailed.

Brooks would perhaps scarcely have been pleased with so much levity on such an occasion in another; but Mr. Edmunds he knew to be a generous-hearted, and every way most excellent man; and he was one, moreover, from whom he had experienced much kindness, and for whom he entertained the most sincere respect.

To be displeased with him, therefore, even if there had been much more cause than there was to be so, was out of the question; but poor Brooks felt terribly embarrassed in his presence, in consequence of the peculiar and delicate circumstances in which he stood. From this awkward feeling, however, he was relieved by what immediately followed.

'I am glad I have met you, Brooks,' said Mr. Edmunds—after preparing for a turn in the conversation by a concluding piece of badinage—'as I was desirous of seeing you, and was, in fact, just going to call at your father's for that purpose. I have bought a small yacht,' he continued, 'somewhere about fifteen to twenty tons; a smart little vessel, cutter-rigged. Now, Brooks,' he went on, 'if we can come to terms, I should like that you took charge of her. I do not mean, just now, to go beyond a day's sail from home, and even that only on occasions; so that your taking the command of her, will not greatly encroach on your regular employment, nor keep you a single night out of your own house; and for what interruption to the former it may give, I hope to satisfy you amply. What do you say to it, Brooks? I have given you the preference in this matter, because I know you to be a steady, active fellow, and an excellent seaman.'

Brooks thought for a moment; then, thanking Mr. Edmunds for the good opinion he had expressed of him, the confidence he was willing to repose in him, and for the preference which he gave him to the appointment in question, which he knew hundreds would be glad and proud to be chosen to—he intimated his willingness to take charge of the yacht; and this, well knowing Mr. Edmunds' usual liberality, without waiting to inquire the terms on which the latter might be disposed to engage him. These, however, were readily adjusted; and Mr. Edmunds and Brooks parted on the understanding that the latter should call on him on the following day, to take a look of the vessel with him, and to be fairly inducted into the command of her.

On Brooks' return from this mission next day, he met Merton, whom he had not seen since he had obtained his new appointment, within a few yards of his own door.

'Well, *Captain*,' said the latter, sneeringly, and laying an offensive emphasis on the title—'you're a great man now, I hear. What sort of a ship have you got, captain?'

'Oh! a regular out-and-outer—a smart little craft,' replied Brooks, good-humouredly, although he both saw and felt the taunting manner of Merton; 'sits in the water like a duck, and 'll sail, I'll be bound for it, like a wild one.'

Merton curled his upper lip contemptuously, and, with a sarcastic smile, wished the *captain* good morning, saying, 'he was going to tar the bottom of his boat—a sort of employment with which, he supposed, the captain would not now require to dirty his fingers.'

Though Brooks, as already said, felt, and felt keenly, the insulting manner of Merton, who, it will at once be seen, was envious and jealous of the appointment which had been conferred on Brooks, he controlled the resentment which he felt rising within him. Merton was the brother of his Mary; and, for her sake, he not only bore patiently, or, at least, without giving way to any expression of an opposite feeling, the treatment he now met with, but determined to abide by the same course on every future occasion of a similar kind; and always to avoid, if at all possible, the slightest quarrel with the man who was soon to be so closely connected with him by the ties of relationship.

Without, then, taking any further notice of the sneering manner of Merton, than by jocularly remarking that, having now got the length of captain, he expected soon to be admiral of the red, he walked into the house.

Although determined, however, as already said, not to resent Merton's conduct to him, or take any notice of the mean feeling of jealousy by which it was dictated, he could not help complaining of it to Mary.

'It's hardly fair of Tom, I think,' he said; 'I'm sure I would very sincerely rejoice in any piece of good fortune that would befal him.'

'For heaven's sake, James!' said Mary, who was aware of her lover's fiery temper—'for my sake'—and her eyes filled with tears as she spoke—'do not let this be a cause of quarrel between you. Tom is cruel, and most unreasonable, and most unjust, to entertain any grudge at you, because Mr. Edmunds has preferred you to the command of his vessel. But, O James, do bear with him as well as you can, for my sake, for all our sakes. I know his provoking manner, and I know what it must cost you to refrain from resenting it; but, oh! my dear, my beloved James, consider it would break my heart—a heart that doats on you—if any mischief should arise between you and him.' And here the poor girl's feelings overcame her, and she flung herself, weeping, into her lover's arms.

Greatly affected by her emotion, Brooks tenderly supported her, kissed the tears from her cheek, and assured her of his determination to avoid all quarrel with her brother, and never to resent, with violence, anything he might say or do, however offensive it might be.

'For your sake, my beloved Mary,' he said, 'I will do this; and much more than this would I do, on the same account, if it were required of me.'

Satisfied with his assurances, Mary regained her wonted cheerfulness, and resumed, with her usual alacrity, the domestic employment which the occurrence just related had interrupted.

The numbered days which intervened between this period and the happy hour that was to see Mary Merton and James Brooks united in the holy bands of wedlock passed, (although the lovers by no means thought so,) rapidly away, until one only stood between them and the consummation of their felicity. During this inter-

val, everything, with one exception, had gone on 'merry as a marriage bell.' From morning to night, the laugh and the joke—nine in ten of them, as is usual in such cases, at the expense of the blushing bride-elect and her betrothed—rang through the humble, but happy and comfortable, dwellings of their parents. There was the sly insinuation, drawn often from the most trifling and most remote circumstances; and there was the direct bantering allusion, suggested often, also, by the most unlikely things; but, in the joyful excitement that prevailed, everything took, and everything was instantly understood, as if by intuition, however indirect or obscure the connexion might be. Yet, in this overflowing cup of happiness, there was, after all, one drop of bitterness; and that drop fell to the lot of Brooks. Tom Merton—his morose and malicious nature in no way softened by the joy he saw around him, but, on the contrary, having its evil energies increased by it—continued to avail himself of every opportunity of taunting Brooks with his new title; this having become with him a favourite mode of provocation, an art in which he excelled, and which he delighted to practise. The word "captain," always pronounced with an expression of the most bitter contempt, was never out of his mouth, whether he addressed Brooks himself, or had occasion to allude to him when speaking to others; and this last part of his conduct, in particular, Brooks felt to be especially offensive. He bore it all, however, with the utmost magnanimity, although it cost him many a severe struggle to practise this virtue under the provocation he endured; and often did he find himself almost in the act of springing on his heartless insulter, to trample him beneath his feet—a feat which, as he was by far the most powerful man of the two, he could easily have accomplished; but the recollection of his promise to Mary never failed, on these occasions, to allay his wrath, and to restrain his arm.

But it was impossible that this could last—that a system of determined persecution on the one hand, and of passive sufferance on the other, especially with such a spirit as Brooks', could long endure. Human nature was unequal to it; and it was alarmingly probable that some serious consequences would one day ensue from it.

These consequences did ensue, and in a most appalling shape; and it is now for us to say what they were.

On the day preceding that fixed for the celebration of his marriage, Brooks went to town, a distance of about three miles, to make some final purchases for the approaching occasion; and with these he was about returning home, when, as he passed the window of a public-house, at the extremity of the town, some one inside tapped on the glass, and beckoned him to come in. Readily obeying the invitation, Brooks entered the apartment where the signal had been made, and there found two intimate friends, who were amongst the number of those invited to be present at the ceremony on the ensuing day; and along with them was, to Brooks' surprise, and not a little to his regret and disappointment, his neighbour, and intended brother-in-law, Merton, who, the moment the former entered the apartment, cried out, with his usual sneer—"Oh! here comes the captain—make way for the captain—off hats to the captain!" And he laughed contemptuously while he spoke.

Brooks coloured a little at these studied insults, rendered more intolerable by the circumstances under which they were offered, being evidently calculated to place him in a ludicrous light before his friends. He took no notice of them, however, but sat down, and endeavoured to be as merry as his companions, who were all in great spirits. They, as might be expected, treated themselves to some jokes at his expense, in allusion to the approaching event; and Brooks not only bore them with great good humour, but gave them himself additional point, by a clever application of a ready and natural wit, which he possessed in a very remarkable degree; and so pleased did he soon become, both with himself and his friends, in despite of the disheartening circumstance attending his first entrance into the room, that he *almost* forgot, in the merriment which followed, the insulting conduct of Merton; and would, perhaps, have entirely forgotten it, had not the latter repeated it more than once in the course of the evening.

The party sat for two or three hours: and, in that time, had drank a considerable quantity, although none of them were at all of dissipated habits; but the approaching marriage of their friend Brooks, and the unexpectedness of their meeting, was thought a sufficient excuse for a little extra indulgence on this occasion.

On leaving the house in which they had been enjoying themselves, the two friends of Brooks and Merton accompanied them some distance on their way home. At parting, the former happened to remain for an instant behind the latter, to speak to one of the young men with whom they had spent the evening, when Merton, impatient of the delay thus occasioned, called out to Brooks—"Captain, I say, are you coming?"

"Yes, I am coming, Merton," replied Brooks, haughtily, if not somewhat fiercely; his natural irascibility of temper excited at once by the liquor he had drank, though by no means intoxicated, and the insults he had received during the evening. "I am coming," he said, approaching Merton while he spoke; "and, friend Merton," he went on, after he had joined him, and the two were proceeding on their way together—"I would advise you to drop that sneering manner of yours towards me, in the presence of other people; or," he said, "you may fare all the worse for it. You have insulted me this night repeatedly, as you have often done before; but beware of broken bones. Now, there's a bit of my mind for you, my lad," he added; "and I will tell you more, Merton—if it had not been on your sister's account, I would have taught you better manners long since. I've borne too much from you; but, blow me, if I bear it any longer, let what may be the consequence."

"So, so, captain," said Merton, with one of his bitterest and most contemptuous sneers, "you are getting large upon it, and"——

At this moment, Brooks, excited to fury, by this cool repetition of the offensive term, and forgetting, in

one instant, all that he had promised, and all that he had resolved, seized Merton by the throat, and exclaiming—"What! captain again, Merton—captain again!" shook him fiercely, then dashed him violently to the earth, and, in the whirlwind of his passion, planted his foot, while he lay there, with such tremendous force on his stomach, as almost instantly deprived him of life. One appalling groan announced to the wretched survivor the fearful crime he had committed. Overwhelmed with horror, he flung himself on the body of his murdered companion; and, in the madness of his agony, implored his Creator to deprive him of a life which he could now no longer endure.

The unhappy man saw, in one instant, all the horrors of his dreadful situation. He saw himself, by the perpetration of one rash act, and, in the space of a very few moments, hurled from the summit of human felicity, to the very lowest depths of human suffering and misery.

A few minutes before, he could have defied the world—a few minutes before, he feared the face of no man—a few minutes before, he was innocent of crime, respected and esteemed by all who knew him. Now, what a change in his position! Now, he should be an outcast from society; loathed, shunned, and abhorred by men; and an object of the sternest vengeance of the laws of his God and his country. Now, he was to tremble at the approach of the meanest and most insignificant of the human race, and to look no more in the face of man, but with shame, and fear, and trembling; for now his hands were red with murder. The unfortunate, the miserable man, thought of all this, till he felt his brain burning as if it were a mass of molten lead, and until his senses reeled under the distracting pressure of those harrowing reflections. But, horrible and withering as these reflections were, there were others yet more so. To-morrow was to have been his wedding-day. To-morrow, the greatest happiness of which human nature is capable was to have been his. But, alas! now, to-morrow would, in all probability, find him the inmate of a dungeon, a detected felon, bound down to await the stroke of the sword of justice; and, anon, the wretched man's thoughts turned to his unfortunate Mary, and, in the reflections associated with that beloved being, he experienced a sense of misery that threatened to unseat his reason.

Prompted, however, by the instinct of self-preservation, and the natural horror of a violent and ignominious death—which he had no doubt awaited him if taken—common to all men, the unfortunate man now sought to escape the penal consequences of his crime, by flight. Without knowing whither he went, or whither he should go, he rushed wildly from the fatal spot—the scene of his dreadful crime; and, avoiding all paths and frequented places, flew across the neighbouring fields, regardless of the falls, contusions, and other injuries which he was every moment receiving, in consequence of the ruggedness of the route which he pursued, and was lost to human observation.

Availing ourselves of this circumstance, we will change the scene for a time, and make the relations of the murderer and his victim the subjects of our narrative. We will not, however, attempt to describe either the feelings of these unfortunate persons, or the appalling scenes which their once happy homes presented, when the intelligence of the horrid catastrophe above recorded reached them.

Loud and long-continued, and heart-rending was the weeping, and wailing, and lamentation that was then heard within their once-peaceful and cheerful abodes; and deep, deep was the mourning of the stricken families who inhabited them. The mothers deplored the fate of their unfortunate sons, with the loud and unutterable grief that marks the sorrowing of the female heart under sudden affliction. The fathers groaned inwardly; and though they restrained the expressions of their sorrow, yet keenly did they feel that the chastening hand of God had, indeed, fallen heavily upon them.

But there was one in these houses of mourning, on whom the dreadful intelligence had yet a more dismal effect, than on even the mothers that bore the unfortunates, whose fate all were deploring. This one was Mary Merton. On hearing the fearful tale, she uttered a piercing shriek, staggered a few paces, and sunk senseless on the floor. In this condition she was carried to bed, where she lay for nearly an entire hour, so still and motionless—not the slightest respiration even being perceptible—that the distracted parents thought that she, too, had been taken from them. But it was not so—better it had. Mary awoke from her lethargy; but her reason was fled. On opening her eyes, she perceived her weeping and heart-broken mother hanging over her; and, after gazing on her earnestly for some time—

"Mother," she said, emphatically, but in a faint and low voice, "I have had a fearful dream." And she fixed her eyes wildly on her terrified parent. "A fearful dream, mother," she repeated. "But, hush, hush," she added, hurriedly, "there's James and my brother coming, and I don't wish them to hear it. They would laugh at me." Here the unfortunate girl assumed, for a moment, the attitude of one listening attentively; and then resumed—"Oh! it's nobody after all; so I'll tell you, mother, what I dreamt. I dreamt that James had murdered Tom—our own Tom, mother; I saw him weltering in his blood, with a dreadful gash in his forehead, and James standing over him with a naked sword. Did ever any one hear such nonsense, mother?" said the poor deranged girl, and she laughed hysterically. "But this is not the whole of it, mother," she shortly afterwards went on; "I dreamt, I dreamt," and she laughed louder and louder as she spoke, "that I saw a gibbet, mother, a great black ugly-looking thing, with an immense crowd of people around it, and they were waiting to see the man who was to be hanged on it; and I was waiting, too, amongst the rest. Well, the man came at last, mother, all clad in white, and he was surrounded with a great number of fearful-looking men, with naked swords in their hands—and, mother! mother!" she said, suddenly lowering her voice, and assuming a look of horror—"who do you think this man was?" Here she seized her afflicted parent by the hand, with a convulsive grasp, drew her towards her, and whispered in her

ear—" As God is to be my judge, mother, the man I saw on the scaffold, all in white, was no other than James Brooks, my own dear James." Then suddenly flinging her mother's hand from her, she burst into a loud fit of laughter, and again inquired, "If any one ever heard of so strange and ridiculous a dream."

The poor girl's strength, however, was unable longer to support this violent excitement, and she again sunk into a state of the most profound apathy, in which she continued for the next twenty-four hours.

At the end of this period she appeared more composed, and seemed to have gained a little accession of strength; but the vacant and unquiet expression of her eye but too plainly indicated that reason had not returned. It never did return. But her derangement had already assumed the character which it was ever afterwards to bear. It was marked by great gentleness of manners, and by a mild and melancholy tone of speech.

When the unfortunate girl awoke the second time, she started hurriedly from her bed, and gently reproved her mother for allowing her to sleep so long. 'Dear mother,' she said, 'why did you not awake me sooner, when you knew I had so much to do? Did you forget, mother,' she added, smiling, as if the thing was incredible, 'that this is my bridal day, and James expects to find me dressed early? He'll be here immediately; and what can I say to him, mother, if he finds me in this state?'

Having said this, she proceeded to the drawers where her wedding-clothes were deposited, and began to dress herself with great care and neatness—an employment in which her parents, judging it best to allow her to indulge her fancy, would not permit her to be interrupted, nor the slightest hint to be given that should have any tendency to dispel the illusion.

On completing her toilet, which she did as perfectly and correctly as if she had been in full possession of her judgment, and having made, with equal accuracy and propriety, some other domestic arrangements which would really have been required had the ceremony of her marriage actually been to take place, she seated herself in an arm-chair, and seemed to await the arrival of the wedding party; and a more melancholy, or more affecting sight than the poor girl presented—thus bedizened, and thus expecting what was never to happen—cannot, we think, be very readily conceived.

Beautiful, exceedingly beautiful she still looked, though pale, nay, white as her own bridal robes, and though now at once sad and vacant was the expression of that soft blue eye that once beamed with tenderness and love.

It was a striking, nay, an awful sight; for, to increase its appalling effect, she sat motionless, and this for hours, with her eye intently fixed on the door of the apartment, as if in momentary expectation of some one entering. But, of course, they came not. Yet, day after day, for weeks, ay, for months afterwards, did the poor decayed girl go through precisely the same process as that we have described, and wondering each day as freshly as if she had not been disappointed before—'What could be keeping James, and the rest of the people;' and, to soothe her distracted mind, new reasons were every day assigned for their non-appearance.

In course of time, however, she began gradually to desist from arraying herself in this manner; but, for ten years after, when her death took place, she employed herself constantly, and for whole days together, in preparing and arranging her bridal clothes—cutting down, or ripping up at one time, and sewing together, or altering, at another; and for these ten years, every returning sun, as poor Mary imagined, brought about her bridal day, and found her singing such scraps of old songs as the following:—

> Oh! my true love, he spoke to me
> Gin I wad be his bride;
> And my true love, he swore to me,
> His love should aye abide.
>
> And I have said to my true love,
> His willing bride I'd be:
> And to him prove a faithful wife,
> Until the day I dee.

To the melancholy story of Mary Morton, there falls now little to be added; for, although a principal personage of the tale, whose subsequent fate the reader, it is presumed, will feel some curiosity to know, has not been accounted for, his story, the remainder of it at any rate, is short.

From the night of the murder, James Brooks was never heard tell of; and he thus, at all events, escaped the last penalty of the law, which he would assuredly have suffered, had he been taken. It was supposed by some, that he had found his way abroad; by others, that he had been drowned, either by accident, or by his own act, and died on the very night the murder was committed; as, from that hour, he had never been seen by any one. As neither of these conjectures, however, were ever supported by any evidence of their accuracy, the subsequent fate of James Brooks remains a mystery, and will, in all probability, ever continue to be so.

THE WATER-CARRIER:

A LEGEND OF THE CANONGATE.

In those good old times when as yet handicraft was not superseded by machinery, and when the women of our country had their morals preserved by the occupations of honest industry, which enabled them, moreover, to provide for themselves, and often for their families, when their husbands could do neither—the character of the female part of our population was, it may fairly be presumed, of a more independent nature than it is at present; showing stronger features of individuality, and better suited to the purpose of the novelist. These remarks are well exemplified in the character of an old woman who was well known to the inhabitants of Edinburgh during the early part of the last century.—This woman's name was Janet Dickson. She earned her livelihood by acting the part of an aqueduct, or water-carrier, when as yet no pipes existed for the purpose of supplying the town with water; and when a draught, or, as it was called, a rake of water, was of some pecuniary value, arising from the labour required in carrying it to the houses of the inhabitants.

It would be of small importance to search any genealogical archives for the ancestors of Janet Dickson.—One who inherited nothing but a right to bear water, and who, in the exercise of that privilege, carried as high a head and displayed as straight a back as any gentlewoman in the Canongate, might well despise lineage, and take her stand, as she did, upon the independence which her laborious occupation enabled her to sustain. The degenerate ladies of the nineteenth century might, according to the portion of spirit still left to them, look back with pride, or with shame, upon the old woman, some of the sots of whom we are now going to commemorate; and it is not too bold a hope to entertain that some of the members of that amiable sisterhood (the fraternity we despise) may derive some elevation of character from the contemplation of the portrait we have undertaken to draw.

It was customary in the water-carriers of Edinburgh to rise very early in the morning, and supply their customers long before any of the members of the families had accomplished what in Scotland is called the first sleep. In summer, the period at which they began their operations was generally three in the morning.—At that early hour, hundreds of those humble, but useful labourers, might have been seen hastening to the wells with their pitchers; and no small competition existed among them, as to the right of priority according to which they fell to be served. Scenes of no ordinary character were often enacted at these conclaves. The news of the previous day and night were industriously circulated, and the characters of their various customers handled with a freedom which, if it had been applied to politics, might have emulated the liberty of the tongue or press of the days of natural rights.

One fine morning in June, Janet Dickson sallied forth from the White Horse Close, in the Canongate, where she resided, to begin her labours at the Fountain Well. She laid down her pitchers at the top of St. Mary's Wynd, with the intention of calling up the servants of a family in the neighbourhood, who required to be awakened early, for the purpose of washing. Having performed this duty, she returned and proceeded to take up her pitchers; but finding one of them heavier than it ought to have been, she turned down her eyes to observe the cause, when, to her astonishment, she found it occupied by a large bundle, apparently of clothes. She looked round to see if any person was near, who might, she thought, have put the bundle there, for the purpose of her taking care of it; but seeing nobody, she proceeded to examine it, and see what it contained. On moving the bundle, a sound proceeded from it, which Janet immediately recognised as that of a babe endeavouring to cry, but prevented by the clothes covering its head. Without taking time to undo the bundle where she was, she hurried home, and upon getting into her own little dwelling, proceeded to give liberty to the young prisoner who had been consigned to this early bondage.

The child was a female of about four months old, presenting all those ruddy chubby appearances of a hearty squaller, and turning upon the old face of its preserver's pair of large blue eyes, filled with that smile of innocence that has turned away the destroying hand which nothing else in nature could have averted. Poor innocent! that smile—an unconscious exercise of one of nature's earliest instincts, in which the will had no part, and of which the memory could record no trace—was perhaps the most important act of thy existence! Janet Dickson could not resist the sweet and innocent appeal. Bursting out in an ejaculation of pity and affection, she cried, 'Ill, ill, did they wha begat ye, deserve sic a blessing as the licht o' thae bonny blue lamps to shine on their cruel and hardened countenances—cruel, cruel, indeed, my puir lammie, if indeed they ever dared to look into your sweet and innocent face. But it's no possible that a mither's ee ever received that licht; for there is nae power on earth that could hae prevented its getting to her heart, as it hae got to mine, auld as it is, and shrivelled up wi' the bursing wrangs o' a sinfu' warld. But come ye frae whom it hae pleased Heaven to bring ye, I shall be tit ye as that mither ought to hae been, if she had been formed o' common clay, or anything less hard than the whinstanes o' Arthur's Seat.'

And, with these words, Janet Dickson got the little foundling disengaged from the clothes with which it was encompassed, and having succeeded in getting it to take some milk, put it to bed, and again went forth to supply her customers with water.

In a little time, it was circulated throughout the Canongate, that Janet Dickson, the water-woman, had found a child in her water-bucket, and refused to consign it to the parish in consequence of having conceived an affection for it. Many visitors came to see it, and many contributions were made and accepted, towards defraying the expense of bringing it up. Janet, however, soon found that she might have dispensed with this assistance; for, on the second evening after the child had been found, and while she sat with it in her lap, singing to it one of her most favourite Scotch airs, her window, which looked into the next close—as it often, the case

with the Edinburgh house—opened, and a voice, unknown to her, said in a low tone, 'You have acted properly, and as became the character you bear in your humble station. Take this, and more shall be given you at regular periods; but upon this condition alone, that, if you endeavour to find out the person who bestows it, the assistance shall thenceforth cease.' The sum dropped was enough to satisfy Janet for keeping the child a year. She took up the money, and answered, as the hand withdrew, 'Janet Dickson doesna require encouragement to do that which her conscience tells her is according to God's law. I kenna to whom the hand belongs, that has given me this gift; but this I ken, that nae act that hand can perform—ay, though it were to pour out gowd pieces in thousands and tens o' thousands—can ever mak amends for exposing an innocent bairn to the chance o' death, and taking frae it the greatest o' a' blessings, the knowledge and the love o' its parents, wha, by God's comman', written in the hely buik, as weel as upon their ain hearts, were bound to cherish and protect it, even as they themselves were taken care o' by them wha brought them to the warld.'

A great part of this speech of Janet's was, in all likelihood, spoken after the person who had dropped the money had withdrawn; for there was displayed an evident hurry to escape, and it was clearly not his or her object to listen to what might be termed the croonings of an old woman. The money was gratefully received; and the discreet water-woman, poor as she was, refused afterwards to take the money that was offered to her by her kind neighbours, though she did not conceive herself entitled to divulge anything relating to the mysterious manner in which she had been already partially supplied and expected again to be supplied with the means of the foundling's support.

These strange occurrences did not, in any degree, affect Janet Dickson's mode of life. She still continued to rise at the water-carrier's early hour, and to work in her vocation with all her accustomed assiduity. The child (which she called Mary, from the circumstance of her being found in St. Mary's Wynd, adding her own surname) grew apace; and, about the same time of the year at which the unknown person had contributed the last money, the same hand appeared at the window, dropping the same sum; and apparently the same voice thanked Janet Dickson for her attention to the child, and enjoined her to rear it in the fear of that God which its mother had disobeyed, in exposing it to the mercy of the elements and the risk of death.

'Ye may weel speak in that way,' rejoined Janet, though the person did not wait for the reply, 'wha hae had at least some pairt, either as principal or assistant, in sae cruel an act. "Burnt offerings of fatlings with the incense of rams," as Dauvid says, winna atone for the sin o' leavin' ye, my bonny bairn,' (addressing herself to the shild,) 'to the tender mercies o' a cauld warld. But a "faither to the faitherless is God in His hely habitation;" and Janet Dickson, though puir and auld, shall be to ye as a mither.' And she kissed the unconscious object of her simple address, while the tears trickled down the furrows which sorrow and age had worn in her old cheeks.

Years passed on without much change in the habits of the old woman, but producing in the foundling a new feature of beauty every year. The same hand supplied the assistance; but no curiosity was displayed to see the object of so much solicitude, and, at the same time, so much unnatural feeling. This might have been accounted for by a suspicion entertained by Janet that the parents of so fair and so good a daughter were not without means of satisfying their feelings of pride in beholding, when occasion offered, the interesting and beautiful girl. Trained up in the principles of religion entertained by Janet Dickson, which were daily fed by copious draughts from the fountain-head of all faith and goodness, Mary was as well grounded in her morals as she was gentle in her manners and beautiful in her appearance.

The beauty of Mary, and her interesting history, brought many visiters to the humble dwelling of Janet Dickson. Among the rest, a daughter of Lord Minto, who then resided in the Canongate, and Miss Jane Metcalfe, the daughter of Sir John Metcalfe, an English knight also there resident, came often together to see Janet. Miss Elliot was of an amiable disposition, and rejoiced in the advancement of Mary in her education. Miss Metcalfe, who was considerably her superior in point of years, was also very solicitous about the education of the foundling; but it might have been observed that the two ladies, though apparently great friends, often exhibited great jealousy of each other's accomplishments. In particular, Miss Metcalfe did not hesitate to ridicule the work which her friend and companion had left for Mary to copy; and she even went the length of sometimes ridiculing her person; while, again, when the two ladies met, they indulged in the most turgid expressions of praise of each other, sealing their professions with energetic kisses and embraces, and presenting all the appearances of strong affection. It was observed that the more rancorous spirit was displayed by the elder; and it was only when Miss Elliot had discovered something wrong in the conduct of her friend towards her, that her spirit excited her to retaliation.

All this appeared very wonderful to the simple Mary; and even the sagacious and penetrating Janet Dickson thought the conduct of the ladies strange and incomprehensible. Yet she did not lose the opportunity of extracting from it a lesson to Mary to avoid envy and hypocrisy, two of the worst vices of human nature—and to adhere to simplicity and truth, the true sources of happiness, and the foundation of a religious education.

Fourteen years had now passed over her head, and the affection between the two beings who had been so miraculously brought together, apparently for the good of both, ripened and strengthened till it acquired the force of that love which only mothers can feel, and daughters, when dutiful, can experience. Mary was aware, so far as her youth enabled her to understand them, of the circumstances of her history; but, sobbing on the bosom of her good and kind preserver, she was accustomed to say in her own simple way, that she rejoiced that she had never seen or known her mother, for she would not and could not divide the affection which she entertained for her benefactor with one that had brought her into the world and deserted her. Janet did not nourish in the breast of the devoted Mary any angry feelings towards her parents; on the contrary,

she often told her she was bound to love them, and return good for evil. She hinted to her that she might be of good, if not noble birth; and said, with a smile which indicated her sense of the quaint application of the quotation from the psalms, 'Though ye have been among the *pots*, ye shall be as the wings of a dove, covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.' These statements produced an effect upon the youthful mind of Mary, engendering feelings above what her situation could have created, and imparted to her an elevation of manner which added grace to the natural beauties with which she had been so exuberantly endowed.

The equal tenor of the lives of these two happy beings was in some degree agreeably interrupted by a change in the circumstances attending the leaving of the yearly allowance. On the fifteenth anniversary of Mary's exposure and recovery, the unknown person, on leaving the usual sum of money, with some words of encouragement and thanks to Janet, added that, on the next occasion, a communication would be made as to the parents of her young favourite.

'This communication,' responded Janet, 'has been long expected, and longer due; when it comes it shall be "like rain upon the mown grass—as showers that water the earth." But let me, wha am but a puir woman, inform ye, be ye gentle or be ye semple, that Mary Dickson winna leave the humble hame o' her preserver, to tread the carpeted floor o' the palace o' Holyrood.—Might may gie right amang men; but Mary Dickson is now o' an age to claim the power o' her ain disposal frae the law o' the land; and if I ken aught o' the nature o' her gentle and affectionate soul, she hersel will send forth "the prayer o' the humble which pierceth the clouds," to be allowed to live wi' her auld friend, till that day shall come when she or I shall become swedded—she to a sojourner upon earth, and I to the kingdom o' heaven.'

Janet, as usual, got no answer to her ejaculations from the person to whom they were addressed; but she was pleased by the promise which had thus been made to her. Her hopes of an exalted parentage for Mary, best high, and the girl herself imbibed a part of Janet's enthusiastic expectations. The year passed over, and the day came when the important discovery was to be made, which would, in all likelihood, decide whether Mary Dickson was destined to be a lady or a water-woman's adopted daughter. At ten o'clock of the evening of that day, the window opened, and the following words were pronounced in a serious and somewhat tremulous tone of voice, apparently that of a woman:—

'Mary Dickson has been too long left in ignorance of her true parentage; but reasons existed for the secrecy, which may one day be communicated to her. Lord Spynie of Forfarshire, who resides in the third house down from this close, is the father of Mary Dickson. Farther than this it is not permitted me to say. When or how this noble birth may be made of advantage to a Lord's daughter, cannot be told; nor can the wish, which must lie nearest to the heart of Janet Dickson, as a religious keeper of God's sacraments, be gratified by any information as to whether Mary Dickson is legitimate or a bastard.' On delivering this speech, the person deposited the usual sum of money and quickly disappeared.

This intelligence filled Janet Dickson with joy. That her lovely ward was the daughter of a nobleman, pleased her; but, as she had never entertained an idea, apparently so absurd, as that a foundling had (in a country like Scotland, where the domestic affections are so highly cultivated) any chance of being a child of lawfully married persons; and, as she now found this circumstance suspended in the balance of doubt, her pleasure was enhanced beyond her power of a suitable expression of it to that object who had the greatest interest in the intelligence. Yet she recollected herself. Lord Spynie, to whose house she carried water, was comparatively young, and known to be a bachelor. How could there be any doubt, then, as to a child of his being legitimate or illegitimate? Besides, he was reported as being the suitor of Miss Margaret Elliot—having given up for her an old love affair with Miss Metcalfe. This surely removed all doubt. What then could be the meaning of this unaccountable announcement? There was no great reason to doubt his Lordship being Mary's father, for his dissolute habits might well make that an ordinary circumstance; but even this was not altogether reconcilable with the fact of the exposure of the child, since few mothers who could claim so good a paymaster for a father, would think of throwing a child upon the public, and afterwards tell that its father was a nobleman. The whole affair was mysterious, and not quite satisfactory to Janet Dickson.

She resolved, before making any mention of the circumstance to Mary, to test the truth of the statement in a way which occurred to herself.

Next day, Janet Dickson was visited by Miss Elliot. Their conversation was turned, adroitly enough, by Janet, on Lord Spynie, whom she said she would like to see, to ascertain if he would recommend Mary Dickson to his sisters, as well skilled in the use of the needle. Miss Elliot laughed at the apparent simplicity of Janet; and observed, archly, that Mary was not a person to be shown for curiosity's sake to young noblemen; recommending Janet to go to Lord Spynie's sisters herself, and recommend her young friend; and she, Miss Elliot, would give her all the assistance in her power. Foiled in this attempt, Janet resolved to adopt another course.

Next day, she took post opposite the house occupied by his Lordship, waiting till she saw him come out.

'A braw day for noblemen,' said Janet, accosting his lordship with a low curtsy.

'Why for noblemen, good woman?' asked his Lordship, apparently amused at the exclusive character of his salutation.

Caught by a compliment which turned out to be nonsense, Janet, notwithstanding, gained her point in a better manner than if she had limited her salutation to the ordinary form; for she arrested the attention of the nobleman, which she would otherwise perhaps have had some difficulty in doing.

'Indeed, my Lord,' resumed Janet—'I just meant that it was a braw day, and that maybe yer Lordship wad tak the trouble to see the bonny bird which has been kept at your expense in the White Horse Close yonder, for mony a day.' And Janet gave a wink as

she thus tried the effect of a small beginning before she went farther, in conformity with the custom of her wily country.

Led astray, in all likelihood, by Janet's significant wink of her left eye, Lord Spynie responded with spirit, 'Where was it that Lord Spynie refused to contemplate beauty, whether in the plumage of a bird, or in the form and lineaments of a young damsel. Is she fair?'

'As like yersel, my Lord,' answered Janet—who lost every part of his Lordship's speech except the question with which it concluded—'as like yersel as the same flesh and bluid can mak her. But ye can judge wi' yer ain een; and, if she doesna please ye, it's no the fault o' her teacher, for her education has been my care for mony a lang day, and a pleasant occupation it has been, as yer Lordship may hae been informed by—ye ken wha'—another wink.

'Well, my good old lady, since you say your young one is so like me, she must of necessity be fair; and it would ill become me to deny so strong a claim to friendship as that arising from a similarity of noses. You may expect me at the White Horse Close [illegible] o'clock, when you must be on the out-look to [illegible] me to the residence of this young queen of [illegible]

'That will I,' answered the delighted [illegible] now no longer doubted that the information [illegible] received was correct; and, having again curtsied, she directed her steps to the White Horse Close, cogitating, as she went, on the strange events of human life, and satisfying herself, more and more, that she could not be wrong in imputing the paternity of Mary to Lord Spynie. 'For, if he is not the father of my darling'—so she questioned herself with that strictness which a person determined to be convinced, and delighting in the pasing nature of a question which leads to the wished-for inference, is well pleased to use—'if he is not the father of my darling, why does he condescend to come to the house of a water-woman? Poor Janet Dickson! How simple thy question, and how little didst thou know of the wickedness of man! Lord Spynie wished merely to gratify a youthful curiosity. He was ignorant of the intention of the old woman in requesting him to visit her house; but, fond of frolic, he agreed to comply with her strange and most unusual request.

In the evening, at the hour appointed, Janet Dickson waited at the door for Lord Spynie. She had as yet told Mary nothing of her imputed parentage, because she wished to ascertain the true circumstances of the whole mysterious business before she communicated any part of it to her. Lord Spynie was as good as his word. He came flushed with wine, and dressed in the gaudy style of noblemen of that day, with a sword hanging by his side glittering with the spoils of the east. A large plume fell with a graceful bend from his hat upon his shoulders, and the buckles at his knee and on his shoes dazzled the eyes of the beholder with their shining gems. Janet received his Lordship with a graceful curtsy, and made all the necessary and accustomed apologies for receiving a nobleman into her humble abode.

When Spynie entered, he was struck with evident amazement at the appearances which, so contrary to his expectations, presented themselves. On a clean scoured kitchen table, alongside of a comfortable fire, with a lamp throwing its flickering flame over the open leaves, lay Janet Dickson's Bible, which she had been reading to Mary, who sat on the other side of the fire, dressed in a neat and clean style, sewing some needle-work which she had received from Miss Jane Metcalfe. Her appearance was striking. Her dress was calculated to bring out her most recondite beauties. A small scullcap, common in those days, left her beautiful hair, braided over her brow, to add its simple effect to a face where every line was so gently and elegantly convolved, that an admirer of simplicity and beauty would have trembled for the deranging effect even of a smile. Apparently aware of the striking effect of her face when left to its natural contour—unmoved, yet how moving!—Mary, when she rose and curtsied, looked at Lord Spynie as he entered, as a statue represented with its view fixed on some object. Not a muscle of her face was moved, and her eye—an organ which generally defies all the efforts of its voluntary muscles to keep it in order—fell as calmly and steadfastly upon him as the light of a planetary star when aurora is rising from the sea. Spynie, still under the effect of his surprise at the unexpected appearances, was affected still more by the effect of Mary's peculiar and extraordinary manner, and stood for some time gazing upon her as if he had been suddenly entranced. It was some time before he could, by the efforts of Janet, be made to sit; and, when he had betaken himself to a chair, he was evidently entirely at a loss, and could find no words suitable to the extraordinary situation in which he found himself. Provided with a set of slang terms suited to dissolute company, and finding these put to flight by the imperial style and character of the beauty and manner of a child of nature, he had not a single word to say for himself; and the whole party for some time remained mute, till Janet Dickson broke the silence.

'I was just, when you entered, my Lord, reading to Mary that bonny psalm o' King David, whar he exhorteth not to trust in man, whose breath goeth forth, who returneth to the earth, and whose thoughts on that very day perish. It's the 146th, my Lord. Isn't it, Mary? I think sae; but my memory needs glasses, like my auld een. It's a braw psalm that, my Lord; and, if yer Lordship likes, I will read it again.'

'We will get it some other time, my good lady,' said Spynie, whose eyes were still fixed on Mary as on an apparition.

'Weel, weel, my Lord, it's nae sin in yer Lordship preferring, on sic an occasion as this, to satisfy your ain een—as truly ye seem to be doing—o' the truth o' what I said to ye the day; but people in your situation are no sae guid judges o' thae things as fremmit folk, wha can see baith, and compare the features o' the ane wi' the features o' the other, and satisfy themselves.'

'I certainly do feel a difficulty,' replied Spynie, at a loss what to say, 'to take my eyes off the young maiden; for she has more beauty in her countenance than ever belonged to the Spynies.'

His Lordship, having slightly recovered himself, began to look upon things in a different light, and apparently to blame himself for being deceived by the canting appliances of an experienced woman and a

much-simple girl, no doubt resorted to for the purpose of entrapping him into a love which might, as they thought, be followed by a marriage. Rising from his seat, he approached Mary, and, still under the influence of wine, he flung his arms about her neck. The girl started back; and, from the mere impulse of nature, threw so much offended dignity into her face and attitude, as effectually to check the libertine, and make him fall back in deep discomfiture.

'Hoot, awa, Mary, woman—ye needna be sae touchy. His Lordship has a guid richt to kiss ye; but it's no your faut, puir thing, for I hasna properly instructed ye in what was necessary for this meeting.'

Spynie again rose, and, repeating his salutation, was repulsed with greater energy than before, and with so unreal an affectation, that he acknowledged the art was exquisite. Janet Dickson again interfered, and told Mary that it was her duty, as she would explain to her another time, to receive kindly the attentions of Lord Spynie. At this moment, a neighbour entered the house, and Lord Spynie departed, promising to return again.

The vision of Mary Dickson had struck deep into the mind of Spynie, who, though he still believed she was a trained actress, could not get quit of certain misgivings, when he brought to his recollection some of her noble attitudes of hurt pride and swelling indignation, which no art could possibly imitate, and he did not hesitate to dwell on the circumstance, that no person in the situation which she occupied, could dare to have contemned, or even pretended to have contemned, the addresses of one of Scotland's proud lords. To resolve his doubts, he instituted inquiries, and was soon informed that Janet Dickson was a respectable and godly woman, who earned an honest livelihood by carrying water to the inhabitants, and, among the rest, his Lordship himself, though she had escaped his notice; and that Mary Dickson, her adopted daughter, was a foundling of great beauty and unblemished reputation, who was supposed to be the daughter of some person of rank.

This intelligence surprised Spynie beyond measure. 'Why,' as he asked himself, 'did the old woman invite me to her house—tell me the girl was instructed to receive my addresses, and encourage me to caress her?' There appeared something still to be explained; and that explanation became necessary from the deep and serious impression the beauty of Mary had made on his heart—now magnified and sanctified by the intelligence that she was virtuous as she was beautiful, and the whole rendered a subject of mystery by the story of her life. Ashamed to go back to the house, he slept none during the subsequent night: the calm, dignified, statue-like face and form of the maiden, haunted him as a creation of monomania. Of all the women he had seen, she affected him to the greatest degree; and, in short, love in its strongest, bewitching, and maddening form, had taken possession of him—driving before it all the weak fancies which often, for want of a better name, are called by that appellation, and of which Miss Elliot had, before the accession of this real passion, been the object, as others, before her vanishing reign, had enjoyed the same privilege. What was the form of Miss Margaret Elliot to that of Mary Dickson? What were the gay form of court beauties, [illegible] their ill-assorted exhibition of pride, [illegible] ornament, glee, and sorrow, all acted and [illegible] in succession so quick as to be [illegible] separate, acting causes, and [illegible] a piebald assortment of antagonist [illegible] feelings, producing, as an entire effect, [illegible] to that elevated, solemn, calm, [illegible] spirit-stirring countenance, which fixed [illegible] like the magic of a spell, and could not be [illegible] from his fancy by all the efforts of man? Such were the questions which Lord Spynie put to his tortured mind, and to which the spirit of love responded, as an oracle whose voice lies in the impassioned womb of nature.

Occupied by feelings such as these, Lord Spynie saw a new world open upon him. Giving up the conceptions of her virtue, he tasted, for the first time, the realities of pure feeling; and the excitement thence produced gave a new tone and impulse to the moral part of his nature. He felt no desire to practise acts of seduction on the object of his affections. The form of the maiden was sanctified by a religious halo, which shed its light on the darkness of his heart, and exhibited to him forms of beauty which previously were conceived to be the mere fancies of poets. He resolved to visit the house again, and ask an explanation of the seeming inconsistencies which perplexed him.

His resolution was speedily accomplished. He found the two individuals in the same position they were in on the previous visit. As he entered, Mary rose and turned upon him that face which had haunted him in his dreams—still calm and unmoved, as if she despised the ordinary forms of expression to give dignity and beauty to what nature had, by its original cast, made perfect. Having looked at him for a moment, she curtsied, and slowly left the room, shutting the door behind her. Not a word passed during this ceremony; and Spynie looked after her as she went, with the original expression magnified and the perturbation of his spirits increased. The circumstance of her departure, and the extraordinary manner of it—without a muscle of her countenance changed, and without a word being spoken—mutually aided each other in producing an idea that she was beyond the influence of his birth, honours, riches, or charms; and this, to a proud lord, who plumed himself on his success with the fair, might, if there had been no substratum of a feeling of love to work on, have produced a desire to be revenged by seduction, possession, and dereliction. But love unrequited, or thought to be unappreciated, is love increased and sanctified; and the departure of Mary was, to Spynie, an accession of respect and affection.

Overcoming, to some extent, the effect of Mary's departure upon his spirits, Spynie sat down beside Janet Dickson; and, in the still excited state of his mind, burst forth into terms of admiration of her adopted daughter, and declared that he loved her.

'Nae doot, my Lord,' replied Janet; 'it's only yer duty. He's no worthy o' the name o' a father wha couldna like his dochter; and it's [illegible] the Bairnes, that love is the fulfilling o' the law.'

Spynie conceived that this statement of Janet's was

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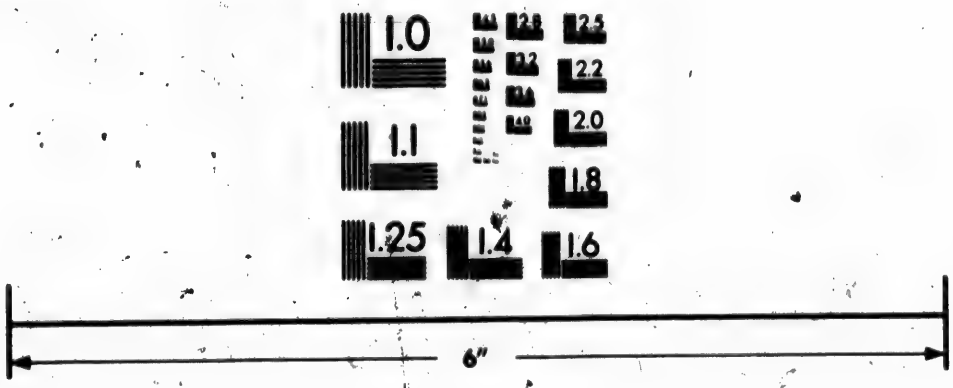

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a satirical allusion to the difference between his age and that of Mary, and his pride was hurt; but turning his eyes again upon the old woman, and seeing no appearance of satirical or humorous feeling, he felt at a loss to understand her. On a sudden, he recollected some parts of Janet's former conversation regarding an imputed likeness between him and Mary, as strong as flesh and blood could produce;—and the story of her being a foundling and the reputed daughter of a nobleman, coming rapidly into his mind at the same moment, he arrived by one step at the conclusion, that Janet Dickson really thought he was the father of Mary.—No sooner did this thought arise, than he resolved to get at once an explanation. Resuming, therefore, the conversation, he said he did not understand what Janet meant by her allusion to a father loving his daughter.

'And can it be,' ejaculated Janet in surprise, 'that sae plain a thought as that could hae met wi' nae understanding in the mind o' a lord? As the faither o' Mary Dickson, are ye no bound to love her even as ye say ye do; and as I have seen ye gie proof ye do, when, wi' such a mighty force o' natural affection, ye kissed her on the first night o' your introduction? Come, noo, my bonny Lord, ye ken "happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth;" and sorry wud I be to see in ye ony token o' repentance or backsliding in sae gude a work as a father's luve. She is sae dishonour to the brave house o' the Spynies o' Angus; for a bonnier, a better, and a nobler lass there lies to be fund i' the three Loudons, and that's a bigger word than Angus.'

Spynie now saw the cause and origin of all those cross purposes in which he had been, for some days, engaged. He now seriously directed Janet to give him the history of her foundling, with the reasons which induced her to suppose that he was her father. This request was at once complied with. The announcement of the stranger at the window, was, Janet continued, the only ground she had to go upon for imputing the paternity of Mary to his Lordship; and this circumstance, while allowed by Spynie to be a perfect justification of Janet, struck him in a manner evidently to give rise to some secret thoughts, which seemed to engross his attention and feelings in a way not understood by his auditor. Wrapped in deep thought, he told Janet, after she had finished, that she had been imposed upon; that, however free his manner of living might have been represented to be, or might in fact be, he never had a child in his life; and that he was the last person on earth that would have entertained for a moment the idea of authorizing a mother to expose his child, or of sanctioning such an act after he came to the knowledge of its being done. Spynie then rose and departed, evidently occupied with some thoughts which he did not wish at that time to communicate.

Next day, his Lordship called and interrogated Janet Dickson as to the sex of the person who handed her the money, the sound of the voice, the time at which she generally came, and all the circumstances attending the yearly visit. He asked her, also, whether Miss Albert and Jane Metcalfe visited her? whether they came together or separately when they begin to call? and when they had been there last? Having satisfied himself on these points, he went away, directing his steps to the house of his coachman, John Stephen, who resided above his Lordship's stables.

'You know, John,' began his Lordship, drawing in a chair, and sitting down alongside of his servant, 'what my reason was for withdrawing my attention from Miss Jane Metcalfe—being nothing less than a communication made by yourself to me, that it was surmised about that time that she had borne a child to her father's butler, a Frenchman, called Jean D'Albert, who afterwards died, and that the child never made its appearance.'

'I ken that, my Lord, weel; but nachely, sae far as I ever heard, ever knew onything o' that affair, except mysel and your Lordship; for D'Albert tauld me the story on his deathbed, and I tauld it to yer Lordship to save ye frae the ruin which a marriage wi' Jean Metcalfe would hae brought upon the brave house o' Spynie.'

'Well, I may be wrong in using the word surmise; but there can be no doubt of the fact that D'Albert did make that communication to you. Did he not tell you what had become of the child?'

'And did ye think, my Lord—begging yer Lordship's pardon—that John Stephen wad remain contented wi' sae half o' a curious story, when he could get the hail o't? Na, na, my Lord; I questioned D'Albert as to what became o' the bairn; but the puir fellow himsel knew nae mair about it than just that it had been left on the [illegible] or die, as God might provide; and ye ken, my Lord, we afterwards gaed to France, and since we cam back, I hae been owre muckle occupied wi' misfortunes o' my ain, to think mair o' the matter.—Jean seems aye to be the same romping, careless devil she was; and I dare na, yer Lordship commanded me, kept this matter to myself.'

'You did right, John; and we must now, I think, revive, in some degree, this subject. I have reason to believe that Jane Metcalfe's child is just now residing with a poor woman of the name of Janet Dickson, in the White Horse Close. I wish to make myself certain of this, and you must assist me in my endeavours.'

Lord Spynie and his coachman made every inquiry in their power to get at the truth of the suspicion entertained by his Lordship; but it was not expected that any real and satisfactory evidence could be got, until the time arrived when the unknown person should visit Janet Dickson. In the meantime, his Lordship continued his visits to her house, where he gradually succeeded in acquiring the confidence and respect of Mary, who only waited for a complete refutation of the statement that he was her father, to allow her heart to open to that sentiment with which it was Lord Spynie's greatest ambition to inspire her.

After the requisite period of time had passed, and when the period of the yearly visit of the stranger drew nigh, Spynie had again recourse to John Stephen, to whom he had communicated his plans. He now requested John to satisfy himself of the precise locality of Janet Dickson's back window, and keep watch there for a week, between the hours of seven and ten of the evening, to discover, if any one, and who, should there hand in money, and communicate with the old woman.

On the third night after the interview, John Stephen came in great haste and agitation to Lord Spynie, and

told him that he had seized Miss Jane Metcalfe in the act of handing in money to the old water-woman, Janet Dickson. That, upon being seized, she screamed and struggled to get free; and a number of persons, attracted by the noise, came and interfered, and took her out of his hands, but not before she was recognized by many people present. This statement satisfied Lord Spynie; and the light which it afforded cleared up the other parts of the mystery. Jane Metcalfe, having been renounced and forsaken by Lord Spynie, who transferred his affections to Miss Margaret Elliot, was strongly incensed against him; and, in secret, envied and hated her rival, whose marriage with her old lover she determined to do everything in her power to prevent. She had circulated a report, which had come to Spynie's ears, that Miss Elliot was afflicted with king's evil; and knowing that Miss Elliot had a strong aversion to rakes, from whose fraternity she declared she never would take a husband, she conceived that she would effectually prevent a union with Spynie, if she could impress Miss Elliot with the idea that her lover had an illegitimate child. With this view, she told Janet Dickson that Mary Dickson was Spynie's daughter; hoping that, as Miss Elliot frequented the old woman's house, she would communicate to her, if not make public altogether, the information whereby her object would be gratified.

Spynie was devising schemes for forcing Miss Metcalfe to free his name from the imputation with which she had loaded it; but he was informed that she had suddenly disappeared, and it was supposed had gone to France. Her absence was, however, supplied by the testimony of an accomplice, who, when her principal had disappeared, came forth and communicated what she knew. This person's name was Bell Simson, who had been a servant in the house when Miss Metcalfe bore the child; and who was afterwards employed, on some occasion, to hand in the money to Janet Dickson. She confessed all in presence of witnesses, admitting the circumstance that it was she who concealed the child for four months after it was born, and who afterwards deposited it in the water-bucket belonging to Janet Dickson.

All these circumstances were communicated to Janet and Mary, and put to flight the high notions of parentage which they had so long entertained. Their grief was extreme, but their affection was not diminished; and Lord Spynie grew more and more attached to the gentle and lovely Mary, whom he afterwards married and took home to his house; affording to Janet Dickson a yearly pension, whereby she was enabled to live happy during the remainder of her life.

WIDOW LINDSAY'S DAUGHTERS.

In a little vale in the county of Forfar, there lived, a long time back, a person of the name of Jean Lindsay, a widow. She resided at the small farm called Kelton, which had been rented by her husband, John Lindsay, from the Laird of Eaglesmount—a property then yielding a title and an income of considerable extent to the family of Affleck, but now merged in the large estates of a neighbouring proprietor. Widow Lindsay had two daughters, Jean and Katharine, both young and beautiful, though possessing features so entirely different that it could not be supposed they could affect, equally, or indeed at all, the same individual. The characters of the two were also very different; so that they were more like children of parents of different countries than of one father, and he a Scotchman.

Jean Lindsay, the elder, was a simple, good-natured maiden, whose simplicity, possessing, as it did, all the artlessness of childhood, was dangerous to herself, in proportion as it was pleasing to others; for, while it produced lovers who professed an honourable suit, it allured those who trusted to that simplicity for the success of artful schemes. It was in vain that her mother and sister endeavoured to open her eyes to her real interests. Her heart regulated all the moral as well as physical economy of the maiden; and where that pointed, it was impossible, in her estimation, that there could be either guile or want of affection. It may well be conceived that a young girl, possessing these qualities, great beauty, strong sympathies, and the most child-like simplicity, could scarcely fail to produce to herself and her parent some cause of distress; and her mother often said that she wished that Jean had had less beauty, more ill nature, or a harder heart. Jean herself, however, saw no fault in a fair face, and nothing wrong in an affectionate heart—as thinks ever the young and inexperienced maiden; and it is only those whose smiles have changed into the furrows of care, and whose hearts have felt the benumbing influence of the experience of a bad world, who can say, to such as Jean Lindsay, 'It had been better for thee that nature had been less kind in bestowing upon thee gifts universally prized, and yet continually working ruin.'

Katharine Lindsay was a different kind of person. Not so beautiful as Jean, though still fair and finely formed, she had just enough of beauty to win and please a fastidious lover, but not to dazzle and allure dangerous suitors. Capable of strong affections, her sympathies were quick-sighted to virtue and worth; and her antipathies followed close upon her observation of what was wrong. With strong moral feelings, she had the fortitude which is always allied to an altitude of moral sentiment, and in great emergencies would have exhibited the high qualities for which the noblest of her sex have been so remarkable, showing a high enthusiasm in the exercise of the generous virtues, and a withering contempt for what is grovelling or mean. Cast in an humble sphere, these qualities in Katharine Lindsay could show themselves only in humble matters; but it is the beauty of virtue, that, like the diamond which shines as bright in the bandeau of wood

as in the choosing of mates, it is independent of situation and circumstances for the display of its splendour.

Near to the habitation of Widow Lindsay stood the farm of Burnbank, occupied by William Haldane, whose son, John, a young man of the age of Katherine Lindsay, went very often to Kelton to enjoy the conversation of the young women. John Haldane was the only son of his father, and expected to succeed to the farm, as well as a pretty large sum of money realized by him. His visits to Kelton were, therefore, of some interest to the mother as well as the daughters; though, as will appear, his attentions to the young women were very differently received.

'How is it,' said Widow Lindsay to Jean, 'that ye winna receive—as a young woman wha has her market to make ought to do—the attentions o' that guid young man, Burnbank, wha doonna hesitate, like a certain lover wha only lets us hear the sound o' his horn at coming among the corn, to show his face and gie out hardily the farm and fashion o' his thoughts as befits the son o' his honest father. Tak ye the advice o' age, and the admonition o' a mither—an forgetting that, though ye may hae many a lover, ye can hae but one husband; and mind noo mair the blast o' that bugle ye hear at age, whilk seems to make yer heart jump to the mine as a wind harp answers to the storm that is to brak its strings. Turn, turn in time to the voice o' affection, using our sin natural language to gie it force, and beauty to gie it strength, and faith and truth to gie it lasting—and Jean Lindsay, whose beauty has spun forth like a leaf whilk the wind has taen frae a tree, to make it its sport and pastime, may rise a goodly plant on the bonnie grounds o' Burnbank, and live to see her offspring flourish around her, as I this day now see mine—but wi' lean fear o' their destiny.'

'I cannna like Burnbank, mither,' replied Jean, with that tone of voice which indicated the absolute nature of the reason; 'and, besides, he has nae richt to like me—for I like Hugh him; and, if he winna like her, he wad deserve to hae nane ava to like, for a better and a brawlier lass doonna live between Dichty and the Dumfriesshire.'

'Dinna say, Jean,' answered Katherine, 'that I like the man wha leaves me for my sister; but ye may say that I admire him for a' the high qualities he has shown, to taking to his manly heart. That night when he fought single-handed wi' young Stewart o' Hay and his six reivers, who burned the stacks o' our kinsman in the woods o' Kelly, and drove them afore him, as they did the cattle he took frae them and restored to their disconsolate owners, lives in my memory as if it had glistened wi' a' the stars o' heaven. Oh, when I saw him rise covered wi' the bluid o' his liver-hearted foes, to shed mair o' the worthless liquor and show his thistles on their sin skins, how I wad hae gloried, if I had been a man, in assisting him in the strife and victory o' that awfu' night! If Katherine Lindsay had had the choice o' her sin estate, she wad hae wished either to be John Haldane or John Haldane's wife. And since ane o' thegs is decided, and the other hangs in the doubtful scales o' a cruel fate, she may be allowed to speak, as she now does, the praises that are due to one so guid, so braid, so generous, and so kind, as he has often proved himself to be.'

So it was, as this conversation showed—John Haldane loved Jean, who loved some one else; and Katherine's high spirit saw in the lover of another those qualities she required in her own, and without which she never could love any one. Katherine had not declared any affection towards John Haldane; but her heart, filled with a feeling approaching to adoration of the character he held in the country, got relief from the oppression of a love not returned, as she discovered of the hold one by which his name had become famous in Angus. She had herself done much to cultivate his affections; but his eye inclined to the more beautiful and fragile sister, and she was daily mortified by evidences of this partiality, which appeared to her the more extraordinary, that she had, on one occasion, saved his life. After the desperate affray, outlined in the conversation already detailed, in which John Haldane had performed so conspicuous a part, many attempts were made by young Stewart and his gang of reivers—who had been committing great depredations in Strathmore, and to whom he had made himself obnoxious by his boldness in defeating them in one or two forays—to take away his life. One of them would have been successful, had it not been for the spirited conduct of Katherine Lindsay, who followed the depredators, heard their conversation, traced their design, and warned the intended victim a quarter of an hour before the attack. She did this at the hazard of her own life; for she was seen leaving Burnbank by the robbers, and two shots were fired after her as she retreated to Kelton; and John Haldane repeatedly declared that, if he had not got the warning, he must inevitably have perished at the men who lurked upon his destruction.

Yet how little has [illegible] so bold and praiseworthy as that of Katherine Lindsay, to do with love! A fortnight had scarcely [illegible] ture now noticed, when the two [illegible] John Haldane, returning from the hills of [illegible], were overtaken by the party who had been so intent in taking away his life. They flew on seeing themselves followed, and expected to find shelter in a neighbouring house; but before they could arrive there, the strength of the females was exhausted; and Haldane, seizing them in his arms, thought that, by his matchless strength, he would be able to bear them over the small space which they had yet to traverse before they got shelter. While thus struggling with his double burden, Jean fainted; and such was the effect produced by her state of insensibility on one who could have faced death itself in any shape, that he dropped Katherine, flew with the favourite to the house, and left the rejected in the hands of the foes. Katherine escaped; but it was only by the aid of a high vindication of the rights of women, delivered in such a strain of enthusiasm, that those very children of the mist fell under the rebuke and allowed her to depart. Katherine felt this cruel mask of a lover's partiality, and remembered the personal risk she had encountered in saving, from the revenge of the same men, the life of him who had now left her in such jeopardy; but she said nothing, and the subject was generally avoided as unpleasant to all parties.

If Katharine Lindsay was unhappy in not having her affection returned, John Haldane was not more fortunate in regard to Jean, whose love was not to be purchased by any virtues, however high or generous. That Jean had a lover of her own, all was doubted; and the situation made by her mother to the sound of a bugle, which Jean unhesitated well how to interpret, had reference to a secret amour, which had, for a considerable time, existed between her and some gay gallant, who frequented the neighbourhood in the gloaming, and avoided the place in daylight. The evidence afforded by the sounds of the bugle, and the effect produced upon Jean when she heard them and responded to them by a sudden disappearance, was corroborated by various reports in the neighbourhood to the effect that Jean Lindsay had been seen, on many occasions, and in secret places, walking with a stranger, dining with him in green shaws, leaning on his arm, and even hanging on his neck, and displaying other marks of a strong and confiding attachment. Several attempts had been made by John Haldane to discover the mysterious stranger, but without effect. Katharine, one night, when the trysting sound seemed to come from a sort of arbour which stood near the house, went out; and, though darkness prevented her from seeing any one, addressed him in the following terms:—

'Whoever ye be, whether gentle or simple—the young Laird o' Eaglesmount, or the son o' Walter Burn, the humble cottager o' the Fernbrae, with honour in your heart, or a false guile in the sounds o' your hunting-horn—gude or evil—ye hae little richt, as I wede, to come to the house o' the widow, to steal awa, like a thief in the nicht, the heart and happiness o' a fatherless bairn. But hen ye, sir, that though ye may think ye hae sma' danger in trifling wi' the affections o' that simple creature, who has gien her heart for the asking, and never received sae mickle in return as a pledge o' faith, whar she suspects nae guile; ye may be disappointed, if ye think that revenge for the pain o' a slighted wiame fire the bosom o' Katharine Lindsay, and serve her gude as sae gude a sword. And I swore even to mak your dastardly life yield, in its painful parting from your treacherous heart, the love it has betrayed, and the faith it has abused, as weel as the guile wharby it has wrought mair wee than we yet ken, though nae mair than I suspect. The Laird o' Eaglesmount—thanks to the wit o' man—is nae mair proof against the rifle o' auld John Lindsay, when touched by the soft yet daring fingers o' his daughter, than is the pair hare that fa's to the ground before the lean-hand o' John Haldane o' Burnbank.'

'What ails bonny Katharine Lindsay, o' Kelton,' responded a voice which Katharine knew to be that of Adam Hall, the forester of Eaglesmount, who happened to be passing. 'What ails Katharine Lindsay at my master, wha never did her wrang, and wha is even nae at Kelly House, four miles beyond the reach o' her sweet voice—sweet though speaking o' rifles and implements o' war—fit only for the hawks o' foresters, like Adam Hall and the ravens o' Bodley.'

Katharine made no reply to the forester. Her anger, she felt, had carried her too far in publishing her sister's suspected dishonour, (for she had every apprehension regarding her secret meetings,) to a person

merely imagined to be present; and the circumstance of being overheard addressing the stranger by Adam Hall, added to her regret; but she gave no evidence to the why forester's attempt, as she thought, to take her suspicion off his master, by making out that he was elsewhere; and she quietly returned to the house.

The stranger level discontinued his concerted sound; and it was now observed by her mother and sister, that Jean seldom went out in the gloaming, unless when she had been out in the fore part of the day, from which they imagined that there was some system of signals instituted between the lovers, which they made known to each other in the forenoon, with a view to an evening meeting. Having resolved to discover this, Katharine followed Jean the next time she went out; and, having narrowly observed her motions, she found that she went to a large ash tree, that stood not very far from the house; and, having observed a mark upon it, turned and went home by another road. Katharine ran forward to see the sign on the tree; but on looking a little to a side, she observed John Haldane running on that on hands and steady with the same object in view. As soon as John saw Katharine, he stopped, and looking much abashed, pretended to ask her whither she was hastening? Katharine excused the slight doubt which John's shame had forced him to have recourse to, and did not show him that she observed it. Overcome by this new evidence of his affection for Jean, she looked sorrowfully; and gently replied to his question, that she was endeavouring to make up with her sister, who had gone before her. He looked completely at her; and, having stated that he was on his way to Kelly, left her and departed—both of them mingling much sorrow for the fate which seemed to draw them asunder, while conscious that they were formed for each other. Katharine observed, after his departure, that the figure 9 was cut in the bark of the tree; from which she had no doubt that that was the hour of Jean's appointment with her lover. As Katharine turned round the edge of the plantation, from which the solitary ash tree stood apart, she saw John Haldane turn back, examine the mark, and depart dejectedly.

'What melancholy fate,' ejaculated the sorrowful girl, 'has formed that man as an object of my heart's idolatry, and hauds him up to my domestic fancy as an object wherewith to feed its disordered dreams, and cheat the hope o' a better and a calmer hour; and yet as I am to him he is himself to another, who flees from him even as he flees from me, making all miserable, all hopeless? Wha is sae blind as no to see to Katharine Lindsay and John Haldane twa creatures fitted for making ilk lither happy, even as John Haldane and Jean Lindsay have nae mair in common than the unhappy mates wha are doomed to eternal strife. I canna think o' thee strange doings o' Him wha cut o' the clouds has brought living light, to shew the miller the rock whereon death sits smiling at the storm, without getting bewildered wi' wild thoughts, and feeling my dizzy brain run round as if to escape free my sic questioning.'

At nine o'clock, Jean Lindsay went out. A little after she departed, Katharine followed her, but soon lost her in the woods. After wandering about for

some time, listening to every sound she could hear, and often vainly endeavouring to conceive the nature of the conflict or the motive into the crucible of love-making, she at last heard the real sound of the human voice. In an instant, the pain of some one running arrested her attention, and, looking round, she saw Englemount flying through the trees, and her sister's voice crying after him—'It is your time, Englemount, it is your time.' On proceeding a little farther, she saw, to her greater astonishment, Stewart of Ilay, the noted reiver, standing with his back to her, and speaking fiercely to his mortal foe, John Haldane. She paused—for she knew that where these two met, lives must separate, and watched their motions. A tree stood conveniently between her and them. Their words grew higher—a wild fury was taking possession of both their souls, threatening nothing but death. As Stewart stood writhing under some statement of Haldane's, she saw his right hand convulsively grasping a small dagger, which he was concealing behind his back, and, stepping gently forward, she seized the weapon, wrung it out of his hand, and, starting back, gave it to Haldane, who was entirely defenceless, and in the power of his enemy. Stewart no sooner saw his concealed and treacherous advantage transferred to his enemy, than, darting through the wood, he disappeared. John Haldane acknowledged that he had a second time received his life from Katherine Lindsay; and, as he made this acknowledgment, he turned, with the tear in his eye, to see if he could yet discover any trace of Jean—then, as it were, tacitly admitting, though with a solemn expression of deep sorrow, that he was not master of himself, but exposed to some secret impulse, whereby he was propelled to evil, prevented from seeing its baneful character, and blinded to the evidences of his own good. Ashamed to admit that he had a second time been found watching Jean, he evaded the questions of Katherine regarding the unusual scene she had discovered in the wood; and, when Katherine returned home, she made as little progress in her investigations there, for Jean had latterly become more determined to tell nothing about her lover, and she would advance nothing that could, in any degree, satisfy her sister as to the true cause of all these strange proceedings.

Next day, Adam Hall, the forester, called and wished to see Jean—but she refused him admittance; from which Katherine inferred, that the two lovers had quarrelled on the preceding night. John Haldane called also in the course of the day, and stated that Stewart, enraged at the disappointment he had met with, had vowed revenge, and had taken it to a certain extent, by getting some of his reivers to enter his home, and carry off a great part of his effects, including his favourite rifle. Katherine offered to lend him her father's, an offer which he at once accepted; but the object of his visit—an interview with Jean—was denied him; for she made the same excuse for not seeing him, that she had made to Adam Hall.

Some days after the proceedings now detailed, Katherine was induced, from the conduct of Jean, to keep a strict eye upon the signal tree; and, one day when examining it, she was surprised to see Adam Hall, the forester, run away as if caught in the act of doing something which he wished to keep secret.—Katherine was satisfied he had been cutting out the usual mark; and, looking at the tree, she was surprised to find the hour changed, from the usual one of eight or nine, to three. She could not understand what this meant; for three of the afternoon had passed, and those of the following morning appeared so extraordinary an hour for an appointment, that she could scarcely credit the plain indication of the notice. She resolved to say nothing of the circumstance to her mother, but to remain out of bed and watch the motions of her sister.

Accordingly, when night came, Katherine retired to her room, stating that she was somewhat indisposed and did not wish to be disturbed. Her sister slept in a small closet adjoining, while their mother slept in a room in the other end of the house. Katherine, having taken the precaution of not taking off her clothes, was ready to act upon the slightest movement of her sister. She found, before pretending to go to bed, that her sister's clothes were not lying in their usual place, and, not seeing them anywhere in the room, she concluded Jean had gone to bed without undressing.—This was sufficient to justify her apprehensions, and her first resolution was to secure the key of the door and prevent her from going out; but she was strongly influenced by a wish to discover the source and meaning of all this mystery, for she sometimes thought, from what had latterly happened, that John Haldane himself was the person whom Jean had been privately meeting, and that he and she had, in consequence of knowing Katherine's love for him, entered into these schemes for the purpose of blinding her, and gratifying their affection clandestinely. She remembered, in corroboration of this suspicion, his appearance at the signal tree, and his attendance that evening when she saved him from the fatal hands of Stewart. Again she thought, as she had originally done, that Englemount was the lover—a suspicion strengthened by many circumstances, and particularly by the manner of Adam Hall that afternoon, when he appeared to have been skulking away after having made the signal. Her suspicions did not rest on Stewart, because she could not conceive that Jean, simple as she was, would have any intercourse with a reiver and an outlaw; and his appearance on the night in question was accounted for by his hatred towards John Haldane, whom he had followed for the purpose of revenge. In this state of doubt Katherine was determined to see the end of this mystery, and resolved upon following Jean whenever she went.

A little before three [illegible] Jean rose quietly from her bed, packed up a [illegible] of clothes, and, going down stairs, gently opened the door and went out. Katherine followed her closely and silently. She went direct to the Kelton wood, at the skirt of which the signal tree stood; from that to the signal tree, which she examined; and, turning round, she increased her speed to a rapid flight, and fairly outran Katherine, who stood, unknowing what path to pursue. She went first one way and then another, and became alarmed, that, by her negligence, she had forever lost her sister; a calamity which would end the days of her aged and beloved mother. Inspired by feelings of the strongest

whereupon, she chose a path, and, increasing her speed, flew with the greatest rapidity through the wood, till she was stopped by the sound of a shot. Directing her steps in the direction from which the sounds came, she soon witnessed a scene of a most appalling character. On the ground lay the bleeding and apparently lifeless body of Louis Affleck of Englemount, and beside him a rifle, which Katherine having taken up, recognized as that of John Haldane, his name being engraved on the end of it. She examined the body to see if there remained any symptoms of life, but the spirit had fled, and the eyes of the unfortunate gentleman bore that seal which no mortal can break. On turning round, she saw John Haldane in the grasp of two blacks, who, having heard the shot, and the yell of the dying man, and seen John with a gun in his hand, seized him and brought him to the spot where the murdered man lay. It was in vain that John pointed to another gun, in the hands of Katherine, as an evidence that the shot had been fired by some other person, who had taken flight; for that gun being examined, and found to be his, and the one in his possession being that of John Lindsay, rather tended to confirm the suspicions of the men that Englemount had been murdered either by John Haldane or by Katherine Lindsay, who were both at that place at an hour of the morning when they ought to have been asleep in their bed.

The two men removed John Haldane to a neighbouring house, allowing Katherine to go home, as they could not bring themselves to think that a young woman so well spoken of as she was, could be guilty of the crime of murder. The news of this mysterious death spread like wild-fire throughout many counties, and an investigation was immediately set about to discover the murderer. John Haldane was removed to Forfar jail, where he was examined by the procurator-fiscal.

In the meantime nothing was heard of Jean Lindsay, notwithstanding that every inquiry was made after her. It was surmised that she had run off with Stewart—but as this originated in the deposition of John Haldane, a suspected person, no great stress was laid upon it. The coincidence, however, of Stewart's disappearance about the same time, gave credibility to the report; but no direct connexion could be traced, independently of the evidence of John Haldane, between the elopement or abduction of Jean, and the death of Englemount. A search was, however, made for Stewart, by the orders of the fiscal, but no trace could be got of him.

The grief of Widow Lindsay, for the loss of her beautiful favourite, was great, that Katherine despaired of her being [illegible] it. The suffering of Katherine herself; her sister ruined and lost—the ruin of her affections in jail for murder—her mother reduced to the very verge of death by her many griefs—were sufficient to have bowed an ordinary person to the earth; but Katherine Lindsay was no ordinary person; and she stood up in the midst of her misfortunes like a rock in the midst of stormy sea—not that she was destitute of feeling, but that her solitary situation suggested the necessity, and her native strength of character afforded the means, of exerting herself in the cause of justice, self-preservation, and humanity.—

While she continued to watch by the bed of her mother, she was daily and hourly, by means of friends, investigating, in every direction suggested by her quick apprehension, every source of evidence which could lead to throw light on the extraordinary affair that had produced so much grief to her family.

The evidence produced by the procurator-fiscal was reported to be adverse to John Haldane. The circumstance of the gun having been found lying by the body of the murdered man, was founded upon strongly; while the fact of the prisoner having been found with another gun in his hand, operated nothing in his favour, but rather against him, owing that while he had thereby two chances against the life of his victim, he could make use of the device of carrying one to form an impression that some person believed to have carried and fired the other. A person of the name of William Bell had given evidence to the effect that he had heard John Haldane threaten Englemount with chastisement if he ever presumed to follow any longer Jean Lindsay, and his affection for that girl was capable of any proof. Adam Hall's testimony was also of great importance; for he could say that his master said him, on twelve three occasions, to watch the motions of Jean Lindsay, and, in particular, to bring him daily intelligence of certain marks, which were formed in the sub-soil, on the side of Kelton wood; and it was in consequence of a signal exhibited by a mark on that tree, that Englemount was out so early that morning when he met his death. Adam could also the circumstance of the threat of Katherine Lindsay, when, in her address to the supposed lover of her sister, she mentioned her father's rifle as being a probable and suitable engine of a sister's revenge against the supposed seducer—a revenge which was naturally executed by the lover of her who was seduced, and the friend of the family who mourned her misfortune.

On the other hand, Katherine directed a writer in Forfar to various sources of evidence in favour of the prisoner. The carrying off of his gun by Stewart could be made out by two witnesses—a circumstance of the greatest importance—as well as the loading of John Lindsay's rifle to the prisoner when he had lost his own. Every attempt was made to prove that Stewart was a lover of Jean's; but the greatest difficulty was experienced on this point. Several people had seen Jean walking with a man in the gloaming about the neighbouring plantings at Kelton, but no one could speak to that man being Stewart. Katherine saw the importance of this fact, and was greatly disappointed at the want of success in getting it established.

Struggling with these difficulties, she continued the most unremitting attentions to her mother; but the loss of her favourite daughter had given the last shaking to the membranes made in the glass of her mortality. The last energies of life were exerted in the mutterings of "Jean, Jean, my bonny bairn!" and sometimes she whispered low and sorrowful regrets, that that beauty which had endeared her to her mother should have been the cause of her ruin and her mother's death. Any attempts made by Katherine to console her, were uniformly answered by "Bring me my bairn—my bonny bairn. Without my Jean, what is the world and its wealth to me. The loss of that [illegible]

face, though it was covered by the blush o' her expiring shame, would yet repay me for a' I has suffered, wi' am doomed to suffer, before my spirit bids adieu to that earth where she yet dwells.' And the sight of a broken heart—and who has heard these and can forget them?—came from the heaving breast of the dying and disconsolate mother. In a short time, Widow Lindsay breathed her last—the victim of an affection the greatest, softest, and most tender of all the sympathies of the human heart—her parting words being still, 'My bairn, my poor lost bairn.'

Katherine performed, with the assistance of a neighbour, the melancholy task of laying out her deceased parent. When she brought down over the fixed glassy orbs, the eyelids which were for ever to close up those mysterious organs, where the soul loves to display its exalted and most evanescent attributes, and which she had so often watched, to catch the ever-changing and ever-expressive lights of a mother's feelings, she cried, and the extraordinary circumstances of her situation were forgotten in the overwhelming grief of the orphan. The neighbour who had assisted her in her sorrowful duty, went out, and Katherine was left alone sitting by the bedside of her deceased parent.

'And this is the end o' all the high hopes o' Katherine Lindsay,' she exclaimed, through her tears. 'My father, our natural protector, taken frae us' even at the time when he was most required; my bonny sister disgraced and ruined; and John Haldane—he whom my heart has followed, in secret hopes and pure wishes, frae the days o' our childhood, when his path was my path, and his flower on the hills was my choice among a thousand, to the days o' our mature growth, when, alas! the flower on the hill was changed to the cruelest thrall, and my firmest leaf has withered, and his home flourished, and a third, my Jeanie's, has become yellow and disappeared—he too hath gone; and, hark, my poor mither, whose eye I has but this moment covered wi' their last shade, ye has also left me. But see it would ill become one who has none to console her, none to counsel her, and none to aid and protect her, to resign herself to grief, which are gathering around her like evening shadows in Corryarbet, and break her heart wi' the reflection o' her sin selfish sorrow, when there are many in this vale o' tears who are crying for a helping hand to free them frae that fate she would bring upon her sin head: Katherine Lindsay has bitter things to do than tak awa her sin life, when reports by that she can save the life o' another who is of mair importance to the world than she can ever pretend to be.'

After Widow Lindsay's funeral, Katherine was sitting one day in her apartment, meditating on courses of exculpatory evidence in favour of John Haldane,—A rap was heard at the door; and, upon opening it, a gentleman made his appearance, who said he was the factor of the deceased Englemount, and now her landlord.

'I have heard of thy condition,' began Roderick Affleck—for that was his name—'thy nobleness of spirit, and thy beauty, and have been at hand as to call to see my fair tenant, and read in her own features those qualities which the world has given them credit for. I now find I have that villain Haldane entirely within my power; for, last night, I found, amongst my brother's papers, a letter signed by him, and addressed to my brother, threatening to do him bodily injury, if he did not desist from paying court to thy fair sister, Jean; that letter I intend, unless thou shalt prove kind to me, to put into the hands of the procurator-fiscal; then the fate of Haldane will be finally settled, and justice done to my family. I have heard that it is thy wish that Haldane should be saved; that object is now within thy power. If I choose to withhold that letter, all the judges and juries of Scotland cannot touch a hair of his head; as little can it be in the power of those officials to screen him from the punishment of the law, if that letter is produced.'

'I know how, sir,' answered Katherine, 'in what way I has John Haldane in my power; or how an orphan maiden—whose only estate, if she has any eye, lies in the pair thoughts o' her fancy, which, by sorrow, has been sair misused; and the work o' her fingers, whereby grief has tak their former power—can has any influence over your resolves, in respect to the use ye may intend to mak o' that letter.'

'Thy estate lies elsewhere than thou wottest of, my fair Katherine,' answered Roderick; 'ay, even in those eyes, whose light seems ill resolved whether to blight or to right; and, if thou knowest the fair castle of Englemount, and couldst say that thou wouldst stay there and console Roderick Affleck for the loss thy sister has caused him, by the death of a brother, then thou mightest know that power thou hast endeavoured so vainly to divine.'

'And were that power,' answered Katherine, while the fire flashed from her eye, 'sae great as to enable Katherine Lindsay to decide the fate o' kingdoms wi' as mickle ease as she now does that o' your uncle's' project, she would reject it, wi' a' the scorn that a proud spirit can cast frae it the pollution o' dishonour.'

'Then John Haldane dies,' said Roderick, with emphasis.

'His death, and Katherine Lindsay's dishonour,' she answered, 'would be sae mair a choice to John Haldane, than a feather and ten thousand gold guineas in the eye o' a mouse.'

Roderick Affleck bowed and withdrew.

Roderick Affleck was as good as his word. He dispatched the letter to the procurator-fiscal, and all parties concerned in it to be adjudged guilty in the progress of the prosecution for the crown. The exculpatory evidence proceeded more slowly, and had even some time a retrograde movement. One of the witnesses, who could have spoken to the important circumstances of Stewart having stolen the pistols, and—a person of the name of John Hay—died, and the exculpatory evidence he left behind him was rendered useless, by having been taken by a writer acting for the prisoner. Two or three of Stewart's cronies—men who had been engaged in general conflicts with John Haldane—bandied themselves with an active and feudalite animosity against him, leaving some ground for the suspicion that they were in the pay, and acting under the instructions of Stewart. They substituted their evidence to the procurator-fiscal, declaring that they would swear that, by the morning in question, Stewart was on the banks of the Jiny angling salmon—an occupation in which

they were then also engaged along with him. They were also ready to swear that Stewart and Eaglesmount were good friends, and that the former was in France, unaccompanied by any person—having gone there in a smuggling vessel, with a view to some contraband speculation in which he was then engaged, and would not return for a year.

All those circumstances were communicated to Katherine, and preyed heavily upon her mind. Her efforts to procure evidence sufficient to save Haldane seemed to be thwarted by some unfriendly spirit. The witness who had died was a young man, a servant of Haldane's; and her own evidence, it was conceived, would be rejected, on the ground of having exercised herself in procuring evidence for the prisoner. The trial was now fixed to take place in a fortnight, and great fears were entertained that John Haldane would expiate a crime, which no person who knew him could for a moment suppose him capable of committing.

At an early hour one morning, the procurator-fiscal was visited by Katherine Lindsay.

'What wouldst thou with me, Katherine Lindsay?' asked the old gentleman, as she entered. 'Art thou come to give me some more evidence regarding the murder of Eaglesmount?'

'I have come here, sir,' answered Katherine, 'to say, what I has often said to you and ithers, that John Haldane is nae mair guilty o' the death o' that unfortunate man, than is the maiden wha now stands afore ye.'

'Indeed, my pretty maiden, there is some evidence that tells as much against thee as against him.'

'As sae it should, sir!' replied she. 'Adam Hall has said that he heard me threaten to use my father's rifle against the life o' Eaglesmount, if he persisted in endeavouring to ruin my sister. I was found on the spot, while yet the body o' Eaglesmount quivered wi' his departing life. I had John Haldane's rifle in my hands, when the men who had seized him discovered me standing by the body of the murdered man. John Haldane carried my father's rifle, and the two men has sworn, or will swear, that they heard two shots—and one o' thee must has come frae each gun. I has heard it stated that Dr. Greeves o' Artreath discovered only ae bullet in the body o' Eaglesmount, and wher could that has come frae but the gun I had in my hand, or that which John Haldane had in his? If John Haldane should has been in his bed, and may has been presumed to be about unlawfu' work at that early hour, wher should Katherine Lindsay has been? If John Haldane hated the enhancer o' Jean Lindsay, how mickle affection was due to him by her sister? And if his threat to take vengeance on him was communed to writing, wer mister less safe in the ear o' Eaglesmount's forester, who stood commissioned wi' his master's warrant, and executed his commands? Now, sir, I call upon ye to say why John Haldane lies in that place o' confinement over the prey, charged wi' the murder o' Eaglesmount, and about to be tried for life or death, and, mayhe, to dite the vengeance o' the law, by being hanged in the High Street o' Edinburgh—or, what is worse, in the filthy holes o' Kelton—and Katherine Lindsay stay this day free and at liberty, leaving the conservators o' peace to apprehend her for the murder o' Eaglesmount?'

'That last question, my pretty dame,' said the friend, 'shall be quickly answered; for thou hast given me some lights which, thirty years ago, I would have seen better than to-day. Stay there till I return.' And the procurator-fiscal ushered Katherine into the room.

In the course of half an hour, two officers, holding a warrant in their hands, signed by the sheriff-substitute of Argyll, came in, and apprehended Katherine Lindsay, as charged with suspicion of being the murderer of Eaglesmount. She was that evening lodged in the same jail which contained the man for whom she was willing to die.

By this strange procedure, on the part of an illiterate female, an effect was produced which, in all likelihood, she did not see, but which, when brought under her notice, her quick apprehension could not fail to be ready to take advantage of, if for the safety of her lover. John Haldane had, immediately after his apprehension, taken the benefit of the act of Parliament 1701, c. 6, whereby prisoners unable to find bail are allowed to force on their trials. He had given notice to Sheriff-Affleck, that he wished his trial to be brought on without unnecessary delay. The forty days, during which the prisoner ought to be tried, were now upon the eve of expiring; and though the Lord Advocate might have wished that the trial of Katherine Lindsay might take place at the same time as John Haldane's, that was now out of his power.

The trial of John Haldane, for the murder of Hector Affleck of Eaglesmount, came on before the Lords of Justiciary on the 10th day of November. After the ordinary forms had been gone through, the counsel for the Crown went over the various facts that have been already detailed, as tending to prove the guilt of the prisoner. He stated his love for Jean Lindsay—his jealousy of Eaglesmount—his threats to do him injury—his being found at the scene of the murder immediately after it was committed, with a gun in his hand, and other circumstances to make out his case. The witnesses called were those who had been precognosced. The two men who seized Haldane admitted, on a cross-interrogation, the fact of seeing Katherine Lindsay by the side of the body, with John Haldane's rifle in her hand. And Adam Hall also admitted, on a cross-interrogation, that he heard Katherine Lindsay threaten to use her father's rifle against the life of Eaglesmount, if he persisted in attempting to seduce her sister; and a great many other circumstances were elicited from those witnesses in favour of the prisoner.

John Haldane having proceed letters of exculpation, cited, among others, Katherine Lindsay, as a witness for him. She appeared, and addressed the court and jury as follows:—

'It doesna become a maiden o' my estate to hangue the wisdom o' the law, or the grave and reverend dignitaries thereof, who noo sit before me on the trial o' an innocent man for a great crime; but does it no occur to ye as strange, as unaccountable, as exceptional, that though a' the circumstances attending this awful transaction were weel hatched frae the beginning, an weel then affecting John Haldane, as they thereby I mysel was concerned, and though it has this day been proven, as I hear, that I threatened the life o' Eaglesmount, and that I stood by his bleeding body when the

dead was discovered, wi' the instrument o' death in thy hands, me oldmay o' the law ever said to Katherine Lindsay, come wi' me, in the king's name, and stand your answer for this bloody crime? No, it was no till I myst convinced my body to the king's keeping, that my breath o' suspicion darkened my reputation; and wherfor is this, my Lords? I dinna say that ayed ye, in your great wisdom, can answer that question, and I dinna blame ye for no saying what ye dinna kna; but, maybe, Roderick Affleck, who sits here in the court this day, may tell ye how he and Ebenezer Whyte, the procurator-fiscal o' Forfar, ane contrived things that John Haldane's threatening letter to Englemount should be the light till it was past a' doubt that Katherine Lindsay wouldna consent to be dishonoured by his worthy brither; and even then, if Roderick Affleck could has saved me free the gallows by hanging John Haldane, he had some chance, though mon! I mean, o' some day succeeding in his shameful purpose, and making Katherine Lindsay the victim o' his desire, and the scorn o' a' honest people. Now, my Lords, whether was I or John Haldane the mair culpable, to a' appearance, o' this crime? Two shots were, his proved, fired when the murder was committed; but only no bullet was found in the body o' Englemount—and wher man that free? Is there ony man in this court that can say that the rifle in the hand o' John Haldane produced that bullet, and the rifle in my hands produced nothing but a sound to disturb the shade o' that still morning, and affrighten the echoes in the haughs o' Kelton? Or is there ony here ane hardit enough to say that Katherine Lindsay couldna hit her mark as weel as John Haldane? Verily, my Lords, though ye may think it strange, Katherine Lindsay—thanks to the honest though eccentric father, and a spirit in her own breast above the fears o' her sex—can stop the dancing to the quickest whirl o' its gayest gambol, and yet be cool in the dance o' death. I, my Lords, Katherine Lindsay o' Kelton, am alone guilty o' the crime laid to the charge o' John Haldane.'

This admission, which came upon the court by the greatest surprise, produced a strong sensation in the minds of the audience, as well as those of the jury. The court, even without the statement of Katherine, was extremely doubtful; but this confession turned every doubt in favour of the prisoner, in whose favour a verdict of 'not guilty' was very speedily returned. John Haldane was relieved from his confinement, but not from sorrow, for the thought that Katherine Lindsay, who had three times saved his life, stood now in danger of her own, for the sake of one who had so long and so ungratefully denied her his affection, stung him almost to madness. He despised the boon of his life upon a condition so cruel and revolting to his generous nature; and a thousand times wished himself again in the hands of justice, that he might deny the statement of the noble-hearted girl, and suffer for a crime of which he was entirely innocent. He endeavoured to account to his friends, when he heard the confession of Katherine, for his conduct; but he could not. The surprise and astonishment paralysed by it, took from him the powers of utterance; and it even but until the verdict was returned, that he recall the terrible consequence of her independent but generous act.

Katherine Lindsay was conveyed back to prison, to wait her trial in turn. The day came, and the procedure followed on the occasion of the trial of John Haldane was again gone through. Katherine was told she might answer the question of 'guilty' or 'not guilty,' without reference to her former admission; and her answer was conformable to the advice of her counsel, that she was not guilty of the crime libelled. The same witnesses were examined as on the former occasion. The court was strongly impressed with the idea that the crime lay between the two parties, and that justice was about to be sacrificed to the success of a woman's scheme to save her lover, and afterwards trust to the feeling of the court in favour of a young and beautiful female. The judges were getting ashamed of the whole business, and feelings of displeasure were strongly marked on their countenances. Appearances were against the unhappy Katherine, and the conversations of John Haldane, who, in his turn declared himself guilty of the crime, rather tended to make matters worse, in so far as it showed an evidence of trick, and afforded a foundation for the suspicions of the court. The charge of the presiding judge was, therefore, unfavourable, and a deep silence reigned in the court as he was closing his speech. He had no sooner finished, than Jean Lindsay entered the witness box, and demanded a hearing for the life of her sister. She deponed that, on that fatal morning she went out, as she had been often in the practice of doing, to meet Stewart of Ilay, to whom she was clandestinely married, that they were on this occasion, as they had been before, intercepted in their interview by the Laird of Englemount, who had often endeavoured to get her to meet him, but in vain; that a quarrel ensued between Stewart and Englemount, when the former shot the latter with a rifle he had taken from the house of John Haldane; that she and her outlawed husband, in pursuance of their intention when they met, went off together to a small house on the Island of Mull, where they had resided ever since; and that having been ill-treated by Stewart, who had gone to France, she hastened to be present at the trial of her sister, and save her life, by the statement she now made. She explained further, that John Haldane often endeavoured to follow her when she went to meet Stewart; but his suspicions were always pointed to Englemount, whom he often saw in the act of following her; and she took no pains to remove them, as she was ashamed of her affection for Stewart, though she had no power to resist it. She explained also, that Stewart's marks upon the tree were noticed by Englemount, and his servant, Adam Hall; and John Haldane also knew them, from having once shewed her to the attitude of examining them.

This evidence turned the scales; and Katherine Lindsay was acquitted. She afterwards married John Haldane, and bore to him a family. They lived to hear of Stewart's death beyond seas, and to see Jean's repentance exemplified in the practice of a religious direction, wherein might have been observed those fruits so often produced from a good heart by the influence of an early grief, which, forcing the mind to serious contemplation, declares the tender mercies of God whose instruments of repentance are often apparent misfortunes.

RETRIBUTION.

Fanny Rutherford was decidedly the prettiest girl in the parish of Gorwhion, and one of the most gentle and amiable creatures that ever breathed. Warm in her attachments, confiding in her love, and mild and kind in her disposition, she was altogether one of the most fascinating beings that the imagination can well conceive. Fanny was the daughter of a country gentleman, of small estate, but of great respectability, and was, at the period of our story, in her nineteenth year. Her father, though by no means wealthy, had spared no expense in her education; and her quick natural parts enabled her to derive all the benefit which that education was intended to confer; so that she was not only one of the loveliest, but, perhaps, also one of the most accomplished women in that part of the country where she resided. Fanny had two brothers, both intelligent, clever young men, bred to agricultural pursuits, in which they were largely and extensively engaged.

Mr. Rutherford was a widower; and his household duties therefore devolved upon Fanny, who discharged them with exemplary propriety.

Hitherto, though of an ardent, susceptible, and even romantic disposition, Fanny's peace had never been disturbed by love. The quiet tenor of her days had passed away in the enjoyment of domestic happiness, and in the interchange of endearments with her father and brothers, to whom she was devotedly attached, and by whom she was most tenderly and tenderly loved in return. Neither a thought nor a wish beyond the sphere of this little round of felicity ever entered the pure and unsophisticated mind of the happy and innocent girl. But this was a happiness that was not to last. Love, that bane or blessing of women's existence, as its object is unworthy or otherwise, at length found its way into the guileless bosom of Fanny Rutherford; and, oh! what a consummation awaited that unfortunate attachment!

At the distance of about a mile from Mr. Rutherford's, there lived a young man of the name of Raeburn, the son of a gentleman in similar circumstances with the former—that is, a small landed proprietor. This young man, who had received a very liberal education, was possessed of an agreeable person and of exceedingly pleasing manners; but there were occasional developments of character that but very indifferently harmonized with these qualities; and there were, besides, more than one little incident in his life that betrayed a degree of selfishness, not to say heartlessness, that would by no means have been expected in one of so fresh and cheerful a disposition. Still these symptoms were, after all, of so trifling a character, that they could scarcely be said to have affected the reputation which Raeburn aimed at, and succeeded with a great many in acquiring—namely, that of a dashing, careless, good-hearted, and liberal-minded young fellow.

At this period, Henry Raeburn was residing at home, waiting for an appointment in the civil service of the East India Company, which had been promised him by a friend of his father's; and much of the spare time which his present circumstances placed at his disposal, he spent at Mr. Rutherford's, where his agreeable manners and general intelligence made him at all times a welcome visitor. But to some of the members of the family were these visits more agreeable than to Fanny, over whose affections his insinuating address and handsome exterior had made a complete conquest. Her was Raeburn himself apparently less the victim of this passion than she was. He took every opportunity of pouring into her ear the most ardent expressions of attachment. A thousand times he swore that he was hers for ever—that the sun would change his course, the stars forget to shine, ere he became inconstant to his Fanny. To all these professions of love the unsuspecting and confiding girl lent a willing ear, and listened and listened to the fascinating tale again and again, till her whole soul became absorbed by one single idea—until she found, in short, that she lived for Henry Raeburn alone.

Whether Raeburn was sincere in his professions of attachment to Fanny Rutherford, at this stage of their acquaintance, we cannot say, and have no means of ascertaining. That was a circumstance known to his Creator and himself alone.

The young people, however, made no attempt to conceal their attachment—at least, Fanny made none to conceal hers. Indeed the guileless simplicity, and open and candid nature of the amiable girl, rendered her incapable of concealing it. Neither, though she could, would she have done it; her sense of propriety and delicacy of feeling would not have permitted her.

Fanny's father and brothers, therefore, were perfectly aware of the attachment alluded to; and although, of course, the marriage of the parties was a thing not to be thought of in their present circumstances, yet, as Henry was likely soon to obtain a lucrative situation in India, it was a very probable and very desirable contingency; and with this prospective consideration, Fanny's father did not disapprove of her choice, as young Raeburn was otherwise, by birth and education, a perfectly eligible match for his daughter. All that was wanting was fortune; and this was a deficiency which there was a reasonable probability of Henry soon supplying.

When we said, however, that the visits of Fanny's lover were acceptable to all the members of Mr. Rutherford's family, we said fully more than the facts warranted. There was one, at any rate, of that family to whom these visits were not only not acceptable but positively disagreeable. This person was Fanny's eldest brother, Edward. Possessed of more penetration than his father or younger brother, he had perceived something in the character of Raeburn which he did not like, and which struck him as being strangely at variance with his general pretensions and professions. He had, in short, discovered several instances of selfishness and want of principle in the young man, which, though they were but of a trifling nature, had early imbued him with a secret prejudice against him; and this he did not hesitate to avow to his own family, and particularly to Fanny—but in the latter case, his avowal was always accompanied by the most tender expressions of affection for herself, as if to convince her that it was on her account alone that he found

One day, on her returning from Mr. Rusborn's, where she had been to an entertainment, and where Henry, who had accompanied her home, had just left the house—

'My dear Fanny,' said her brother, addressing her in the blunt way peculiar to him, and taking her affectionately by the hand—'I don't like that fellow Rusborn. I would not willingly or confidently say anything harsh of any one whom you esteem; but you are guileless, Fanny, and ignorant of the ways of the world, still more so of the fathomless of man, and therefore liable to have your judgment misled by your heart. Be cautious—be guarded, then, Fanny. Do, for your own sake, my dear sister, be cautious how you admit this man to tamper with your affections.'

'Edward! Edward!' replied Fanny, bewildered into tears, 'what is the meaning of this extreme objurgation? I have never done, and never will do anything without my father's consent and yours, Edward. But, surely, surely you judge unfairly of Henry, Edward. He is far too honourable and upright to deceive any one, much less'——

'You, you would say,' interrupted her brother.

Fanny blushed slightly, and went on: 'If you had heard him, as I have often done, express his sentiments on the duties we owe to each other, and speak of the rules which ought to regulate our conduct, you would entertain a very different opinion of him—I am sure you would, Edward.'

'Simple girl, simple girl!' said her brother. 'He speak of the duties we owe to each other! He speak of the rules which ought to regulate our conduct!' he added, with a bitter sneer. 'Well, perhaps it is all right, Fanny,' he went on; 'I may have judged harshly of Rusborn, and may be doing him an injustice; but, if I am, I never was more mistaken in a man in my life. But, Fanny,' he added, with a sudden energy of manner, 'here I swear—and I wish Rusborn heard the oath—that, if he deceive or injure you, I will pursue him to the ends of the earth—ay, through the snows of Greenland, or the burning deserts of the tropics—and such a reparation that will cost the lives of one or both of us.'

'Mercy! mercy!' exclaimed the weeping girl—terrified at the fierce looks and manner of her brother, yet, at the same time, throwing herself into his arms—'what dreadful language is this, Edward? What grounds, on earth, have you for anticipating so dreadful a catastrophe? I am sure you have more nothing to warrant your expressing yourself in this frightful manner.'

'I have not said that I anticipated anything, Fanny, regarding this attachment of yours,' replied her brother. 'I spoke only hypothetically. But, from this hour, I say no more on the subject. I trust, however, that what I have said, will not be without its effect upon you, Fanny. You will perceive, my dear sister,' he added, embracing her tenderly, 'that it is my affection, and, I will add, my fears for you, that have prompted all I have said.'

'I know it, Edward—I know it,' replied Fanny; 'and I ought to be grateful to you.' But you will soon learn to like Henry better than you now do.'

'Women, women—still women to the last,' said her brother, smiling. 'But do, Fanny, ponder what I have said, to make some impression on you.' And Edward left the apartment.

Women, women still, as her brother had said—the warm-hearted girl's affections for Rusborn suffered no diminution whatever from what had just passed between her and her brother. In truth, so much interference almost always do, it had the effect rather of increasing her love, by placing the object of her affections, in her sight, as any man, in the light of one who is injured by being hastily judged of.

'My Henry deceive me!' she thought within herself on this occasion—'impossible, impossible! That kind and gentle look!—can that deceive? That benignant smile!—can there be treachery there? That frank and open manner!—is that assumed? No, no, Edward—you wrong Henry! you do, indeed, Edward. You wrong him grievously.'

Such were the reflections in which Fanny Rutherford indulged when her brother had left her, and such was the effect which his fears and suspicions had upon her unsuspecting and confiding heart.

We have already informed the reader that Rusborn was at this time waiting for an appointment in the civil service of the East India Company. This appointment he at length obtained, and was, at the same time, ordered to proceed immediately to London, to embark for his new destination; and with this order he complied, after taking an affectionate leave of Fanny, to whom he once more, and for the last time, vowed eternal constancy and love. It is almost unnecessary to add, that a mutual promise to maintain a frequent and regular correspondence during the period of their separation was also given by the lovers. But, besides all this, a distinct arrangement, to which Fanny's father and brothers were privy, was likewise made, that, as soon as Henry should be fairly settled in India, and should have ascertained that his income was sufficient to warrant such a step, Fanny, being previously informed of this, was to join him, when their destinies should be united.

These matters arranged, Henry proceeded to London, where he soon after embarked for Calcutta, which he eventually reached, in safety, at the end of the usual period occupied in that voyage.

Faithful to his promise, Henry, soon after his arrival, wrote to Fanny, and gave a very flattering account of his situation and prospects, expressing, at the same time, a hope that he would soon be in a condition to invite her to come out and partake his good fortune.

This letter was followed, in due time, by another, in which the same sentiments of love and affection were expressed; but it contained a less flattering account of his circumstances. These, the writer said, had scarcely answered the expectations he had formed from them on his first arrival; and he feared, if they did not improve, that, however painful their separation was to him, he would be compelled to submit to its continuance for some time, as he could not think of bringing her there, so far from her home and her friends, until he should be able to receive her in a manner that would more unequivocally bespeak the sincerity of his love than his present means would admit of.

These two letters, as we have said, came in due time; and, notwithstanding the discouraging tenor of the last, were received by poor Fanny with the most unfeigned delight. But when the time came round that another letter should have reached her from her lover, it was in vain that the affectionate girl looked for that solace to her wearied spirit. Week after week passed away, month succeeded month, and, finally, year followed year, and still no letter came to relieve the protracted and withering hopes of poor Fanny Rutherford. For some time, she was impressed with a conviction that her lover was dead; for she could not, and would not, believe that her Henry was faithless. But in this belief—perhaps the least afflicting of the two—she was not permitted long to remain; for it was ascertained, through Henry's father, not only that he was still living, but that he was getting on prosperously, and in a fair way for soon realising a fortune.

Unwilling, unwilling indeed, was poor Fanny to believe this account of Henry—but it was certain; and this certainty of the neglectfulness, or, yet worse, faithlessness of her lover, threatened to hurry her to a premature grave.

Nearly three years had now passed away since the receipt of her last letter from Henry; and she had long given up all hopes of ever hearing from him again, or of ever being more to him than she then was. While sitting alone, however, one morning about this period, her head leaning upon her hand, and listlessly gazing through a window that overlooked the approach to her father's house, her curiosity was slightly excited by observing the person who usually brought the letters from the neighbouring village, hurrying with unwonted speed towards the house, and, as she approached nearer, waving a letter which she held in her hand towards Fanny. In an instant, the blood which had long forsaken the poor girl's cheeks, rushed back to its forgotten repositories. Her heart beat fast and thick, and a violent tremor seized on her whole emaciated frame. The letter was, and she now knew it, from Henry Raeburn.

Having got possession of the intensely interesting document, she rushed with it up stairs to her own apartment, bolted the door, and flung herself down on a bed; laying, at the same time, the letter, which, from excessive agitation, she was unable at the moment to open, on a small table beside her. Having, however, in a few minutes, regained as much composure as she conceived would enable her to venture on the exciting task of perusing the letter, she arose, seized it convulsively, and staggered with it unfolded in her grasp towards the window, where she began to read. The letter commenced thus—

'My Dearest, Dearest Fanny.—What is the meaning of this? Cruel, cruel girl, it is now precisely two years and a half since I received your last letter, although I have written to you at least six or seven times during that period. What a relief, Fanny, it would be to my mind to know that those letters of mine had miscarried—that they had never reached you!—for, in that case, I might still hope, still believe that my Fanny was faithful. Indeed, it is in this hope that I live; for, as I have been for the last two years going from place to place, at a great distance in the interior, I think it not improbable that my letters—all of which were dispatched from those remote residences—have never found their way to you.' The writer then went on, praying Fanny not to lose a moment in relieving his mind on this, to him, he said, most painful subject. After a good deal more to similar purport, he continued—'Will my Fanny not take it amiss—she will not, I know, if she still be to me as she once was, and what I still am to her—if I request her to send me her portrait!—that, since fortune still denies me the happiness of contemplating the original, I may, so earnestly I will, find some consolation in preserving the copy. I will then,' continued the writer, 'have you present to my mental eye, as you are, and have constantly been, to my mental vision. Enclosed, my dearest Fanny, you have a draft for twenty guineas, which please apply to the purpose just expressed, and let there not be a moment lost in forwarding me your beloved picture.'

The writer then went on to say, that he expected to be in a condition to invite her out in the course of a twelvemonth or so; and ultimately finished by a repetition of the most tender expressions of affection and love.

When Fanny had completed the perusal of this, to her, most gratifying letter—that is, after she had read it at least six times over—she rushed wildly down stairs in quest of her brother Edward; and, having found him—'See, see, Edward!' exclaimed the delighted girl, thrusting the letter into his hands; 'read that, Edward, and acknowledge, my brother, the injustice which you and all of us have done to Henry. I knew, I knew,' she went on, 'my Henry would not deceive me. I felt assured that his silence and seeming neglect would, one day, be satisfactorily accounted for, and without impugning his honour.'

To these expressions of joy, and delight, and confidence, Fanny's brother made no reply, but sat down coolly to read the letter that had been put into his hands; and greatly disappointed was the poor girl, who was watching his countenance with the most intense interest while he read, to find that the contents seemed to excite in him no emotion whatever. When he finished, 'Well, Fanny,' he said, drily, at the same time carelessly returning her the letter—'it's all very well. I am glad to find that Raeburn is not altogether the man I feared he was. He seems to think of you with unabated regard still, Fanny.'

'Oh, yes, Edward!—oh, yes! I knew Henry would not deceive me!' again repeated the unsuspecting and delighted girl.

Edward, as we have already said, tenderly loved his sister; and it was this regard for her that prevented him saying all he thought of the letter he had just read—He would not, for any consideration, have damped the feelings of joy and happiness which it had inspired in the bosom of his sister, by making any remarks that might have a tendency of that kind; but he could not help observing sufficient grounds for such observations. He saw, in the first place, that Raeburn's assertion that he had written several letters to Fanny, was a downright falsehood, or, at best, of a very suspicious character; for his father—who lived, as the reader will recollect we have already said, in the immediate neigh-

bourhood, and whom he frequently met with—had never made any complaint of any interruptions in his son's correspondence; and he, Edward, moreover knew that Henry's father had received many letters from him during the very period of the suspension of his correspondence with Fanny. It therefore appeared extremely odd to him, that all the letters addressed to the one should have miscarried, while all those addressed to the other had reached their destination in safety and in due course of time. In the next place, Edward saw, or thought he saw, that the general tenor of the letter was forced and unnatural; and, lastly, that procrastination was apparently still the object of the writer, notwithstanding his having vaguely named a period when he should invite Fanny to share his fortunes as his wife.

All this Edward perceived in the letter in question; but the worst he thought of it was, that Raeburn had for a time forgotten his sister, probably in a temporary regard for another, and that his affection for her having returned, he was now anxious to atone for his negligence or infidelity; and, under this impression, he was willing to overlook the subterfuge to which Raeburn had had recourse to account for his silence; and, in these views of the matter, Edward's father and brother concurred.

Two or three days after the receipt of Henry's letter, Fanny, though in a very indifferent state of health, proceeded to Edinburgh, and had her likeness taken there in miniature. On her return, the picture was carefully packed in a small box or case, and, accompanied by a letter from Fanny, dispatched to its remote destination. In this letter, the poor girl, in allusion to the portrait, said—'I have, in compliance with your wishes, Henry, sent you my portrait; but I fear it will sadly disappoint you; for a more unpropitious time for transferring my miserable countenance to canvass, (I believe, however, in this case, it is ivory,) could scarcely have been chosen; for I have been extremely ill, Henry, for a long time past, and am yet very far from being well.—I have been broken-hearted, Henry, and have been labouring under the worst and most hopeless of all diseases—a crushed and broken spirit.'

Thus did the poor girl allude to the misery which Raeburn's neglect had entailed on her. Her delicacy forbade her saying more, and her candid and confiding disposition would not permit her to say less.

Leaving matters in this state at Rose Vale, the name of Mr. Rutherford's residence, we will, with the reader's consent, embark in the same ship with Fanny's portrait, and proceed to the East Indies, to see, with our own eyes, what, at this period, was the general conduct, character, and circumstances of him for whom that picture was intended. Having done this—an easy matter with you and us, good reader, though no trifling affair to others—we shall find Raeburn residing in a very handsome house at Calcutta; and in one of the most conspicuous places in one of the principal rooms in that house, we shall find the portrait of Fanny Rutherford suspended—and well worthy of the distinction was this likeness of the lovely girl! Beautiful! exceedingly beautiful in her sadness! For the painter had been faithful; and but too plainly did that picture tell of sorrow and of suffering—'of hope deferred, that maketh the heart sick.' Nor did Henry Raeburn seem insensible to the beauty expressed in that little picture. To every one who visited him, he showed it with an air of exultation and triumph; pressed on their notice the soft expression of the fine dark eye, the light, delicate, and well-arched eye-brow, the ruby lip, and elegantly-formed nose and chin. But, be it remarked—and it was an odd circumstance—it was to the young unmarried men alone who visited him that he showed the picture, and that he thus dwelt on the details of its beauties. Strange distinction this—to the unmarried alone, that he showed the picture, and enlarged on the attractions of its subject! What does this mean?—Much, much it means; and a darker or more atrocious meaning never disgraced the act of man. But we will leave the full explanation of this atrocity to be developed by the progress of our story.

'Ah! you dogs, you!' Raeburn would say, with well affected jocularity, to his friends of the description already mentioned, when showing them Fanny's portrait—'isn't that a pretty girl, now? and am not I a lucky fellow to have secured the affections of so charming a woman? What would you give, you rogues, you, for such a creature as that for a wife?—Then, holding the portrait aloft—'Come, say now, gentlemen, what you would give for her, suppose I was willing to part with her; which, perhaps, I am, if I could get a fair price for my right. Bid for her, gentlemen, bid for her!' he would say, laughingly, and *affecting* to make a joke of the matter. 'I will put her up to sale, and warrant the stock to be equal to the sample!' 'A thousand rupees!' 'Thank you, John. Very well for a beginning! Get on, gentlemen, get on.' 'Two thousand! three thousand!' 'That's it. Go it, my spirited lads, go it; but she's worth six times the money yet.' Eight thousand! ten thousand.'—'Ay, now you get on bravely, and are approaching the mark, though still at a great distance from it.'—'Fifteen thousand! twenty thousand!' 'Very well—twenty thousand! Twenty thousand, gentlemen! Will no one bid more! Why, Tom, I thought you were a better judge of female beauty, than to allow such a bargain as this to slip through your fingers!'—'Twenty-five thousand!' 'Well done, Tom; I knew you were a lad of spirit, and had too much of the knight-errant in you to allow a fair lady like this to be knocked down below her value. Twenty-five thousand rupees—once, twice, thrice! There, down she goes—she's yours, Tom; pay me the money, and I'll order her out for you by the first ship.'

This was a scene of frequent occurrence in Raeburn's house, when a number of young fellows had got together there, and something very like it was repeated to each of them individually when they chanced to call alone; particularly in the case of one of them—a Mr. Cressingham, the son of a gentleman who held one of the highest civil situations in India, and who was enormously wealthy. This was Raeburn's friend, Tom, as he familiarly called him; and to him he was especially eloquent and importunate on the subject of Fanny's beauty.

'Well, hang me if she an't a devilish pretty creature that, after all!' said Tom Cressingham to Raeburn, as they one day sat alone smoking their hookahs in the

apartment in which Fanny's portrait hung, and on which he was listlessly gazing.

'That she is, Tom,' replied Raeburn; 'wouldn't you fancy such a girl as that, now, for a wife, Tom?'

'Faith and I would, Harry; I'd give ten thousand rupees for such a wife.'

'You're coming down in your price, Tom,' replied Raeburn; 'you offered twenty-five thousand for her the other night.'

'Well, I don't know but I would give that sum for her after all, Harry; for she's certainly a delightful-looking creature. But why don't you bring out the girl and marry her at once yourself, Harry?'

'Umph!' ejaculated Raeburn—'that wouldn't be altogether so convenient just now. You know I'm confoundedly in debt, Tom,' (this was but too true; for he was grossly dissipated, and was living in a style far beyond his income,) 'and must clear my feet a bit before I think of marrying. Besides, to tell you a secret, Tom, I don't care much about standing to my Scotch bargain in that matter; and, to be plain with you, I wish you, or some one else, would relieve me of it, by taking the girl off my hands; giving me, of course, a handsome consideration for my right in the property.'

This was said jokingly; but it was very easy to see that the speaker would not care to be thought serious; and this Cressingham perceived.

'Harry,' he said, 'are you in earnest?'

'To be sure I am,' replied Raeburn; 'never was more in earnest in my life.'

'Then, I'm your man, Harry, if we can agree about the terms,' rejoined Cressingham. 'What say you about the consideration?'

'Why, I don't know: you see she is a very handsome girl, Tom; and, on the word of a *gentleman*, I assure you, she is as amiable as she is lovely.'

'Well, at a word, Harry,' said Cressingham, 'I'll give you five thousand pounds sterling money, the day that woman becomes my wife; you being at the expense of bringing her out, and managing all that part of the business.'

'Done!' said Raeburn.

'Done!' said Cressingham. And they struck hands upon the bargain.

Raeburn's villany, good reader, is now before you fully and fairly. The conversation just recorded was no joke, but, as he himself acknowledged, downright earnest; and it will readily be conceded, we think, that a piece of more heartless depravity is not upon record. Neither, we beg to assure the reader, is this villany imaginary, nor the character of Raeburn the invention of fancy. The villany was actually perpetrated, and the villain actually lived.

Fanny's portrait had been sent for, for the express purpose of turning it to the account to which we have seen it applied. He had sent for it that he might exhibit it as a sample of goods which he had to dispose of, and which he meant to sell to the highest bidder; and it was with this view—with the view of finding a purchaser—that he had hung the portrait of his victim in a conspicuous place, and had urged on the notice of his visitors the various beauties which it displayed.

To return to our tale. Raeburn and Cressingham—the latter, we need hardly say, being nearly as unprincipled as the former—having come to the understanding which we have just detailed, Raeburn insisted that their bargain should be expressed on paper; that is, that Cressingham should bind himself by a written document to fulfil his part of the transaction—in other words, should bind himself to pay the £5000 on the day Fanny became his wife; although with what face he could produce such a document in a court of justice to enforce his claim, in the event of Cressingham evading it, it certainly is not easy to conceive. But, desirous of being secure in the meantime, on such a document as that alluded to, he insisted; and it was instantly given him.

This part of the transaction settled, it was Raeburn's business to manage the rest:—the first step of which was to get Fanny out; the next, to get her palmed upon Cressingham; and he lost no time in setting about it.

As the subsequent proceedings of the villain, however, will be more strikingly exhibited by shifting the scene once more to Rose Vale, we request the reader to accompany us thither for a moment.

The year had a good while expired, which Raeburn had fixed on, in his last letter to Fanny, as the period when he should send for her to join him at Calcutta; and the poor girl was looking fondly and anxiously for the promised invitation; but, for several months, she was again doomed to suffer all the pains of suspense and disappointment. From this, however, she was at length relieved, by the appearance of the long-expected letter. This, like all its predecessors, was filled with the most tender expressions of regard and esteem. 'It is now,' said the writer, 'with the most heartfelt—nay, this is far too tame a phrase—it is with a delight, my beloved Fanny, which I cannot find language to express—that I inform you, that the circumstances in which I now find myself, warrant me in inviting you out to share my fortunes. I enclose a draft for £150, to defray the expense of your passage, and other contingencies connected with it; and I beg of you, my dearest, dearest Fanny, as you value my happiness, nay, my existence, to lose no time in coming out to me; for I will be miserable till you arrive.' To this was added a great many particular directions, as to Fanny's best mode of proceeding in the business of her embarkation; and again the writer resumed the strain of adulation with which he had begun; and with this strain, also, he finally ended.

As in the former case, Fanny instantly put this letter into the hands of her brother Edward; and again she was disappointed to find that it was read without the smallest appearance of satisfaction. Neither was it much more gratifying to her father and younger brother. But their feelings regarding it proceeded chiefly from their reluctance to part with Fanny, and to her going alone on so long and dreary a voyage; but neither they, nor Edward, even with his more serious grounds of dissatisfaction, felt that they would be warranted in preventing Fanny from availing herself of the apparent good fortune which she was now invited to partake. They felt that it would be an act of injustice towards the amiable girl, to exercise any such authority over her fortunes and affections; and, therefore

fore, though it was not without great reluctance, they finally consented to her departure. This conceded, and every necessary preparation for the voyage being in a few days completed, Edward accompanied Fanny to London, saw her on board of an East Indiaman that was about to sail for Calcutta, and having consigned her to the care of the captain, bade her an affectionate adieu. In less than an hour afterwards, the ship was under weigh; and Fanny Rutherford had commenced her ill-starred voyage to the East.

On the ship's arrival at Calcutta, which she reached in safety and in due course of time, among the first persons who came on board of her were Raeburn and Cressingham. Fanny was down below in the cabin, and in the act of packing a small trunk, preparatory to her going ashore, when Raeburn entered. The moment the poor girl saw him, she flew towards him with an expression of the wildest delight. But, oh! fond and confiding heart, what a shock was it to thee; what a withering sensation was thine—when you found your warm and generous impulses received with a cold and distant civility!—for in such manner did Raeburn now receive the gentle, affectionate, and unsuspecting girl, who had crossed the 'rude ocean,' left kindred and home, to follow his fortunes—the fortunes of the man she loved—in a far distant land.

In this atrocious conduct of Raeburn's, there was policy as well as natural heartlessness; for he was desirous of disgusting her with his coldness; and thus preparing the way for the addresses of Cressingham. Of this part of the villain's design, Fanny was, of course, utterly ignorant; but the quick discerning eye of love enabled her instantly to detect the brutal and ungracious manner of Raeburn, so different from what she had expected; and the discovery fell upon her spirit with the most deadly effect. She, however, made no complaint; but it was evident that the manner of her reception by her deceiver had sunk deep into her heart. Poor Fanny proceeded with the packing of her little trunk in silence—a silence interrupted only by an occasional sigh, long drawn, and heavy laden with grief. Tears, too, might have been detected stealing down her cheeks, were it not that she kept her head, purposely, too closely over the trunk to permit their being seen. In the work, too, in which she was employed, be it observed, Raeburn did not offer her the smallest assistance, but continued walking up and down the cabin, whistling carelessly, and looking at the prints with which the walls were hung.

This was the scene, then, in the cabin, when Raeburn, after the lapse of a quarter of an hour or so from the time of his first descending, suddenly, and without giving Fanny the least previous notice of his intention, went to the foot of the cabin stair, and called loudly on Cressingham, who was on deck. Cressingham appeared at the cabin door.

'Why don't you come down?' said Raeburn.—And he followed up this query with a significant wink.

'Why, I waited till I should be called,' replied Cressingham, with a knowing smile; at the sametime commencing his descent into the cabin.

'Mr. Cressingham, Fanny,' said Raeburn, when the former came down—'a very particular friend of mine.'

Fanny, before raising her head from the trunk, hurriedly wiped her eyes, and stood up to receive the stranger; but it was wholly out of the poor girl's power thus suddenly to regain her composure, or to obliterate from her countenance the traces of the miserable feelings with which her soul was agonized. These remained but too plain; and were at once detected by Cressingham, who, in place of being moved to compassion by them for the unhappy girl, looked on them as welcome indications of feelings that promised to favour his own advances; inasmuch as they bespoke a dissatisfaction on the part of Fanny, at once with her situation and with Raeburn.

It being now Cressingham's time to begin the performance of his part of the nefarious plot, he advanced towards Miss Rutherford with one of his most gracious looks, and welcomed her to Calcutta. Then, placing himself in a chair directly opposite to her, and leaning forward towards her till he had nearly thrust his head into her face, he began a strain of the most impertinent adulation, not unmingled with expressions of a less harmless character. These last did not escape Fanny, who deeply felt the insult they involved, although she was already too much humbled in spirit to resent them.

When Cressingham had taken up the position described, and had begun the nauseous badinage alluded to, Raeburn, on some trifling pretence, left the cabin and went on deck. The motive for this proceeding will at once present itself to the reader. Cressingham, finding himself thus left alone with Fanny, was proceeding to use other liberties than those of speech; and had already, with the most impudent familiarity, thrown one of his arms around Miss Rutherford's neck, when, with a violent effort, she extricated herself from him, and rushed, in a state of great agitation and alarm, up the cabin stair, calling on Henry, who was, at the moment, standing at the stern of the vessel, and directly opposite the cabin door.

Guessing, or rather knowing very well, the cause of Fanny's outcry and terror, he went towards her, and sternly and angrily asked her, 'What she made all this noise for?'

'O! Henry! Henry!' exclaimed the agitated girl, 'take me out of this, take me out of this. Let us go on shore, Henry, directly. Do, do, let us go on shore for I will not go down into that cabin again.'

'Pho, you silly fool, you!' replied Raeburn, harshly. 'What are you afraid of? Don't you like Cressingham? He's an excellent fellow, only a little rough or so, now and then; but not a pin the worse for that. Why, he's one of the handsomest and richest fellows in Calcutta, and half the girls in the town are cocking their caps at him.'

'I have nothing to say to or of Mr. Cressingham, Henry,' replied Fanny. 'All that I ask of you, is to take me immediately ashore.'

With this request, Raeburn, seeing that it would not be advisable to push matters further at that moment, sulkily complied. A boat was ordered alongside. Fanny's luggage was placed in it, and she, Raeburn, and Cressingham, were forthwith rowed on shore, where, the moment they landed, the latter after whispering something into Raeburn's ear, and offering some ineffectual attempts at making his peace with Miss Rutherford, left them.

Where, now, does the reader imagine, did Raeburn conduct the unhappy victim of his villany. To his own splendid mansion? No. To a decent hotel, then?—or, probably he consigned her to the care of some respectable female friend or acquaintance? Neither of these did the heartless ruffian do. He took her to a mean lodging, in one of the meanest parts of the town, pleading some lame apology for not taking her to his own house; and there left her in the hands of strangers, without a word of consolation or comfort, or of kindness. He said, however, before going away, that he would again call in the evening, and would, in the meantime, send a female domestic from his own house, to attend her, together with some necessaries.

It would be a vain, an idle task, to attempt to describe what were the unfortunate girl's feelings, now that the hideous truth, that she had been deceived and betrayed, though with what view she could not conjecture, stood undisguised before her. They were dreadful, too excruciating, too exquisitely agonizing, to be expressed in words or in wailing. Their effect was to benumb every faculty, and to prostrate every sense; and, as one thus afflicted, sat poor Fanny Rutherford in a chair, at the window of her shabby apartment.

That evening, the first of her arrival, Raeburn, contrary to his promise, did not again visit her; but Cressingham came in his place, and dreadful was the result of this unwelcome visit on the poor girl's frame. It instantly brought on a crisis in that disease of the mind under which she was already labouring.

The moment he entered the apartment, she uttered a piercing shriek, and rushed frantically to the furthest corner of the room, in the greatest terror, calling on the intruder, in the name of Heaven, not to come near her—not to approach her, 'Leave me, leave me!' she exclaimed, in a tone of bitter agony. 'If there be the smallest portion of humanity in your nature, you will leave me instantly. For the love of Heaven,' she again repeated, 'and of all that you hold dear, leave me! I am deceived and betrayed by him in whom I put all my earthly trust. Oh! my father, my brothers, if ye knew of this. But you will never know it; for I will never see you again. Never, never, never!'

The extreme agitation, the terror and outcries of the unfortunate girl, at once arrested Cressingham's progress, and brought several persons that were in the house around her; and by these last—Cressingham having sneaked off, without saying a word—it was judged advisable to send immediately for medical assistance, which was accordingly done. Nor was it unnecessary; for a strong fever had already seized on the poor young lady, and was rapidly exhausting her strength.

The medical gentleman sent for instantly attended, and ordered Miss Rutherford to be put to bed. He then prescribed for her as for one whose danger he considered imminent; and he was not mistaken. Deeply interested in the unfortunate girl, from whom he had learned a good deal of her melancholy story, the medical gentleman who had been called in did all that man could do to arrest the progress of the fatal disease under which she was labouring. Night and day he attended her, during her severe but brief illness, and not only employed his own skill to save her, but that of some of the most eminent of his professional brethren in the town, whom he brought to his assistance.

But all human efforts were vain. From hour to hour, the fever went on, increasing alarmingly, accompanied by a proportionable diminution of the poor patient's strength, until, at length, the awful and fatal crisis arrived. On the evening of the third day after her arrival in Calcutta, Fanny Rutherford breathed her last, surrounded with strangers, and in a foreign land.

But where was the master ruffian all this time? How was he employed, and how did he feel, while this dreadful and affecting scene was enacting? Why he was giving himself very little concern about it, further than that which proceeded from his fears for his £5000.

He had indeed called two or three times at Fanny's lodgings, during her illness, to inquire for her, and had even sent her some cordials—cordials, alas! of which she had never partaken—from his own house; but more than this he had not done, nor in any other way had he evinced the smallest sympathy for the unhappy victim of his villany.

Raeburn knew that Fanny's illness was of a dangerous nature—but he had no idea that it was to terminate, as it did, so soon; and it was under this mistaken impression that he and Cressingham called at Fanny's lodgings on the very evening on which she died, and, as it happened, within a few minutes after that melancholy event had taken place.

Having tapped gently at the door, which was slowly opened to him by the lodging-house keeper herself—

'How is your patient to-night, lady?' he said, addressing the latter, smilingly.

'She is well, sir—she is well,' replied the woman, in whom Fanny's gentle nature and hard fate—of which she, too, had gathered something during the unfortunate girl's fits of delirium—had excited a strong feeling of sympathy. 'She is well!—she is well!' she said, wiping her eyes with her apron, as she spoke. 'She's in heaven, sir!'

'What!' exclaimed Raeburn, in a tone of voice startling from its hollowness, and becoming deadly pale; his mean and dastardly soul instantly sinking under the weight of guilt with which he felt this dreadful intelligence burthening it. 'What! she's not dead.'

'But she is, though,' replied the woman; 'and there's an avenging God above that will seek out and make a terror and example of those who have been the cause of this poor girl's death.'

'What do you mean, woman?' said Raeburn in an alarm which he could not conceal, and which the slightest allusion to his villany was now sufficient to excite to an overwhelming degree; 'you do not mean to say that she died by violence?'

'I know what I know, Mr. Raeburn,' rejoined the lodging-house keeper, 'and that's all I have to say about the matter.' And she turned into the house.

Having by no means any wish to renew the conversation, Raeburn availed himself of the opportunity presented by the woman's retiring into the house, to sneak off, which he did, and joined his friend Cressingham, who was waiting for him at a little distance.

'She's dead, Cressingham!—she's dead!' he said, in great agitation, as he approached the latter.

'Dead!' exclaimed Cressingham—'is it possible?

Why, then, Harry, your £5000 are gone, and you have been a villain for nothing.'

'A villain, did you say, Cressingham?' repeated Raeburn, his lips pale and quivering as he spoke.

'Yes, surely, a villain—a double-dyed villain!' reiterated the former. 'Did you ever imagine you were any thing else? My share in the transaction is bad enough, I allow it; but it's nothing to yours, Raeburn—nothing; for I would assuredly have married the girl if she would have had me. My conduct in the business was perhaps that of a profligate; but yours, yours, Raeburn, was unquestionably that—I repeat it Raeburn, coolly and considerately—that of a double-dyed villain.' Saying this, he turned on his heel and left him.

The instances just mentioned were the first and the only ones in which Raeburn had yet suffered the martyrdom of hearing the opinion of others, of his conduct with regard to Miss Rutherford; but this was a species of torture to which he was now to be frequently exposed. On this very occasion, he had not proceeded twenty yards from the place where Cressingham had left him, when he encountered the medical gentleman who had been attending his victim. This person, conjecturing, from the direction whence Raeburn was coming, that he had been inquiring for his patient, accosted him, and asked him how she was.

Raeburn, it will readily be believed, would have gone fifty miles about—ay, even on his bare knees—rather than have exposed himself to this meeting; but it had taken place, and he now, therefore, endeavoured to suppress his agitation, and tried to look as composed as possible; and it was with this forced and affected calmness that he replied to the physician's inquiry, that his patient was dead.

'Dead!' said the kind-hearted man; 'ah! poor girl, I knew it was at hand, but I thought she might have lived for at least twenty-four hours yet. Well, then,' he went on, and now looking Raeburn sternly in the face, 'since it is so, I will tell you, Mr. Raeburn, my opinion of what your conduct has been in this most heart-rending affair; for you are deeply implicated in it. My opinion then is, sir, that it has been most infamous, most atrocious; and, regarding yourself, sir, I certainly think you one of the most heartless ruffians that ever lived.'

'Ruffians, sir!' repeated Raeburn, affecting to feel insulted, although he was quaking in every limb—'ruffian, sir! I shall have satisfaction for this, sir, you may depend upon it.'

'Satisfaction, you scoundrel!' exclaimed Mr. Henderson, the name of Fanny's medical attendant, 'what right have you to satisfaction? Who would condescend to fight such a dastardly and disgraceful villain as you are? But, mark me, sir,' he went on—'I know who poor Fanny's friends are, and you may depend upon it, I shall not lose a moment in writing to inform them of everything connected with this shocking affair, and of your conduct towards the deceased. Take my word for that, sir; and, sir, not only will I do this, but I will inform every one I know of your conduct until you are ostracised from all society.'

To this Raeburn made no other reply than by turning on his heel, and muttering the words—'Dr. Henderson, you shall hear from me.'

'Hear from you, you base and most infamous of men!' said the Doctor, looking with an expression of the most profound contempt and hatred after Raeburn, as he receded—'the less we hear of you or from you, the better for yourself, you ruffian!'

Faithfully redeeming his pledge, Dr. Henderson, on the following day, wrote to Fanny's father, whose address he had learned from her while attending her, and detailed all he knew, and this was nearly all that was to be known, regarding Raeburn's conduct to his daughter; for, although the latter had never accused Raeburn to him of ill treatment, the Doctor had, by connecting the broken hints which she had dropped from time to time, and especially by marking certain expressions which escaped her during her temporary fits of delirium, arrived at a knowledge of the whole truth. Having executed this part of his threat, Dr. Henderson set diligently about the remaining portion, which was to give all the publicity he could to the story of Raeburn's infamy; and so successful was he in his efforts in this way that he had the satisfaction in a very short time of seeing him shunned by all his acquaintances, and completely debarred from respectable society.

After Fanny's death, Raeburn had evinced a disposition to take an active part in her obsequies; and even expressed a willingness to defray the whole of the funeral charges. But this Dr. Henderson would on no account permit. Neither would he suffer him to interfere in any way whatever with the funeral rites; the whole expense of which he insisted on paying out of his own pocket; and Raeburn knew too well the advantage the Doctor possessed over him, to offer any resistance to these peremptory objections.

Thus stood matters, then, with Raeburn, and thus they remained for about eighteen months afterwards.—He still, during all this time, continued in possession of his situation; but his superiors, who were well acquainted with the story of his villany to Miss Rutherford, were eagerly and anxiously watching for an opportunity to dismiss him. They did not feel that they would have been warranted in discharging him for his infamous conduct on the occasion alluded to, as it was a matter of which they had no right, officially, to take cognizance; but they had determined that the slightest dereliction of duty on his part should cost him his situation. Of this, Raeburn was perfectly aware; and it required all his diligence, care, and attention to avoid the visitation with which he was threatened.—Such, we say, then, was the state of matters with Raeburn for about eighteen months after Fanny Rutherford's death. At the expiry of this period, however, that event occurred which winds up this tragic tale.

One evening, about nine o'clock, Raeburn was sitting solitary in his room, musing on the miseries to which his villany had subjected him, and no doubt indulging, as all villains do, in imaginary schemes of vengeance against his enemies, when a waiter from one of the hotels in town called, and said that a gentleman there desired to see him immediately on a matter of importance.

Raeburn, conceiving that it might be on some official business that he was wanted, instantly repaired to the hotel, and was ushered into the room where the person was who wished to see him.

That person kept his back towards Raeburn till he had fairly entered the apartment, and until the waiter who had shown him in had retired. This done, he suddenly rushed towards the door, snatching up at the same time one of a pair of pistols which lay on a table in the middle of the room, and having locked the door on the inside, he fiercely confronted Raeburn, who, horror-struck at the sight, instantly recognized, in the person before him, Edward Rutherford, the brother of the unfortunate Fanny.

'Do you know me, villain? Do you know me?' shouted out Edward, first seizing him by the breast, and then dashing him from him with a violence that sent him reeling to the farther end of the apartment. 'Do you know the brother of Fanny Rutherford, murderer? Did you think, ruffian, that you were safe from my vengeance, because the half of the globe lay between us? If you did, you mistook Edward Rutherford.—But I will waste no more words on you, villain? The shade of my murdered sister—murdered by the cruelest of all deaths—is calling aloud for retribution, and, in her name, I am here to demand it! Here, dastard!' he said—taking up the other pistol, and presenting it to Raeburn—'here, take this, and stand to me like a man; for I would not imbrue my hands in your filthy blood, but upon equal terms. Although you but little deserve it, I will give you a chance for your life! Come, sir,' he went on, Raeburn declining to take the pistol—'take it, take it; for, by the heaven above us, one or other of us, or both, must die; and your only chance is in opposing me; for, if you do not fire, I will! By all that's sacred, I will!' At this moment, Raeburn rushed to the window, with the view of calling for assistance; and one supplicatory cry, which, however, was unattended to, he did emit. But, ere he could fully effect his object, Edward had him by the throat, and, holding his pistol within a few inches of his head, threatened, if he stirred or repeated his outcry, that that moment should be his last.

Seeing the desperate situation in which he was placed, the trembling wretch now took the pistol from Rutherford's hand, being aware, as he had been told, that it was indeed his only chance for life.

The parties now took their stations, one at each end of the room, and confronted each other.

'Raise your weapon, Raeburn, raise your weapon!' exclaimed Rutherford, on observing that his antagonist was not proceeding to assume a hostile attitude. 'Your not firing will not save you from mine, I give you fair warning!'

Raeburn elevated, and levelled his pistol.

'Are you ready?' said his terrible opponent.

'Yes,' replied Raeburn, faintly.

'Then fire, villain!' exclaimed Rutherford; and both pistols went off at the same instant, but with very different effect. A retributive power had directed the fatal engines of destruction. Raeburn's bullet struck the wall wide of its mark, while Rutherford's passed through the heart of him at whom it was aimed, and he fell lifeless on the floor.

Rutherford threw himself on his knees, and holding aloft the still reeking weapon of death, thanked heaven that he had been permitted to be the avenger of his sister's wrongs.

The house in which this dreadful scene took place was a large one, and the apartment, especially selected on that account by Rutherford, was a remote one; so that the firing was not heard by any of the inmates, at least not so distinctly as to inform them that it was the noise of fire-arms. No one, therefore, appeared to interrupt the escape which Rutherford now meditated, and lost no time in effecting. He left the apartment; and, unheeded by any one, descended the great staircase which led to it and to others, and fled from the house.

Although, however, Rutherford effected his escape in safety, the transaction which rendered his flight necessary, did not long remain unknown. It came to the ears of justice, and she uncoupled her bloodhounds after the offender; but, as the whole circumstances of the case gradually transpired, it is supposed that the pursuit was neither a very eager nor a very willing one. Certain it is, at any rate, that Rutherford could nowhere be found, although it is equally certain that several persons knew very well where he was for nearly two months after the death of Raeburn.

To these it was known, that, immediately after the fatal occurrence in the hotel, a person closely wrapped up in a travelling cloak, called at Dr. Henderson's, and desired to have a private interview with the Doctor.—When that gentleman entered the apartment into which the stranger had been shown, the latter announced himself to be Edward Rutherford, the brother of Fanny Rutherford, with whose melancholy story he said the Doctor was so well acquainted.

'The brother of poor Fanny!' said the Doctor, in amazement, and at the same time taking his visitor kindly by the hand. 'I am happy to see you, sir, on your poor unfortunate sister's account. Did you come with the ship that arrived from England to-day, sir?'

'I did, sir,' replied Edward.

'And pray, my dear sir,' said the Doctor, 'if it be not an impertinent question—I assure you it is put with the most friendly intentions—what may be your purpose and views in coming out to India?'

'Vengeance, Doctor! vengeance!' replied Rutherford, fiercely, 'was my sole object—and I have already had it.'

'Raeburn,' exclaimed the Doctor, eagerly.

'Yes, sir, Raeburn is no more—his villanous career is ended. I have killed the ruffian; but, thank God! I killed him in fair fight. Villain as he was, I took no advantage of him, farther than compelling him to fight me.' Edward then went on to detail the whole proceedings connected with the duel in the hotel.

When he had concluded—

'On my word, sir,' said Dr. Henderson, smiling—he could not help it—'you have made quick work of it, indeed; and I assure you, I for one am not sorry that the villain has met with his deserts. But we must now care for your safety, Mr. Rutherford, from the vengeance of the laws,' added the Doctor; 'although I do not see how they can be very severe in such a case as this. Yet it will be as well for you to keep out of harm's way for a little. You must remain for some time in concealment; and a fitter or more secure place than I shall provide for you in my house here, you could not readily find anywhere; and I must insist on your availing yourself of it.'

Edward did not know how to express the gratitude he felt for the singular and most disinterested kindness of his worthy host. He was, in truth, too strongly impressed with it, to be able to acknowledge it otherwise than by a few broken sentences; but there was in these, and still more in the manner in which they were spoken, enough to show Dr. Henderson that his friendly conduct was properly appreciated.

'Nothing at all, my dear sir!—nothing at all!' said the Doctor, in reply to Edward's attempts at acknowledgment of the generous part he was acting towards him; 'I'm very sure you would do the same for me, were I placed in your situation. You have, besides, Mr. Rutherford—although, perhaps, a strict morality might question your right to the step you have taken—you have, I say, notwithstanding this, a claim on the friendly services of every man who can feel for the wrongs of another, especially, most especially, such grievous wrongs as yours. It was a just, and, on the part of him who has suffered, a well-merited retribution.

Edward was shortly afterwards introduced into the place of concealment, a comfortable little apartment, which had been prepared for him by the kindness of the worthy Doctor; and here he remained for about seven weeks, experiencing every kindness and attention from his benevolent host; when he was secretly conveyed on board of a ship about to sail for London, where he arrived in safety at the expiry of somewhere about the usual period occupied in such a voyage.

On his return home, Edward found his father at the point of death. The fate of his unfortunate daughter was hurrying him to the grave. Edward had not told him what was his object in going out to India; but the old man had guessed it, and had made several ineffectual attempts to dissuade him from his purpose. On the former's now approaching his bedside, therefore, 'Thank God!' he said, stretching out his hand to Edward, 'that I see you safe again, my son!' and added—afraid to be more particular in his inquiries—'have you seen Raeburn?'

'I have, father,' was the only reply of his son; but it was said in a manner and accompanied by a look which assured him of what had taken place.

'I cannot approve, Edward, of what you have done,' said his father; 'but God will forgive you!' They were the last words he spoke; and Raeburn's villany boasted yet another victim!

THE ISRAELITE.

The lands of Turrethnowe, lying not far from Loch Ken, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, belonged once to a person of the name of Edward Glendonwyn, in some degree related to the family of that name, possessing the large estates of Parton, in the neighbourhood, and, like the members of that family, a Catholic. The mansion of Turrethnowe, situated on the lands, was a large house, built in the Elizabethian style of architecture, and, withal, handsome and commodious. The proprietor, holding the character of a gentleman of high and unsullied honour, was much respected in the neighbourhood; and it was a matter of some surprise and curiosity, why he had not long before—for he was now getting into years—taken a wife, to add some comfort to the bleak, dry bachelorism which the mansion displayed, in spite of the efforts that were made by the master, by the aid of company, to dispel the ordinary appearances of a retreat of celibacy.

Glendonwyn had two servants in the house, distinguished from the others by peculiarities which deserve some notice. The first was the housemaid, a person of the name of Jean Crosbie, a Catholic, and one of the most intolerant of the followers of that faith. She was considered by the neighbours as being very handsome; and her own opinion did not shame that of her admirers—for she was vain, haughty, and overbearing. She was fond of cultivating the good opinion of her master; and it was even alleged that she aspired to have some claim on his affections. She took the greatest liberties with his name in her conversations, calling him by his surname, and always giving out obscure hints that she had a power over him that he would not be much inclined to acknowledge. These assumptions were, in some degree, borne out by facts—at least there could be no doubt that this queen of the broom exercised, with the permission of her master, great power over the other servants; and her tyranny and abuse, though complained of by them, was not attended to by their master with that sense of justice and fair play which marked the other parts of his character. Indeed, complaints of that nature ended often in the dismissal of the complainer—on the ground that disturbances, which could not be understood, were best ended by separation, whoever might be in the wrong.

The other servant, to whom allusion has been made, was an Israelite, of the name of Moses Mendelsohn, certainly an unusual personage to be found in the house of a Christian. It was not well known how Moses came to take up his residence in that house; but it was generally stated that Glendonwyn found him, one day, lying frozen, apparently to death, on a part of his property, and directed him to be taken to the kitchen, where the heat of a large fire, and a good supply of soup, soon restored him to his wonted condition. The gratitude of the man overcame the prejudices of the exclusive sect to which he belonged, and he praged to be allowed to remain in the house, and repay the kindness he had experienced, by assisting, gratuitously, in the meanest services to which the interest of the [illegible]

might devote him. Poor Moses kept his promise with the greatest precision; for such was his devotion to inferior offices, that he held himself utterly disqualified from even being clean—any effort made to take away the congenial covering of dust or soot that adhered to him, being, in the highest degree, unpleasant to him; and, when such attempt on the part of the other servants was attended with success, there was an appearance of cold discomfort about the washed Israelite, mixed with a sort of shame, as inexplicable on the common theories of the natural feelings and wishes of mankind, as it was grotesque and amusing. A pair of clean shoes—and the servants often put a most perverse gloss upon them—was a grievous calamity to the Hebrew; and it was with the greatest difficulty that he could be made to part with an old garment for a new one. All exchanges of that kind were managed in secret and unknown to him. The old habiliments were taken away, and the new were resorted to from the spur of necessity. Yet, withal, this was an *honest Jew*; and the hereditary and national vice of his race—avarice—could not be discovered in any of his actions. He asked no money—would take none for his services—and never had a penny in his pocket. His meat and his clothes were afforded him by his master; and if he were left free from the abuse of Jean Crosbie, and allowed to employ himself in some occupation sufficiently humble, and far enough removed from 'high life below stairs,' he was as happy as any of his race could be supposed to be.

Glendonwyn was as much attached to the simple honesty of the Hebrew, as Jean Crosbie was abhorrent of his habits of uncleanliness. He often amused himself with the poor creature, and flattered him by telling him that in one thing they agreed beyond the possibility of change—a repugnance to pork—a feeling in which the master was, to the full, as sincere as the servant; though, in the one case, it was moral, and in the other physical. Moses was a Reubenite, or a descendant of the tribe of Reuben, and held the fasts and nourished the antipathies of his sect, with all the devotion of a pure anti-Nazarene. The well-known antipathy to pork—which has so often been made a subject of laughter and derision against the descendants of the Tribes, with no greater claim to the production of so much vulgar merriment than the feeling they exhibit against hares, or others of the *animalia immunda*—was as strong in Moses as it ever was found to be in any Reubenite, from the days of Reuben himself. The rousing of that antipathy was the expiation of all poor Moses' offences; for, whenever he erred, he was cheated into the acceptance of some of the juice of the hated flesh, and then told of the sin he had committed against the law of Moses—a communication which produced such an extraordinary length of jaw—such a sorrowful cast of countenance—so much humiliation, purgation, ablution, praying, fasting, and expiation, that it was certainly difficult gravely to contemplate the contrast between so mean a cause and so great an effect. A spoonful of hare-soup forced into his mouth, at the instigation of the housemaid, produced, in the otherwise simple and good-natured Moses, such a frenzy as to endanger her life. This woman was, perhaps, the only living creature of the unforbidden kind against whom he entertained a feeling of hostility; and he complained of her conduct to his master.

'My good mashter,' said the Hebrew, 'Jean Crosbie will not let shme the poor Jew: the deshendent of Reuben has a right to purify his shoul in the way of his faith; yet she fills me with abominations and unclean things, and then tells me I have broken the law of Moshes. On the 15th of Nisan, (March) vich vash our feasht of unleavened bread—that ish the first day, for we have sheven days of that feasht—she forced into my mouth—oh! it vash vicked and abominable!—a plesh of bread, made with yeasht; and, on the feasht of the purification of the [illegible], by Shimon, vich vash on the 23d day of Jar, (Ap[illegible]) she sprinkled my garment vit hare's blood.'

'You do not seem to be partial to the ladies, Moses,' said Glendonwyn.

'Mish Crosbie dosh not chew the cud, but she dosh divide the hoof,' answered Moses, desirous to bring his tormentor within the precept in Leviticus.

'I did not know that my housemaid divided the hoof,' said Glendonwyn, again.

'That ish because she does not show you the cloven foot,' said Moses, slyly.

'And she only shows you that when you decline working on your holidays or fasts.'

'It ish only during the feasht of the Pashover, the Pentecosht, and the Tabernacle; and I vill mention the days ven I do not work. There ish the seventh of Nisan, ven I abstain from lighting a fire. There ish the fourteenth of Nisan, ven I eat no leavened bread. There ish the six following days, all of the Pashover. Then I have no feasht till'——

'That will do, Moses,' interrupted Glendonwyn; 'and I will speak to Miss Crosbie to let you alone. In the meantime, try to keep yourself somewhat cleaner, and do not spare my water. When did you wash yourself?'

'Ven Mish Crosbie lasht threw pork at me,' answered Moses, with a leer.

'Then I shall tell her to throw pork at you every day, if you do not attend to what I have said to you,' said the master.

'I vill vash myself on the 10th of Tisri, (September,) vich is our feasht of expiation,' answered Moses, drily; and, bowing, retired.

Notwithstanding his national and religious peculiarities, Moses was really a favourite with Glendonwyn, who could confide in him to the uttermost; for no secret could be dragged out of him by human agency—a quality he was called upon to show to advantage, on some memorable occasions, now to be explained.

Glendonwyn having, as he considered, been too long a bachelor, had turned his eyes kindly on a Miss Jane Gordon, a daughter of a rich merchant, residing in Castle-Douglas. The lady had returned his attentions, and a correspondence passed between the two; the medium, or love-letter bearer, being the simple but trustworthy Jew. Few people knew anything of this love intercourse. 'A few surmises, some of which had grazed the sensitive ear of Jean Crosbie, had gone abroad; but they were attributed to the envy of old gossips, and passed over without apparently exciting much attention. At least, Jean Crosbie, who had

been in the habit of talking so freely of Glendonwyn, hinting that, marry whom he would, he never would go out of the mansion of Turretknowe to seek for a wife, appeared not to be much roused by the rumours; though Moses did not hesitate to say, that she one night followed him to Castle-Douglas, as he went with a letter to Miss Gordon; while she denied the fact, and pretended to appear indignant at the imputation of so much condescension. Her neighbours, however, alleged that her manner had changed, and her bed-fellow complained of her restlessness, her starts, mutterings, and night-walking, and sought a quieter couch. In the meantime, Moses kept his secret, and no effort of his tormentor could drag it from him.

The occasion in which Moses was thus engaged was, however, by no means pleasant to him; for he had scarcely the same antipathy towards the fair Miss Gordon, that he had towards Jean Crosbie. This lady was of a showy and elegant turn of mind, fond of fine servants and glittering equipage. She repeatedly found fault with her lover, for the careless manner in which he ordered the affairs of his establishment, recommended to him to enter more into the *beau monde*, to associate with *beaux esprits*, to get better and more elegant servants—*la belle femme che ride*, in place of the sombre Bell Semple, the cook, or the ill-natured Jean Crosbie—with many other advices. It was in vain that poor Glendonwyn said to her, in a translation of an old Latin apophthegm—'Being a bachelor, what can I do?' The answer was ready, and worthy of the mistress expectant—'Take a wife, and, if she is an elegant one, her entry to Turretknowe will be the sign of the departure of such a vile creature as that Jew, who soils my letters with his abominable hands.' Glendonwyn could not help thinking that his choice would be an expensive wife to him. Yet, as love has been speech for the best authorities, from Orpheus down to Moses, and forgetting the merry Anacreon—to be blind; he considered himself altogether excluded from any attempt to show or to act upon the result of any such demonstration, 'that love has eyes;' fearful, like every sensible and humble-minded individual, of incurring the reproof in the French proverb, which sounds as well in English—'It is great folly to think of being wise alone.'

That Miss Gordon hated the humble Reubenite, that individual himself well knew; for she did not hesitate, when he was waiting for an answer to Glendonwyn's letters, to treat him in the worst manner. On one occasion, Moses got wearied and hungry standing waiting for his answer. He threw back his imagination to the palmy days of the Sanhedrim, when his ancestors sat in that judicial assembly—first in Silo, and afterwards in Jerusalem—clothed with honour, and well supplied with meat, with the exception of those days when they adjudged a malefactor to die, during which they ate nothing, an exception which Moses' hunger put within a very short parenthesis. It was the fifth day of the feast of the Passover, and Jean Crosbie had not allowed a single ounce of unleavened bread to be baked during the whole period, so that the poor Reubenite had actually ate little or nothing for five days. A piece of oatmeal cake, (intended apparently for the dog,) lay on a side-table near to which Moses stood. The pure yeastless appearance of the bread produced an effect upon the victim of this holy ordinance he could not resist. Not one of the twelve kinds, called the bread of proposition, that stood beyond the veil of the tabernacle, appeared so exquisite in the eyes of Moses, as did that unleavened cake; and, regardless of the suspicious glances of the lady, who eyed his marked observation and approbation of the bread with attention, he seized the object of his yearning, and, with the greatest composure, sat down to eat it. The pollution was insufferable; and a whole month's concealed and restrained spleen burst upon the head of the poor child of Israel, in a moment.

'Thou dirty, unwashed, unshaven brute!' ejaculated the Miss, 'darest thou pollute my bread with thy unclean abominable hands?' And seizing the cake, and wresting it from the still unwilling hand of the Jew, she threw it to a large Newfoundland dog that was lying on the hearth-rug, enjoying all the ease and luxury of a pet. 'Take your answer and begone,' she added, with a frown, and look of disgust; and Moses left the room muttering to himself all the way as he went down the stairs.

'The Gentile is angry vit the poor Jew,' said he, 'for taking a bit of bread. O Israel, ven vill thy troubles shease, and the time appointed by the prophets come, ven He who has been promised shall bind up our broken spirits, and collect us again from the uttermost parts of the earth! The golden and shilver veshels which Nebuchadnezzar took from the temple and carried into Babylon were restored—and so shall the persheculed children, by one that is greater than Sheshbazzar. We shall come again out of captivity, and will sheparate us from the filthiness of the heathen, and keep the feasht of unleavened bread vith joy. Ash He who parted the Red Shea once turned the heart of the King of Ashyria unto our fathers to shtrengthen our hands in the vork of the King of Ishrael, so shall we be again upholden against those who persheculte us, and torment us even as this fair Gentile hash now persheculed me. But the poishon of Aaron's rod, which was turned to a sherpent, will smite the Gentiles as it once did the Egyptians; and Mish Gordon and Mish Crosbbie may yet feel the vengeance of the Protector of the Jews.'

These words were uttered by Moses so loud that the servants in the house of Mr. Gordon heard them, and construed them into maledictions and prophetic threatenings. When he came again with any letters from Glendonwyn, he was kept at the door, from a fear that he might resent, in some fierce manner, the injury and insult he thought he had received. It was of no use that Glendonwyn told them he was a harmless creature. The evidence of their own ears was stronger than his assurances; and it was, moreover, enough that he was a Jew.

This dispute with Moses soon spread the news of Glendonwyn's courtship; for the servants gave out that it was when the Israelite was in the act of bringing letters to their mistress from his master, that he had received an affront, which he had threatened to revenge with poison. Jean Crosbie had, along with the others of the servants in Glendonwyn's house, no doubt now of the intentions of their master; and the subject was

made much flinching and galling to her, from the circumstance of getting now thrown back in her teeth the vain and foolish, and, perhaps, unfounded expressions she had, for a long time, been in the habit of using regarding her master. Her neighbouring servants, whom, in the heyday of her hope and exaltation, she had treated imperiously, and even cruelly, now asked her where her authority would be when she, and they and Moses, and all, would be driven from Turretknowe, like the flies that dared to disregard the scented wind of Miss Gordon's fan, and rested their limbs on her vermilion cheeks. It was in vain now for Jean to retaliate, far less to try to regain her authority; for her tormentors, strong in combination and long smouldering fires of indignation, heeded not her vapouring. Her ferula—which was never anything else than the power of turning them away—was broken with their hope of being allowed to remain; and, snapping their fingers in her face, they laughed her to that deserved scorn, which a servant-mistress so often, by her cruelty, brings upon her own head.

The effect of all this upon Jean Crosbie was greater than her pride could bear. But she had no remedy; for the pride which gave poison to the shafts of her foes, prevented her from applying to Glendonwyn for assistance in counteracting its effect. She was as peculiarly placed with her master as with her fellow-servants; for she was displeased at both—the one for putting her in the power of the other, and that other for seeing and taking advantage of her degradation. Her heart was, moreover, it was surmised, interested in the affair, and that being wrong, what in all her personal economy could be right? Her temper changed; from being high, wordy, and imperious, it became sullen and dogged. The poor Jew was continually in her way—she buffeted and kicked him like a dog—visited, upon his head, the revengeful payment of his services for carrying the correspondence between Glendonwyn and Miss Gordon; yet attributed all to his filth, and the abomination of his religion, and his laziness in executing her commands.

Ill-treated as was poor Moses by this virago, and bitterly as he sometimes expressed himself towards her, he was so simple and easily managed—or, at least, the gratification of his love of keeping his fasts, which was a good deal in her power, acted as so strong an instrument in ameliorating his disposition, and bending him to the will of the woman who could starve him in his days of forbidden food—that he consented often to do her most servile tasks. A piece of fish in jejune days, and a cake of oatmeal bread during the seven days of the feast of the Passover, erased from his memory the grossest insults and the most barbarous treatment, and made him a willing slave to gratify the whims or caprices, and work the dirty work of the woman, who, next moment, might have been seen kicking him out of the house. Thus was this poor member of that perverse generation, from whom the finger of the Almighty is not yet lifted, one of the most instructive examples of the divine curse pronounced against his race—"So I sware in my wrath, they shall not enter into my rest." Despised of man, and yet unable for a vindication of their rights as sons of Adam—rejected of heaven, yet true to their faith—the feeblest of men, the most devoted of religionists—Who cannot see in this national, but unnatural juxtaposition and contrast of opposite qualities, the impression of a special interposition of Providence, and the truth of a faith purified from its predecessor, whose fate is its proof, as its bosom was the source from which it sprung and was nourished!

Jean Crosbie had the misfortune, and felt the discomfiture, of seeing the courtship of her master and Miss Gordon go on with every prospect of a happy termination. A day was appointed for the young lady and her father, Mr. John Gordon, along with their friends, dining at Turretknowe, and great preparations were made for entertaining them. A general order was given to Jean Crosbie, to provide every delicacy of the season; and no expense or trouble was spared to render the dinner worthy of the guests or the occasion. All parties entered into the spirit of the entertainment; and even Jean herself appeared to have laid aside a part of the untoward feeling with which she was actuated, to contribute to the forwarding of the intentions of her master. Poor Moses did not want for plenty of inferior offices, from the twisting of the necks of pullets, to the killing of the rats which annoyed Bell Semple, the cook, by anticipating the enjoyment of the approaching dinner. There was one duty, however, which he absolutely rebelled against doing, and that was the killing and scraping of a sucking pig, which had been selected by Jean as a dainty for the delicate stomach of the fastidious visiters.

The day arrived, and everything went off with regularity and eclat. The gaiety and hilarity of the party was, in a great degree, produced by the spirit of the young lady in honour of whom the dinner had been given, whose wit was sparkling to a degree beyond what she generally exhibited—keeping the company in a continued state of excitement, laughter, and admiration—and apparently enjoying the scene herself as much as those whom she delighted. Wretched being! The coruscations of thy corybantic fancy, drunk with fate, and filled with the inspiration of death, were but as the scintillations of the meteor which the clouds of autumn wrap up in their gloom! The changing colours on thy fair cheek, the harbingers of thought, and the test of feeling, were but as the hues of the clouds which contain the departure of the setting sun! In a short time after dinner, the happiness of the party was extinguished like the flame of a lamp, and despair threw over all the dark drapery of its awful form. Miss Gordon and her father fell in a moment from their chairs, apparently in the agonies of death. Two others of the party became sick, and all the indications of the fatal workings of a rapid poison were exhibited to the eyes of the frantic host. The greatest uproar commenced—servants flew about in every direction, some for doctors, others for applications for the sick—friends were sent for and came, and carriages were brought to drive the victims to their residences. Mr. and Miss Gordon were unable to be removed, and were attended and treated by a surgeon in the house of their host. The young lady was the only one of those affected who exhibited urgent symptoms of danger. No medicines could assuage her sufferings, and in three hours she expired in the arms of her lover and intended husband.

The other persons who had partaken of the poison were likely to recover, and an investigation was next morning set on foot to discover the author of so heinous a crime. Jean Crosbie and Bell Semple were at once fixed upon as the suspected persons. The poisoned dish was discovered to be the roasted pig, and the analytical powers of the surgeon soon discovered that the poison was arsenic. Jean Crosbie and her neighbour were at once apprehended, and carried to Kirkcudbright. Upon being examined, Jean denied all knowledge of the circumstances, and boldly accused Moses Mendelssohn, the Jew, as being the guilty person—giving, as her reasons, that she saw him go into the kitchen in the forenoon, and depart quickly and suspiciously upon being observed by her; that his hatred to pork extended to every person that partook of it; that his master hated it as much as himself, and would therefore be saved by that antipathy; but that Miss Gordon, who had insulted him, and been threatened by him, was likely to have partaken of a dainty got expressly for her. These statements were plausible, and Moses was apprehended also. His examination took place soon after, the purport of which will be interesting to the reader.

'Where were you yesterday forenoon, sir?' asked the fiscal.

'In my mashter's shtables,' answered the Israelite.

'Were you in Glendonwyn's kitchen during that forenoon?' again asked the fiscal.

'I vash not,' answered Moses.

Here one of the officers whispered to the fiscal, who asked Moses to take off his shoes; and this being done, they were narrowly examined, and from the edges were brushed off some fine yellow sand, the particles of which were compared with some which was contained in a paper lying on the table, supposed to be of the same kind as that with which the kitchen was sprinkled on the previous day. This hint was, it turned out, the suggestion of Jean Crosbie, who communicated it to the officer. It appeared to strike the fiscal as curious that the sand had remained on the shoes; but such was the fact, and it even appeared that it had adhered to them with a tenacity unusual to a friable loose substance—a circumstance pointing with instructive indication to the wonderful ways of Providence in detecting crimes.

'You are quite sure you were not in the kitchen yesterday?' resumed the fiscal. 'What were you occupied about in the stable?'

'I vash killing rats,' answered Moses, 'and pleaning the hershes.'

'How did you kill the rats?' again asked the fiscal.

'Vit arshnic,' answered Moses, simply.

'Where did you get the arsenic?' asked the now-puzzled man of the law.

'In Castle-Douglas,' replied Moses; 'in the shop of the 'potbecary, Vatshon.'

'In Mr. Watson's.—Well,' resumed the fiscal, 'did you use all you got for the purpose of destroying the rats; or, if not, where is the remainder?'

'I dash not know vere it be,' answered Moses; 'vye I did not ushe I left in the shtable.'

The fiscal was again whispered to by the officer, and Moses was required to turn out the pockets of his coat. On this being done, a paper containing some powder of arsenic fell out, and was secured by the officer.

'How came this into your pocket, if you left the poison in the stable, Moses?' asked the fiscal.

'I cannot inform your honour of that,' replied Moses. 'I did not put the arshnic in my pocket. I do not like arshnic, your honour. It ish not for Jews any more than for Christians; for it ish a mosht filthy poishon, as your honour's rats mushit long ago have been informed. It vash jusht as well for my mashter that rats were not of the plagues of Egypt; for Moshes Mendelshon would not have deshtroyed the frogs, the flies, and the sheerpiens, which the rod of Aaron brought on the land of Pharaoh.'

'It would seem that Miss Gordon was not included in the exception from the influence of Aaron's rod,' said the fiscal. 'Did you ever threaten that lady with the poison of Aaron's rod?'

'Yesh, oosh,' answered Moses, simply. 'She called me brute; and, after I left her housh, I vished in my heart that the poishon of Aaron's rod were applied to the Gentiles, and Miss Gordon among the rusht; but I vash angry when I vished it, and I am now shorry for what I shaid when the lady ish dead.'

'Are you sure, now, Moses,' asked the fiscal, 'that no part of this poison was put by your hands on the roasted pig which your master had served up for dinner yesterday?'

'Vy, yesh, your honour. If the pig had been alive I would have been very glad to have given it shome of the medishin; but there was no ush in killing a dead pig, as your honour, who knows the law, may eashily conshaive.'

After some more questions and answers of small importance, Moses was sent back to jail.

This precognition appeared to the procurator-fiscal a most extraordinary piece of evidence, inasmuch as it contained a mixture of simplicity and falsehood he had never before witnessed. The admissions made by the Hebrew were most remarkable, on the supposition of his being guilty; while, on the supposition of his innocence, the lies he had been proved to have told—first, in regard to his not having been in the kitchen, and, secondly, in regard to the arsenic not being on his person but in the stable—were unaccountable. The artful character of his sect, however, accounted for his apparent simplicity; and when his deposition was studiously considered, it did not appear, after all, that he had admitted more than could easily have been made out against him. The parts he had denied, he might think reasonably could not be made out; for he might have thought, as in all likelihood he did, that no one saw him in the kitchen except Jean Crosbie, who was herself suspected; and everything depended on the fact of his having been, or not having been, in the kitchen; while, in regard to the poison having been left in the stable, he might easily have escaped from any attempted contradiction of his testimony from its not being found there, by pretending that it had been removed. Still these denials seemed, in some suspects, gratuitous; for, where was the difference between the poison being left in the stable and carried in his pocket, unless he might have supposed that, by putting it in his pocket, he could more easily admit or

deny any question regarding it, so as to suit the circumstances which might be brought out, and the condition in which he might be placed? The fact of having the poison was of an insuperable nature; and, joined with the threats he had used against the deceased, went a great way in making out a case against the Jew.

The apothecary corroborated the Jew's testimony, as to the poison having been bought by him; and the servants who wrought in the stables stated that Moses was occupied in the manner he had stated. Glendonwyn himself called on the procurator-fiscal, and got an account of the evidence which had been given by the Jew; and there was an omission, which he pointed out to the man of the law, so glaring, that he might well have been ashamed at having it stated to him. Glendonwyn said, that he never gave instructions to the Jew to buy arsenic to kill rats, and far less did he give him any money for that purpose. Now, it was notorious that Moses never had any money about him. He had never asked any from his master, and had never got any; it being the intention of Glendonwyn to keep any little sum that he intended to give him, in his hands, to be of use to him when it accumulated to something of importance. Where, then, did the Jew get the money wherewith to buy the poison? The question pointed out at once the ridiculous omission of the fiscal, who ought to have asked Moses, whether he bought the arsenic of his own accord, or as the agent of any one else? Moses was, accordingly, again examined.

'How did it come into your head to buy arsenic for the purpose of killing the rats, Moses?' asked the fiscal.

'And how did you get the money?'

'It was Mish Crosbbie,' answered the Jew, 'who asked me to kill the rats, and who shupplied the moonish for that purpose.'

'Why did you not state that before, man?' said the fiscal.

'Becaushe your honour never asked the question,' answered Moses, with childish simplicity.

'Did you give the arsenic to Jean Crosbie when you returned with it?' again asked the fiscal.

'No; she bade me take a leetle of it, and lay the resht on the shelf in the shtable, vich I did; and I vas mush astonished to find it afterwards in my pocket.'

This testimony appeared still more curious; for, either in the event of the Jew being guilty or innocent, it was natural for him, if it was the truth, to have stated ultroneously, and even-forwardly, the circumstance, that Jean Crosbie requested him to buy the poison; but while the circumstance of not having mentioned this fact evinced a simplicity approaching to idiocy—that is, in the event of the fact being true—the conduct of the Jew, who was not looked upon as a simpleton, gave rise to the strongest suspicions that he was, in this part of his precognition, telling a falsehood. The choice lay between a simpleton of the most sottish cast, and a liar of no ordinary grade; but it was acknowledged, on all hands, that Moses possessed neither character. The view more suitable to the ordinary construction of human motives, and the suspicious nature of the case, was, however, entertained by the procurator-fiscal, who had no doubt that Moses, in his second precognition, told a lie; for no reason could be adduced to justify so absurd a construction, as that a man, with all his senses about him, and exposed to the danger of expiating a crime by death, could have retained, in his own bosom, in spite of questions that at least suggested the statement of it, a fact that seemed to be the key-stone of the case, and of his own justification.

It was naturally expected that Bell Semple, the cook, would be able to speak to some important facts; and she was next examined. She said that she had been, during the day, several times out of the kitchen, and for a considerable period at each time. She had been up-stairs to speak to her master, in the dining-room, looking to the laying out of the table, and also once or twice in the back yard for articles which she required in the preparation of the dinner. She said, moreover, that, when she was coming down from her master's room, she met Jean Crosbie, who stated to her that she should not allow that filthy Jew to prowl about in the kitchen, where she said she had just seen him; to which the cook answered, that the Jew was often in the kitchen, and had never done any harm there; and Jean Crosbie replied that he would pollute the meat. On being farther examined, she said that she heard the servants laughing at the Jew's occupation of extirpating the rats, of which she confessed there were a great many about the out-houses; but she conceived that Moses had resorted to that employment of his own accord, as she had often heard him vowing vengeance against them for gnawing his shoes in the out-house where he slept. The witness stated also a fact which made the procurator-fiscal start, viz., that Moses had, on the day before the dinner, come and asked her for a loan of some pence. She at first refused to comply with his request, and asked him what he intended to do with it. He replied, that it was for the purpose of buying some arsenic, wherewith to poison the rats which infested the out-houses. She then gave him the pence, being threepence, which he afterwards repaid; and she understood that he went to Castle-Douglas for the poison.

This last statement of the cook rendered it necessary to make another application to Moses. He at once admitted that he got the money from Bell Semple, with which he bought the poison; but stated that he borrowed it from her at the request of Miss Crosbie, who gave him the means of repaying it.

'Why did you not tell me that before?' said the fiscal, angrily.

'Becaushe your honour did not ask who gave me moonish,' replied Moses, with his accustomed *naiveté*.

'But you stated formerly, Moses,' said the fiscal, 'that you got the arsenic at the request of Jean Crosbie. Why, then, did you go to Bell Semple for the money?'

'Becaushe Mish Crosbbie ashked me to borrow the moonish from Bell Shemple,' answered Moses.

This additional testimony of the Jew was as incomprehensible as that formerly elicited from him. Here he had again concealed, at least not stated, when it ought naturally to have been mentioned by him, that he borrowed the money from the cook with which he bought the poison; and then the moment the question is put to him, he admits the fact in the most [illegible]

manner possible, and afterward stated, that he did all this at the request of Jean Crosbie—a mixture of simplicity, blurry, cunning, ignorance, and secrecy, which no searcher into human motives could resolve into elements of truth. The fiscal felt more at a loss for a true and probable theory than ever; and recourse was had to a re-examination of Jean Crosbie, to ascertain what she had to state against the imputations which the Jew's testimony cast upon the truth of her former precognition.

On being re-examined, Jean Crosbie denied, *mordieu*, that she ever told the Jew to destroy the rats, or borrow money from Bell Semple, or buy arsenic; all of which allegations, on the part of the Jew, she denominated as calumnies and falsehoods, resorted to by the cunning Israelite to save a life he had justly forfeited to the interests of humanity and the injured laws. She insisted strongly that Moses had frequently vowed vengeance against Miss Gordon; and that vengeance he had taken in such a manner as to gratify at once his feelings of revenge and his religious antipathies—having put the poison on the pork, an article of food he had been tormented with from the first day he entered the house of Turreth-nowe.

Some evidence was next led as to the fear entertained by the servants, of the effects of Miss Gordon becoming their mistress. The dairymaid, who was considered to be a favourite with Miss Gordon, having once been in her service, was examined, and stated that Jean Crosbie's authority in the house was very great; and that, when it was surmised that Miss Gordon was to become the mistress of Turreth-nowe, she evinced apparently great disquietude, but abstained from saying anything. The other servants were more outspoken, and acknowledged, though with good nature, that their dismissal was certain, but added, that they had no fears of getting situations elsewhere. She said that Moses Mendelsohn was apparently in greater distress about the marriage than any of the other people about the house; for he complained of having been called a brute by her, and said that the poison of Aaron's rod, which was made a serpent, would destroy her, as he had done to the rats. Other witnesses were got to [illegible] same facts; and the difficulties of the case [illegible] with the increase of the evidence.

The whole [illegible] was transmitted to Edinburgh, to be perused by the Lord Advocate. Authority was afterwards sent to liberate Jean Crosbie and Bell Semple; and Moses Mendelsohn was indicted for the murder of 'Miss Jane Gordon, by administering to her arsenic in a roasted pig, which, in the house of Edward Glendonwyn, was served up to a dinner at which the said Jane Gordon was present; for the purpose of taking away the life of her, and of the other guests—at least of the said Jane Gordon, who died in consequence thereof.'

At the next Circuit Court, held at Dumfries, the trial of the unfortunate Jew took place, with all the solemnity of that ancient and dignified tribunal. The usual forms were gone through, and the Jew denied that he was guilty of the crime charged. The Advocate-Depute then made a speech which was remarkable for its severity against the culprit, as well as for the critical acumen with which he penetrated every part of the extraordinary case, the most extraordinary, he admitted, that had ever been entrusted to him to prosecute. A very faint outline can be given now of the speech. It was not taken down by the shorthand writer with any other view than to report the trial shortly as a criminal trial, amongst many others; but some idea may be formed of its character by what is now to be submitted to the reader:—

'My Lords, and Gentlemen of the Jury,—You are well aware, as we all are, of the dreadful character of murder, committed by means of poison; for, while, in any other species of murder, the hand which directs the blow can often be detected, and the victim may have a chance for defeating the object of his slayer, by defending his life, or evading the danger—in the case of poison there is no security, no relief, no evasion—the brave and the timid, the wicked and the innocent, the master and the slave, the Christian and the Jew, are alike exposed to the concealed venom, which the murderer by poison—the worst of all serpents, for the serpent shows his fangs—employs against the unconscious victims of his cruelty and cowardice. Nor is it proper to forget what is an aggravation, though only in the erring inconsistency it exhibits, that the staff of life is, in the general case, as it is in that in which I am now engaged, used as the barbed arrow of death. The gift of the Almighty is changed to a curse, and the very hand of the victim is made to convey the means of his own death to his own mouth, and commit an unconscious suicide. Nor are we to forget here who are the parties in this dreadful affair; for the more that contrast is viewed, the greater must be our indignation. On the one side, a beautiful woman, in the bloom of her [illegible] zenith of her beauty and on the eve of her [illegible] on the other side, what can be conceived [illegible] of preconceived ideas of filth and ugli[illegible] squalid, foul, and ill-favoured—a Jew of the tribe of Reuben, an insulter of our Saviour, a denier of his divinity, a hater of Christians, and a disobeyer of the commands of the Almighty; one, in short, of that cross-grained, stiff-necked, perverse generation, who, the greatest favoured of the children of Adam, have at all times exhibited the least gratitude. What can be the thoughts of Christian men sitting on the tribunal of justice, that such a wretch should by the cruel and wringing powers and pains of arsenic deprive a creature, so fair, so interesting, and so young, of her existence, on the very eve of the happiest day of her life? Surely they must be those of indignation at the crime and pleasure in the contemplation that, though by the law of Moses there was appointed a city of refuge for murderers of a certain kind, no such city awaits the prisoner who, by his forethought felony, has forfeited not only sanctuary, but the sympathy of man. I shall be able to satisfy this court, that the prisoner at the bar, Moses Mendelsohn, conceived a savage feeling of hatred and revenge against the deceased; for the purpose of gratifying which, he, cunningly, and according to the tricks of his sect, pretended that he intended to occupy himself in clearing Glendonwyn's house of rats, whereby, having an opportunity of purchasing arsenic, he might mix it with some of the food that was to be used at a dinner at which his victim

was to be present—an intention which he put into execution with fearful determination, and in a way suited to the antipathies of his peculiar religion; having put the arsenic on a roasted pig, which was prepared in the kitchen of his master's house. By this diabolical act, this Jew got his revenge gratified, his religious feelings favoured, and, what was equal to all to his estimation, he secured his place in his master's house, which, in the event of his victim harrowing, by marriage with his master, his mistress, he knew he could not for one moment retain. All this will show you the hard-heartedness and diabolical nature of this cruel man; but you will also see in him a species of cunning, transcending any art with which I am acquainted; for, while he was concerned in a horrid and secret murder, he effected an openness, an ingenuousness, and a naïveté; talking of the arsenic—borrowing money to purchase it—stating the cause of his enmity to the deceased, that she had once called him a brute—sufficient to deceive, as it did deceive, every person in the house, except Jean Crombie, and for a time even shook my own belief of his guilt: all which are an exaggeration of his great crime.'

The evidence was now led, exhibiting nearly the same features as the precognition of the witnesses, already generally detailed. It was observed, however, by the pannel's counsel, that one most essential witness was awaiting—no less important a personage than Jean Crombie. Without her testimony, the evidence was powerful against Moses; and though there was no reason to suppose that she could be a witness for him, yet her absence gave the counsel for the culprit a handle, of which they did not fail to take advantage. Moses, himself, did not fail to perceive the extraordinary omission, and stood up with a view to address the court—a spectacle which confounded those who had known him, and conceived him to be a simpleton, as well as the judges, who, however, had no authority, and wished to repress his attempt at justification, however clear the case appeared against him.

'A pew Jew, my Lords, hash no right to wonder at the ways of your Lordships, or to find fault with the lawsh of the land; but, in our counshel of Gazith—that ish, our Shanhedrim—the meokrhim, or sheribes, explained the lawsh of Moses; and I could vish to know vy Miss Crombie ish not in the court thish day, for, according to our lawsh, ash delivered by Moshes, if any falsh witnesh shall shtand up against a man, accushing him of any crime, they shall both shtand before the Lord, before the prieshts, and before the judges, in thoshe days, before Herod took away the Shanhedrim. Vithout thish voman, how can Moshes Mendelsholn be tried for thish crime? I am here to stand before the judges, and be veighed; and I shay that Jean Crombie ish guilty of the crime for vich I am here tried. Let her alsho be veighed; for, ash Ezra shald to twelve of the chief prieshts—'Vatch ye, and keep the veshals of shilver and gold, and veigh them before the chief of the prieshts, and the Levites, and chief of the fathers of Israel at Jerusthalem;' so are your Lordships bound to veigh ush both, and say vich of ush ish avanting. The trial ish between a Jew and a Gentile; but your Lordships are just, and can understand that a Jew hath feelings like other men. It vash not the pew Jew who shaid, 'Let their table become a snare before them, and that vich should have been for their velfare, let it become a trap.' I bought the poishon, by the command of Miss Crombie. It vash she who put it in my pocket, and sprinkled my feet vith the dust of the kitchen, putting glue thereon to make it stick; and it vash she who commanded me to borrow the mouvish fish, the cook, and not to shay that she requested me. Though I am pew, I am honesht. Repentish hath broken my heart; as David saith—'I am full of heaviness, and I looked for shome to take pity, but there vash none, and for comforters, but I found none.' To vhom can I appeal, but to your Lordships, imploring you to cast me not off, in the time of old age, and forsake me not ven my shtrength faileth. For my shupplication have reshpect, and the race vich thou leavesht shall be magnified on the earth.'

As Moses finished his speech, a justice of the peace for the shire of Peebles, came forward, holding in his hands the dying declaration of Jean Crombie, who, after she came out of jail, had been seized by a fever caught in its damp recesses, and been carried to Peeblesshire, where her friends resided. She grew worse, and died; and, before her senses left her, emitted a declaration, in presence of the justice, which was now laid before the court. The declaration was read in court. It admitted that Jean Crombie got the Jew to buy the poison, and afterwards used a part of it, by sprinkling it over the roasted pig, when Bell Semple was out of the kitchen. It stated also that she put the poison in the Jew's pocket, and put sand on his shoes, with glue, all with a view to implicate him in the murder. She committed the crime, because she loved her master, and desired to be revenged on her rival, whose entry to the house would have been the signal of her departure.

This evidence cleared Moses, who was acquitted, and taken home again to Turrethnowe, where he lived and died.

THE SUSPICIOUS DRAFT.

One day, in the summer of the year 1752, a stranger of very remarkable appearance entered a certain banking office in the city of Glasgow. He was a man of immense stature, of fierce aspect, and wore the full dress of a Highlander, of which country his accent discovered him to be a native.

In the manner in which the stranger made his *entrée* into the banking-office, there was a curious mixture of boldness and timidity. In the first place, he opened the door slowly and cautiously, almost as it were by stealth. This done, he thrust in his head to reconnoitre before advancing a step farther; when, seeing only one person in the office, he assumed the haughty air which seemed natural to him, stalked into the apartment, banged the door after him with some violence,

and then advanced with a firm step towards a small desk—for banking-office establishments were then altogether on a small scale—at which the banker himself, an elderly gentleman, was seated.

The latter, from the moment the stranger had first thrust his head in at the door, had kept his eye fixed on him with a look of enquiry, which said, as plainly as if it had been spoken, 'Who, in the name of all that's suspicious, art thou, friend?' The stranger instantly perceived that he was looked upon with more than ordinary interest, and he did not seem to relish the distinction.

On approaching the banker, who was still gazing upon him with a look of intense inquisitiveness and curiosity, the stranger stood still; and to the inquiry of the former regarding his business, made no other reply than by beginning to grope under his plaid, as if in search of something concealed in its voluminous folds, from which he at length drew a dirty scrap of paper. At this he glanced for an instant himself, then threw it haughtily on the desk before the banker. The latter lifted the singular-looking document, adjusted his spectacles, and proceeded to give it a deliberate perusal. This done, he again laid it down, raised his glasses high on his forehead, with the air of one who is about to commence a serious and important investigation into singularly suspicious circumstances; and, addressing the stranger, said—

'Pray, friend, where got you this order?'

'Why, what does it signify how or where I got it?' replied the former, gruffly. 'It is all right, I suppose, and I want the money for it.'

'Right, oh! ay, right,' said the banker, again lifting the paper, and looking at the signature for at least the sixth time—'perhaps it is, but the whole matter is odd. This gentleman,' he added, pointing to the subscriber's name, 'left Glasgow yesterday, to my certain knowledge, for the Highlands; and, previously to his departure, we adjusted all matters between us, and of this order he said nothing. In short, sir,' he went on, 'under all the circumstances of the case, I decline paying you this money.' And the old gentleman pressed his lips together with an air of fixed resolution. When he had done—

'So, so,' replied the bearer of the rejected draft, 'you don't like the order. It's suspicious, you think.' Here he turned suddenly round about, and threw a rapid glance around the apartment, as if to be assured that there was no one present but themselves. Then, again confronting the banker, 'You don't like the order,' he repeated, and, in the same instant, he plunged his hand beneath his plaid. 'Why, then, here's another, a genuine one. What say you to *that* draft, Mr. Banker?' And he planted the muzzle of a pistol on the edge of the little desk at which the person whom he addressed was seated. 'What; don't you like this either?' he said jocosely, as if he enjoyed the terror and alarm which was now strongly depicted on the countenance of the banker. 'But, come,' he added, more sternly, 'like it or not, down with the money; I've no time to lose. Down with the money, or—' and he completed the sentence by a significant motion of the imposing weapon which he held in his hand.

'What, sir! what, sir!' exclaimed the banker, leaping from his seat in the most dreadful consternation and alarm, his lips pale and quivering with fright, 'do you mean to rob me?'

'Rob you,' replied the terrible stranger, coolly; 'rob you—no, no; by no means. I only want you to give me my own.'

'I will call out for assistance, sir; I will get you apprehended—I will get you hanged!' exclaimed the banker, still dreadfully discomposed.

'You had better not,' replied the stranger, 'else you may rue it.' And he made another significant motion with his pistol.

Perceiving now that it was both idle and dangerous to tamper longer with his extraordinary visiter, the banker opened a huge iron door in the wall of the apartment, close by where he had been sitting, and proceeded to count out the amount of the draft which he was thus forcibly compelled to honour.

'Now,' said the stranger, on putting the last handful of the coin which had been told down to him into a large leathern purse with which he was provided, 'that this little matter is settled between us, I will tell you something that may be worth your knowing. If you attempt to follow me one single step, or if you make the slightest effort to have me pursued, you may rest assured of having your house, one of these nights, burnt about your ears. If I escape any such attempt as that I speak of, this I would do with my own hand. If I am taken, there are certain friends of mine that will do it for me, and, perhaps, blow your brains out to the bargain.'

Having said this, the stranger, after bidding the banker good morning, stalked deliberately out of the office, leaving the latter to his own reflections on what had just taken place.

Fully confiding, as he had good reason to do, in the threat which had been held out to him, he did not attempt to follow his tremendous visiter; but stood gazing in rueful silence, on his retiring figure as he left the office. There was another reason, however, for the banker's forbearance on this occasion. The draft which he had paid, he felt assured, was genuine; he only doubted the circumstances in which it had appeared, and was, therefore, secure from pecuniary loss—a circumstance which had due weight with him, and which effectually reconciled him to the escape of his customer.

And now, good reader, you will be somewhat curious to know, we presume, who this strange person was. He was a celebrated Highland freebooter of the name of John Dhu Cantteron, or Sergeant Mor, as he was called in his native country, from his large stature. The order, whose odd process of being cashed we have described, was extorted from a gentleman whom the sergeant met with in the Highlands; and who was detained a prisoner by his gang, but treated with much hospitality, until John Dhu's return with the money, when he was liberated and escorted to a place of safety. The proceeding of the sergeant, in the case just related, was a bold one; for he was well known, and ran great risk of being taken and hanged. But fortune favours the brave; and John, as we have seen, succeeded in bringing the dangerous transaction to a happy conclusion.

MADELINE OF ROECLEUGH;

OR,

THE HILTON PROPHECY.

In the heart of the Lammermuir hills are still to be seen the grey ruins of an ancient baronial pile, perched, in spectral gloom, upon the rugged margin of one of those dark ravines by which that wild district is here and there intersected.

At the time of the commencement of our tale—namely, the latter part of the seventeenth century—it belonged to a branch of the ancient family of Sinclair, and, indeed, had done so for centuries before. Sir George Sinclair, the present proprietor and occupier of the castle, had had several children, whom, with their mother, the hand of death had, one by one, carried away—one young and beautiful daughter alone remaining, to be the joy and solace of his declining years. The family of Sinclair had long been noted as stanch Catholics; and though their present representative did not display such an ardent zeal in promoting and defending the interests of the Church of Rome as had been evinced by many of his predecessors, he kept in his service none but Catholic retainers, and caused his daughter to be educated in the principles of that faith by an aged Catholic priest who resided in the castle. Under the care of this venerable individual, Madeline Sinclair—for that was her name—acquired a pretty accurate acquaintance with the various branches considered necessary in the education of a female of her rank at that day. But, independent of her acquired accomplishments, the natural sweetness of her disposition, aided by a share of personal beauty which even the least susceptible of mankind could scarcely have beheld without admiration, caused Madeline to be regarded by all with interest; but by the inhabitants of the neighbouring village, most of whom had experienced her kindness when suffering under poverty or disease, her delicate form tripping lightly toward the abode of sorrow was viewed rather as that of an angel, than as an ordinary frame-work of human clay.

The retirement in which Madeline and her father lived, was but seldom broken in upon till the former had reached her sixteenth year. Their most frequent visiter was the young Lord Avondale, a near relative of Madeline's mother, who, during his boyhood, had been annually in the habit of spending a few weeks at Roecleugh-Castle. Her time had always glided away most happily during young Avondale's visits; and the fall of the leaf, which never failed to bring him to Roecleugh, had always been looked forward to with pleasing anticipations. He used to accompany her during her favourite walks by the side of the streamlet, read to her, and render her a thousand little attentions, trifling no doubt in themselves, but which seldom fail to prove gratifying to the individual to whom they are directed.

The friendship thus early formed had increased and ripened with years into the more impassioned feeling of attachment known to all by the familiar name of *love*.

It has been remarked, that there is no subject whose details are so insipid to a stranger as those of love-making; though, perhaps, nothing is more interesting to the parties themselves. As we are much disposed to concur in the accuracy of this statement, it will at once be sufficient for us to state, that that important process had been gone through, and the critical question answered by the guileless blushes of the fair Madeline.

But let not the reader suppose that Lord Avondale was the only suitor for her hand. Johnston, the Baron of Hilton, had also sought for it, but in vain. He was somewhat older than Avondale, and of a fiery and resentful disposition, which led him to nourish within his bosom feelings of the darkest kind against his successful rival. He, first of all, resorted to the lowest methods of vilifying Avondale in the eyes of his mistress; but the diabolical artifices which he resorted to for effecting his purpose, had become apparent even to her to whose mind suspicion was a stranger.

The people in the village looked upon the match between Avondale and Madeline as fixed, but, at the same time, most of them could not help regretting that the daughter of their master was about to be wedded to one so depraved as they had been led to consider Avondale, through the calumnious reports that Johnston caused to be circulated amongst them.

'Hech! wha would hae thocht that siccan a weel-faured, warm-hearted leddie as Miss Madeline, wad hae had sae little regard for hersel' an' her father's house as to thraw awa hersel' an' her braw tocher on sic a rampagin', hare-brained, guid-for-nathing as this young Avondale. I'm sure it's as weel that her puir leddy-mither's dead an' gane; for it wad hae broken her heart to hae seen her bairn sae far left to hersel' as to forgether wi' siccan a hard-hearted loun. Ye wad hear tell, nae doubt, o' his roupin' out ane o' his puir tenants in Loudon for no haeing his bit rent ready to pay him at St. Jude's day. I could maist wish a curse to fa' on his head, gin I thocht pairt o't wadna licht on Leddy Madeline, puir lassie, wha we're a' sae muckle beha'den to'—said Lucky Cruikshanks to a neighbour, who was seated with her at her 'chimney nuik,' discussing the gossip of the village.

'In troth,' replied the other, 'it's e'en a pity that siccan a bonny an' winsome lassie suld hae made sae puir a bargain, gin a' be true that ye say; but the word ye've gien, neebor, I maun tell ye, disna correspond ava wi' what he gets aboot his ain place, whar he's muckle lauded and respeckit.'

'Haud ye there, cummer,' interrupted Mrs. Cruickshanks, not a little piqued at the air of incredulity assumed by her visiter; 'ye maun e'en ken that what I've tell't ye anent the roupin' o' the puir body's guids and chattels, is something mair than an auld wife's haver, an' it was tell't to my guidman by nae less a body than the Laird o' Hilton hissel'—tak' ye that, cummer!'

'The Laird o' Hilton!' repeated the other, with an ill-disguised air of triumph; 'an' think ye, what ye tell me's the mair likely to be true, that it's come frae his mouth? Hae ye nae mair sense than to believe that the laird wad slack his tongue to upheud the man that's won the leddy ower his head; nae sic thing, my woman—the laird's no the man; an' I hae guid

reason to think that, gin the truth was kend, Hilton's at the bottom o' a' thir stories that are flein' about o' young Avondale."

'Ae ye're nae better than the lave—I tink ye to hae been a person o' mair sense and discretion,' retorted the other, whose pique had now assumed an aspect bordering upon anger—'ye're like the lave, seebor—there's nae reason in ye—mair by token that ye opine that the hale acts o' a man's life are to be judged by a single deed. Think ye, lass, that 'cause he freed frae the claws o' justice, a thieving cutthroat, Rob o' the Muirs, whe, nae doubt, had lifted nae ess' bouk o' his nowt, that he's aye to be the same compassionate man? It's a' ye ken about it, cummer, it's a' ye ken,' said she, at the same time rising from her seat, and recommencing some household operations which she had left off upon the entrance of her acquaintance. The latter forthwith withdrew, observing her temper somewhat ruffled, adding, as she wished her 'guid e'en,' that 'time wad tell whilk o' the twa was i' the richt.'

The obstinacy with which Lucky Cruickshanks had mistaken any favourable impression being made on her mind regarding the young suitor of Madeline, was rather to be attributed to a natural inherent feeling of self-consequence, which prevented her from acknowledging anything as new, which emanated from one whom she considered so far below her in intellectual capacity, as her neighbour, than to any particular aversion that she entertained against him. It must be observed, however, that the inhabitants of Roecleugh generally had a decided predilection in favour of Johnston, which induced them to consider him as by far the most suitable husband for their young mistress. The calumniating reports spread abroad by the latter, in prejudice to his rival, and the undoubted superiority he enjoyed in point of wealth, afford the only way for accounting for this; for, in every other respect, he was incomparably surpassed by Lord Avondale; or, perhaps, the dignified, or, as they supposed it, haughty bearing of the latter, might have prevented him from gaining that place in their estimation, which the affability of his rival had procured.

Such was the state of affairs at Roecleugh, and such the estimation in which the respective suitors for Madeline's hand were held, when it became generally circulated that the nuptials between the young heiress of Roecleugh and Lord Avondale were on the point of being consummated.

Before spreading abroad the calumnious reports by which he had endeavoured to blast the reputation of his rival, the Baron of Hilton had become well aware, from the reception he had uniformly met with from Madeline, that there remained no prospect, even the most distant, of her ever consenting to be his bride. Still he had endeavoured to lull his feelings, by the hope that Avondale would not succeed in winning the hand of her on whom he had resolutely, though in vain, set his affections. It was on a Saturday evening, when carousing with a party of convivial acquaintances in the mansion house of Hilton, that Johnston first became acquainted with this, to him, startling fact.

'And see,' said a farmer, who was one of his boon-companions, 'it's true enough, after a', that Lord Avondale's to be buckled to the fair rose of Roecleugh. The wedding, I'm gien to understand, is fixed for Monday week; and rich and mony are the brawe thing hae been ordered frae the Edinburgh milliners! my conscience! they say there's as muckle coming out as 'll fill Pate Thamson's twa double carts.'

Johnston heard these sayings of his visiter, as will readily be supposed, with feelings of no very pleasing description, but struggled hard to suppress any outward demonstration of his mental emotion. Immediately seizing the bottle which stood before him upon the table, he replenished his glass to the rim, and quickly swallowed its contents, apparently with the view of drowning the galling sensations with which wounded pride and enmity had filled his breast. The departure of his visiters, which did not take place till a very late, or rather early hour, imparted no alleviation to his distracted feelings. Wild and sleepless, he paced backward and forward in his chamber; at intervals, vainly attempting to allay the agony of his spirit by renewed applications to the wine-flask. But such means, he, like many before and after him, found inadequate to

> 'Minister unto a mind diseased,
> Or pluck from the heart a rooted sorrow.'

In this wretched state did he continue till the following morning, when he was aroused from his frantic reveries by the bustle occasioned by the country people on their way to the church. In a state of madness, he resolved to seek there, for his mental sufferings, a mitigation which he had sought for in vain within the walls of his own dwelling. Accordingly wrapping his cloak around him, he hastened thither, and seated himself in a pew immediately in front of the pulpit. The appearance of his features, agitated by his internal emotions, as well as by the means which he had resorted to for quelling them, exhibited a striking contrast to the calm and serene expression of face borne by the rustics, who sat around him contented and happy.

At length an aged and venerable man stalked up the aisle, entered the pulpit, and *gave out* the psalm. He was Daniel Douglas, who, with Sir Patrick Hume, the celebrated knight of Polwarth, had been obliged to abdicate his charge and seek refuge for some years in Holland, during the evil days of the Persecution; but whom the more tranquil period subsequent to the Revolution had reinstated in the pastoral charge of the parish of Hilton. He was a stanch and unbending advocate of the rules and doctrines of what was called the Reformed religion, which he had boldly asserted and defended, when to have done so was considered a crime.

The psalm sung and the prayer ended, 'Come unto me, all ye who labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' was the text announced by the venerable parson. 'You lie,' exclaimed his abandoned patron, at the same time rising from his seat; but almost immediately re-assuming it—'You can give no rest—no rest.'

For a moment the divine lifted his eyes from the page of the sacred volume which was spread out before him, and directed them toward the individual who had so indecorously interrupted him; but almost instantly he repeated, in a yet louder and more emphatic tone, the words which had given rise to the interruption

The rustic audience did not, however, so speedily recover from their surprise, but in silent wonderment continued to gaze upon the laird.

'There be,' said the preacher, commencing his discourse, 'divers classes of individuals unto whom the words which I have just now read unto you from the holy book are addressed. Some be there, who, overwhelmed with the cares and sorrows of this transitory scene, and finding here below no place of refuge from the fury of the tempest that has gathered around them, in the spirit of meekness and of humility, come unto Him who is both able and willing to rescue them; others be there, who, thwarted in their vain schemes of ambition or of pelf, with the leaven of passion or of pride still rankling in their breasts, impiously resort to Him for succour.'

Scarcely had these words passed from the lips of the speaker, before the door of the pew in which Johnston was seated was flung violently open, and its occupant darting across the passage, flew up the pulpit stairs, grasped the preacher by the throat, and, in another moment, dashed his head with such violence against the desk as caused the blood to flow forth in a copious stream from his nostrils. At this juncture the whole congregation rose hurriedly from their seats, and several individuals sprang forward to rescue their minister from the hands of his infuriated assailant. The latter was no sooner secured, than Daniel Douglas, composedly wiping away with his napkin the blood with which his mouth was besmeared, turned towards Johnston, and, in an emphatic tone, exclaimed aloud—

'Unhappy man! unto this very sanctuary which thou hast now irreverently profaned, shall thy mangled carcase be brought, not many days hence; yea, the very dogs shall lap thy heart's blood from off the floor.'

The morrow's dawn found the Baron of Hilton threading his intricate way up one of the longest and narrowest defiles in the range of the Lammermuir mountains. In its bottom flowed a small brook, here and there impeded, in its onward course, by huge and unsightly masses of rock, which, in the lapse of years, had been hurled down from the lofty cliffs by which it was overhung. At last, the baron paused, and, looking upward to one of those craggy steeps, the summit of which was clothed with the dense foliage of the stunted birch and dwarf oak, he drew forth from beneath his cloak a small bugle-horn, and made the wild echoes of the glen respond to its wild music. Three times had the blast been repeated, when the figure of a man appeared, crouching behind the foliage at the top of the cliff, reconnoitring the individual who had intruded himself so near his solitary abode. Apparently satisfied with the result of his scrutiny, he stood up erect, and displayed a tall athletic figure, which, at the place from which it was viewed by the other, corresponded exactly with the ordinary description of a giant. He was attired in a tight, close, party-coloured dress, formed of the skins of hares and the other furry tenants of the bleak region in which he lived; and the rays of the morning sun, which had now begun to peep forth above the hills, were reflected from the clear hilt of a dagger, stuck in a belt that surrounded his waist. He beckoned the baron to approach towards the base of the cliff, and commenced lowering down a strong rope or cable, to the end of which was suspended a swing seat. Hilton having seated himself in it, was quickly raised, by means of a revolving lever, to the ledge of rock that protruded at the feet of the robber—for such was the calling of the individual whom he had gone to visit. His countenance bore an expression of haughtiness that indicated the utter contempt in which he held the laws and their administrators. During several years of the earlier part of his life, he had served as a private soldier in the persecuting ranks of the bloody Claverhouse, whom he had beheld expire in the arms of victory at the Pass of Killiecrankie. After the annihilation of the Stewart dynasty, he had abandoned the profession of a soldier, though we cannot add that he had also laid aside that of arms. Retiring to this wild region of the Lammermuirs, he had sought out for himself a suitable lurking place, whence he occasionally sallied forth and levied unwilling contributions from the lairds and farmers of the Merse.

Many attempts had been made to seize Rob o' the Muirs—the name by which he was usually called—but all of these, with two exceptions, had proved unavailing. On these occasions, which occurred upon his first commencing the profession of freebooter, his spoliations being of a comparatively venial description to those which he had latterly been in the habit of carrying on, he had been suffered to escape. He had once, as was adverted to by Lucky Cruickshanks, been detected in the act of driving away several heads of cattle from the lands of Avondale Castle; and, after being firmly bound and lustily belaboured by the rusties, had been thrust into an out-house for the night. But he had been released from this state of 'durance vile' by Lord Avondale, who was then a boy, and had wished to enjoy their amazement, when they should go, on the following morning, to carry him off to gaol, at finding that he had escaped. At another time he had been arraigned at Jedburgh for highway robbery, committed on the person of a Lammermuir laird; but, from some flaw in the indictment, and the interference of some persons, among whom was the Baron of Hilton, in his behalf, he had also been acquitted and suffered to return to his lawless vocation.

In strict justice to Rob, it must be added, that the acquisition of *spuilzie*, rather than the perpetration of acts of bloodshed, was his exciting object; though it will readily be supposed, that, in the course of his long practice as a freebooter, occasions must have occurred when he had found it expedient, from a regard to his own safety, or to insure the successful accomplishment of his object, to *kittle* underneath the ribs with his poniard, or to send a bullet unceremoniously whizzing through the head of a refractory drover.

The Baron had no sooner disengaged himself from the apparatus by which he had been swung up to the mouth of the bandit's cave, than the latter thus addressed him:—

'To what good fortune, Laird of Hilton, am I to consider myself indebted for so early and unexpected a visit from you? But I forget—the mist of these wild hills must have sharpened your lowland appetite.'

So saying, he crouched himself downwards, and, bidding his visiter follow his example, he disappeared

through a narrow aperture which led into his rude citadel. It was a large and irregularly-shaped cavern, obscurely lighted by a lamp that was suspended from its roof. Along one of its sides was a range of seats, composed of a number of layers of turf piled alternately one above another; and in the centre of the apartment was a sort of table, constructed of the same material, over which was inverted the dried skin of a bullock. The walls glistened with swords, pistols, and pieces of armour of various descriptions; and in one of the corners was suspended the red military cloak which had been worn by Rob when a soldier during the civil wars. In a recess, at its farther extremity, lay, stretched out upon some hides that supplied the place of a mattress, the individual who took charge of the garrison when the robber was engaged in his midnight spoliations.

'Had the sun not been so far up, I would have treated you to some warm refreshment for breakfast; but smoke, you know, is not the most fitting thing that can be seen issuing from the mansion of a gentleman of my profession,' said the robber, smiling; 'you will therefore have to make what cheer you can upon such cold provender as I may be able to set before you.'

'I can eat none, Rob,' said Johnston; 'so you may spare yourself the trouble of bringing forth any of your viands. You talked of the mists of the hills having given me an appetite—they have not; let me try what effect may be produced by a cup of your own purer mountain-dew, which, I guess, that huge bottle beside you contains.'

'And that you shall quickly have,' said the other, producing the bottle and a large wooden drinking-cup or quegh, which, filled up with its contents, and wishing his visiter 'health and happiness,' drank it off. Then filling up the cup again, he handed it to the other, who, before draining it, said:—

'You have drunk health and happiness to me, Rob—will you bring out another of your cups, and, in a bumper, pledge me that you will lend me a helping hand in the accomplishment of what can alone insure to me either of these blessings?'

'That I will do cheerily,' replied the freebooter, at the same time rising from his seat in quest of another vessel; 'do you doubt me, man? I have not so soon forgot the good word you spoke for me at the Jeddart court, when I was like to have got a trip beyond seas, merely for having helped myself to a few golden portraits of his Majesty from the Laird of Stobswood's leather purse, when I first began business for myself. No; Rob has not let that good turn slip so quickly from his memory.'

'Well, then,' said the other, when his entertainer had once more seated himself and plenished his cup to the brim, 'you have heard of Lord Avondale, who'—

'I have; and a better young fellow, barring yourself, does not call himself master of an acre of land between the Tweed and the Forth,' interrupted the bandit.

'Well,' continued Johnston, impatiently; 'but you know that he has stepped in between me and Madeline of Roeclough. The wedding is fixed for Monday week, and I have resolved that it shall never take place. I have now come to ask your assistance in putting a stop to it.'

'How and by what means, then, do you purpose to carry your threat into execution? By carrying off the wench, eh? and keeping her shut up, like a caged lark, in your old ghostly mansion down by, till such times as she consent to accept the Baron of Hilton for her mate? If that be what you wish, then will I lend you a helping hand, provided you will promise me that there is to be no bloodshed in the way.'

'You have guessed my intentions with wonderful exactness, Rob,' answered the other; 'but more or less bloodshed there must be, for how otherwise would it be possible to get Madeline forced from the castle, occupied as it will now be by a numerous host of friends and kinsmen, who will have assembled to be present at the bridal?'

'Leave that to me,' replied the robber; 'only promise me that you will keep your sword buried in its scabbard, and you shall have Madeline, as you call her, mounted behind you on your horse ere another week goes round. Come now, pledge me that Avondale shall be safe, or, by my troth, I wont stir a foot in the business.'

'I pro—mise, then,' drawled forth the baron, reluctantly, at the same time grasping the proffered hand of Rob o' the Muirs; 'and, in the event of your managing the matter as successfully as you have said, I will cheerfully give you what gold you may be pleased to ask from me for your good services.'

'A bargain be it, then,' replied his companion. 'You say the wedding is to be on Monday week—hold yourself in readiness waiting for me on that day, about nightfall, among the ruins of the old nunnery of St. Bathan's; and then, else my name's not Rob, will I deliver up into your hands Madeline of Roeclough. But forget not to bring with you your fleetest steed, as there is chance of a hot pursuit.'

We must now leave this worthy couple to arrange matters for the capture of Madeline, and request the reader to accompany us back to Roeclough, where active preparations had, for some time previous, been making for the approaching nuptials. Many of the friends of Sir George Douglas had, as Johnston conjectured, arrived at the castle, where the greater part of the day was spent in the amusements of the field, and the evening in festivity. Avondale was also there; and, as might naturally be supposed, the greater part of the time which he could contrive to snatch from the company of the other visiters, was devoted to that of his young bride. But, while such was the state of affairs at the castle, the inhabitants of the village were not idle. Though the match scarcely accorded with their wishes, now that they saw that it was finally fixed upon, they contended with each other who should be the most forward in evincing their respect and attachment to their young mistress. A meeting was forthwith *called*, to be held in the shop of Jasper Middlemass, the blacksmith, for the purpose of taking into consideration what would be the most suitable method of demonstrating their feelings upon the occasion. At the appointed hour, not only the male dignitaries of the village, but likewise the greater part of their wives, crowded together within the walls of the

smithy. Their children also congregated in noisy groups around the door, and not a few annoyed the members of the assembly, by thrusting their bare heads through between their legs, with a view of seeing, or rather hearing, what was to be done. Silence being called and procured, on the motion of Peter Purdie the tailor, the parochial schoolmaster, Gabriel Whackum, was unanimously called to the chair, or rather stithy, for such was the only seat of honour that the place of convention afforded. Accordingly, having mounted the rostrum, the individual in question, who was a tall, thin, sallow-complexioned man, after a few introductory hems, and having assumed such a look of importance as the occasion demanded, proceeded to address the audience nearly in the same words as follow:—

'My friends and fellow-townsfolk,' he said,—'It appeareth from sundry passages in the ancient writers, that the Greeks and Romans were wont to celebrate their matrimonial alliances with the voice of festivity and rejoicing; as is apparent from Tenocretes, page 162, as also from the writings of Theophastus, (Schrivelius' edition) at page 56, nigh unto the bottom thereof. The same custom, moreover, obtained among the Jews of old, as the beginning of the second chapter of the Gospel according to St. John doth also duly evince. A practice thus universal and ancient, it little behoveth us, in these present times, to let fall into desuetude, the more especially as sundry whom I behold here present, have been singularly beholden unto the virgin who is about to be wedded, when placed in great straits and jeopardy by reason of lack of sustenance. But while I hold it to be laudable for you to show forth unto the world some public testimonial of your esteem, I would, at the same time, counsel you against letting loose your reins unto drunkenness, the which lowereth a man even unto a level with the beasts of the field. Also touching the matter of the barrel of ale, which the consideration of Sir George hath sent, to enable us the better to keep up the hilarity of the occasion, I would take it upon me to suggest, that, on the evening whereon the nuptials are to be solemnized, the said cask,—'*dicta Sabina*,' as Horatius Flaccus would have called it,—should be deposited in the charge of three trustworthy persons, to be elected by a majority of the suffrages of the assembly, the same to be empowered to mete out in due moieties unto every man his equable share of liquor. And, lastly, my friends, I may add that any one who may have a motion to bring forward shall be listened to, on my part, with all due attention.'

The assembled villagers looked with pride upon the dominie, whose

> 'Words of learned length and thundering sound,
> Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
> And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
> That one small head could carry all he knew.'

A minute elapsed before any one opened his mouth to speak. At length Simon Littlejohn, the ruling elder, a man of diminutive stature, and a weaver by profession, raising his head to a proper level, by suspending himself upon the shoulders of those between whom he was crushed, in a speech of some length, moved, that, on the night in question, a large bonfire should be lighted on the top of Dirrington Law, that 'the hale warld,' as he expressed it, 'atween John o' Groat's and the Land's End micht ken the young leddy o' Roecleugh had been that nicht buckled to Lord Avondale.'

This motion was cordially seconded and agreed to. It was also arranged, that, a little before the hour appointed for the celebration of the nuptials, the villagers, dressed in their best attire, should convene before the gate of the castle, and there form themselves into a procession, to escort the bride to the chapel. Agreeably to the proposition advanced by Mr. Whackum, the barrel of ale was formally consigned over to the charge of three members of the meeting, himself among the number, and it was resolved that it should be dispensed to them in the schoolhouse after the marriage ceremony had been gone through. These important arrangements being concluded, the meeting was dissolved by the president, and the villagers proceeded to depart, every one 'unto his own dwelling.'

It has been already remarked that the Knight of Roecleugh and his daughters were Catholics. This fact will explain to the reader why the nuptials were appointed to be celebrated, not in the parish church, as usual, but within the walls of an old Catholic chapel, of Gothic architecture, which stood upon a patch of haugh land, about three hundred yards further down the rivulet than the steep whereon the castle was reared. It had formerly been the parish church; but, at the Reformation, having suffered not more from time than from the destructive ravages of the modern Vandals, it was allowed to fall into decay, and its place was supplied by a modern building erected in the neighbourhood of the village. The ecclesiastic, by whom the marriage ceremony was to be gone through, was the aged Catholic priest, formerly noticed as the individual to whom the superintendence of Madeline's education had been assigned.

It was now about the middle of November, and the weather, which had previously been mild and settled, became suddenly broken up. For several days the snow-flakes continued to descend in copious showers, so as to clothe the hills with a white mantle of several feet in depth. The day appointed for the wedding was, however, serene and beautiful; and the feathered tenants of the woodland groves twittered joyfully upon the leafless sprays, apparently in anticipation that the storm was at an end. Towards evening, the visiters assembled at the castle were summoned into the hall to partake of some refreshment previous to accompanying the bride and bridegroom to the chapel.

Madeline alone did not attend, but remained seated at her chamber-window, musingly gazing upon the stars which were already beginning to peep out from above the summits of the Lammermuirs. She had not sat long ere a bustling noise, followed by a loud groan, which proceeded from the court-yard beneath, recalled her from her reveries. She rose from her seat, and, on looking downwards, to her horror and amazement, beheld the body of one of the pages, bloody and lifeless, stretched out upon the pavement, and a man, muffled in a huge cloak, making his way upwards to her apartment by a ladder. Her first effort was to scream and bring the inmates of the castle to her assistance; but terror divested her of the power, and she sank back into her chair in a state of insensibility,

The sash of the window was violently thrown open, and the intruder entered. Stripping himself of the cloak in which his person had been enveloped, he flung it rudely around the insensible Madeline, and, lifting her in his arms, he conveyed her from the apartment by the same way in which he had obtained access to it.

The villagers had assembled in front of the gateway, and the repast in the hall had just been finished, when the castle-bell tolled the hour of six. As the sound died away, the priest arose from his seat, and, addressing a matron who sat at the foot of the table, he said —'The hour appointed for the bridal hath come, the wedding-guests are ready convened; I pray thee let the virgin be brought forth, that we may proceed unto St. Agnes' chapel, to solemnize the nuptials.'

Hereupon the matron withdrew, followed by several of the female visiters. Many minutes had not elapsed when Mr. Morris the butler entered, with a pale and agitated countenance, and announced that Madeline was nowhere to be found—that the casement of her window had been found thrown wide open, and a ladder planted against it from the court-yard beneath. It would require a much more vivid pencil than ours to portray the expression which the countenances of all present assumed upon this announcement being made to them. All rose up hurriedly from their seats—some applying their hands menacingly to the hilts of their swords, while others paced hurriedly to and fro upon the floor, in vain endeavouring to account for the disappearance of the bride. No sooner, however, had the astounding intelligence been brought, than the bewildered bridegroom rushed from the hall, and fruitlessly searched every apartment in the castle in quest of his fair one. Failing in his object, he hurried to the stables, and, seizing the first horse that presented itself, he mounted it and galloped frantically across the moor. The rest of the visiters were also quickly mounted and on the pursuit, and Roeclough castle was that night left destitute of male occupants.

'Didna I tell ye that nae luck could come out o' Leddy Madeline takin' up wi' siccan a scape-grace as this Lord Avondale?' said Lucky Cruickshanks, forcing her way through the crowd of astounded villagers, and grasping the arm of her acquaintance, whose conversation with her in the village some time previous we have related at the commencement of our tale. 'Didna I tell ye that marrying him was nae better nor throwin' herself awa? but ye wadna believe till the truth's been bored into yer vera een. But the poir lassie's come to the same thocht as mysel' at the hinder end, and taen leg bail for it, I'se warrant. What hae ye to see about the made-up reports noo, cummer?'

About the same time that Madeline was discovered to be amissing at the castle, the Baron of Hilton rode up the vale of Whitadder toward the ruins of the Abbey of St. Bathan's, an ancient Bernardine convent, which was the place that had been agreed upon for his meeting with Rob o' the Muirs. Having secured his horse to an iron stanchel which protruded from the wall of what had been the transept, he had paced beneath the broken arches for some time, his mind agitated by a tumult of discordant feeling, when a supposed note from a bugle apprised him that the robber was at hand. In about a minute the latter rode into the ruins, bearing before him the apparently lifeless body of Madeline Sinclair.

'You see Rob is no a man to break his promise to a friend,' said he, as he deposited his burden upon the pavement. 'Let me see now how many of your gold boys you're going to give me for the good turn I've done you; but you must needs be quick about it, else we'll have the hounds upon us, and the snow is not the best carpet for a man to tread upon in a moonlight night, who does not wish his way to be known.'

'Take all you can find there, and you shall have more for the asking,' said Hilton, throwing him his purse; and at the same time stooping down and removing the cloak from the pale face of the lady—'by Heavens, she is dead!'

'Perhaps a tasting of my pure mountain dew, as you call it, will bring her to life again,' said the bandit, laughing; and untying from around his neck a leathern flask, similar to what is now carried by sportsmen and anglers, and then putting it to Madeline's mouth.

A distant hallooing now broke upon their ears. Hilton lifted the lady in his arms, and both hurried to the place where their horses were fastened; and in a few minutes they were galloping over the moor, as fast as the snow would allow, in a direction opposite to that whence the sound seemed to proceed. Thus they had travelled for a considerable distance, when the horses became unable to go farther for the drifted snow. Hilton then dismounted, and consigning Madeline to the care of the freebooter, plunged on, as best he could, in a direction in which the latter assured him he would find a shepherd's hut, where he might take refuge for the night. Scrambling forward with great difficulty to the summit of an eminence, he at length descried a light proceeding from the small window, or hole of the mud-built cot; in the interior of which the *guidman* and his wife were seated by the side of a blazing fire of peats, engaged in the following conversation:—

'There's mony a puir body waur off than hus the nicht, Eppy, my woman,' said the guidman, glancing cheerfully around the little room, every corner of which was illumined by the blaze of the peats. 'They may ca' this the deil's den gin they like; but gin the deil hae but as snug a berth as this in a cauld winter nicht, I'm thinking he'll no be that ill off.'

'Ay, ay, Robin, my man, mony a sae, that's true, hasna siccan a cozy fire to toast their taes at afore they tumble in; and mony a ane that has a bigger, dinna feel sae happy and contented,' responded Eppy, at the same time drawing the cutty stool nearer to the joyful hearth.

'I'm doubting we'll hae a stormy winter after a',' said Robin—'it's set in sae sune; and we've had sic mild anes sin' our Bauldy was born, an' that 'ill be sax years come the time. Hech! that was an awfu' storm—the hale road atween Dunse and Emfro' was blockit up for the best feck o' twa months: I'll ne'er forget, that mornin' when I rase to drive our farrow cow to Lauder Fair, how queer I lookit when I saw the snaw maist up to the casin' o' the house.'

'I mind weel about it, now that ye speak o't—it was the very same winter that Rob o' the Muirs was

catched liftin' Lord Avondale's newt, that there was sic a clishmaclaver about. Odd, waane it daft-like to let dicran a reivin' monster 'scape, after gettin' him into their clutches?'

'I'll no say but what ye're richt, Eppy,' responded Robin; 'but grit folk have queer ways o' doin'. Bet-vin' leun as Rob is, howsomever, we maun o'en say this muckle for him, that he's never laid his reivin' paw on onything belangin' to hus. But what's garrin Whalp bark that gate?'

'It canna be Tam Inglis bringin' o'er the tattles sicean a nicht as this—no 'deed, it canna be Tam, for Whalp wadna said a word to him. Keanel up, ye deevil ye.'

By this time a loud knocking was heard at the door; and Robin rising from his seat, and seizing a piece of rudely shaped wood, which served as an apology for a candlestick, proceeded towards the door, to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. After some questions put, and apparently satisfactorily answered from without, Robin undid the latch of the door, and the Baron of Hilton entered. With some scruples, Robin was induced to put on his big coat, and accompany the latter with his lighted lanthorn to the spot where he had left the lady and the freebooter, to assist them in disengaging their horses from the drift. With considerable difficulty, this was accomplished, and the latter led into Robin's cow-byre, and Madeline, in a state of utter insensibility, was deposited in a chair by the side of the fire. 'Lord hae mercy on us! what's silin' the puir lassie?' exclaimed Eppy, holding the candle, and gazing on the pallid features of Madeline of Roecleugh.

The circumstances being explained to her as arising from the fatigue of her journey and the extreme cold, the guidwoman put the kettle on the fire, with the intention of preparing a posset which she had often before found serviceable on similar occasions; while the others endeavoured to restore circulation, by rubbing the palms of her hands before the fire. This they had continued for some time apparently without any effect, when, suddenly, with a convulsive throb, the lady opened her eyes and started wildly around her; she almost immediately, however, relapsed into her former state of insensibility, and the others had recommenced operations for her restoration, when the sound of several voices was heard at the outside of the door, followed by a thundering blow upon the window-shutter. Hilton dropped the lady's hand which he was chafing, and, guessing the cause of the interruption, he unsheathed his sword, and planted himself in a determined posture behind the door; while Rob of the Muirs, with an air of greater composure, proceeded to adjust his fire-arms before the very face of the terrified Eppy.

Immediate entrance was demanded from without. Robin stood hesitating as to the expediency of opening the door, when the robber hinted to him, by a significant glance at his firelock, that it would be at his peril to budge from the spot where he stood—a hint which the shepherd did not think fit to misunderstand. A second application being also unattended to, the door was forcibly burst open, and two men rushed violently into the room; while, at the same moment, a bullet from the bandit's carabine penetrated the shoulder of the first that entered. A desperate struggle ensued, which lasted for some minutes, and promised to have turned out favourably for Hilton and his coadjutor, when a reinforcement, on the part of Lord Avondale—for he it was who had first rushed into the house, and received the bullet of the robber in his shoulder—entirely changed the aspect of affairs. Rob, after discharging his carabine, had continued for some time to employ the butt end of it with considerable success, and had once more raised it with the intention of bringing it into vehement contact with the cranium of one of his now numerous assailants, when a successful slash, from the cutlass of another, sent his weapon, and the hand that wielded it, in social company to the ground. The two rival suitors, in the meantime, had not been inactive, when a shot from one of the party stretched Johnston upon the floor. The serious privation which the robber had met with in the loss of his hand, had not so effectually dispirited him as to have prevented him from inflicting, with a stool which he snatched from the floor with his remaining member, considerable molestation on the persons of those who, at this crisis, rushed forward to secure him. His efforts at resistance, as might have been expected, were unable to withstand, for any length of time, the superior numerical force of his antagonists. He was at length overpowered, and, being firmly bound, he was dragged to the cow-house, and five or six of his opponents stationed as a guard upon him for the night.

During this scene of confusion, Eppy, with her helpmate, had prudently ensconced themselves behind the wooden panel of the bed. There they stood, locked in each other's embraces, in momentary expectation of a lodgement being effected by a bullet in one or other of their persons; nor did it require a small degree of persuasion to induce them, when the conflict was at an end, to venture forth from the covert of their 'wooden walls.'

While the rest of the pursuers were contending with their antagonist, Sir George Sinclair hung mournfully over the body of his swooning daughter, whose head he supported upon his shoulder.

The baron, who lay groaning at the entrance of the apartment, was, with his confederate, deposited upon some straw in the cow-house. One of those who carried him out, perceiving the copious jets of blood that issued from his side, was proceeding to arrest the hemorrhage, by applying a napkin tightly round his waist, when the wounded man, over whose eyeballs the lowered lanthorn exhibited the film of death fast gathering, asked, in broken accents, whether Avondale and Madeline yet lived?

'I fear thou hast done for them,' answered one of the servants.

'Then shall I die content,' muttered the baron, his eye for a moment brightening up, but immediately resuming its lack-lustre appearance. 'Madeline of Roecleugh can never be the bride of Lord Avondale.'

On the forenoon of the ensuing day, Rob o' the Muirs, after making several bold but unsuccessful attempts to escape from the custody of the persons who conveyed him thither, was firmly secured with iron fetters in a dungeon below the prison-house of Dunse, to await trial for his numerous breaches of the law. A messenger was, at the same time, despatched to Hilton

to inform his retainers of their master's situation. In the afternoon, a number of the latter arrived at Robin's cottage, and proceeded to carry homeward on a litter his bloody and lifeless body. When they had reached within a few miles of the mansion-house, a heavy snow-fall, which had continued for some time, rendered the roads, previously bad enough, almost impassable. Attaching a rope to the end of the litter, and each taking hold of it, the men had continued to plunge forward, dragging the corpse over the surface of the snow till they reached the wall of Hilton churchyard. In a state of exhaustion, they resolved to deposit their burden within the church all night, as they felt too wearied to allow of their proceeding onward to the house, which stood about half a mile to the eastward. They accordingly raised the body from the bier, and deposited it in the same pew of the church which its wretched owner had occupied and profanely violated on the Sunday of the preceding week. As they did so, the bandage slipped from off the wound, and a large mass of coagulated blood fell upon the floor, which was immediately seized and gobbled up by the hungry hounds that had been following at their master's heels: and thus were the prophetic words of Daniel Douglas verified.

Many weeks elapsed ere Madeline of Roesleugh evinced symptoms of returning sensibility; and even after these had become apparent, the slightest unguarded allusion to the scenes of the eventful bridal night invariably occasioned an alarming relapse. About a week had elapsed afterwards, when it was discovered that one of the grooms belonging to the castle had abetted Rob o' the Muirs in his successful attempt at carrying off the young heiress; and what was worse, had stabbed one of his fellow-servants who had detected Rob when on his way up the ladder to his mistress's apartment. He was immediately, upon the discovery being made, apprehended and committed to prison.

The wound which Avondale's shoulder had sustained by the bullet from the robber's carabine, turned out to be of a much more serious nature than had been at first expected. Perceiving the lamentable state in which Madeline was, he had returned to Avondale castle, where he had no sooner arrived, than acute febrile symptoms followed by delirium supervened.

A couple of months had elapsed, when the physicians who attended upon Madeline, recommended a change of air and of scene, as the means best calculated for the restoration of her health and spirits; and the small village of Eyemouth upon the coast—then a more fashionable resort on such occasions than it happens to be at the present day—was the place where Sir George and his invalid daughter took up their abode for the purpose of enjoying these benefits. They had been for some weeks absent from Roesleugh, when Avondale, finding his strength sufficiently recruited to permit of his leaving his chamber, returned thither to visit them. He found the Castle almost wholly deserted; Morris the butler and the old housekeeper being its sole occupants. After the murder of their comrade, on the evening appointed for the bridal, the servants had, one by one, resigned their posts. The idea which then prevailed throughout Scotland, that the spots where murder had been perpetrated, must, of necessity, become haunted by the spirits of the deceased, had so effectually overcome their courage, that they had refused positively to remain longer in a dwelling where such supernatural appearances were likely to be manifested. The housekeeper was still assisted in the performance of the more menial operations, 'tis true, by one of the peasants' daughters, who, tempted by the goodly wages which the old lady held out to her as an inducement, had enlisted into the service, under the express provision that she should not be required to remain within the castle after sunset—the time at which the evil spirits first became visible.

Morris having conducted his Lordship into the hall, proceeded to apologize to him, in statements which will not admit of a very close scrutiny, for the absence of the other domestics. Having requested him to supply him with writing materials for the purpose of preparing a packet for his master; he also asked him whether he thought it possible for him to procure a messenger to convey it to him.

'Easy that—easy that, my lord,' readily replied the butler; 'there's hunders ready to rin up to the neck i' the Whitadder, at your honour's biddin,' and think it a favour to be asked—there need be nae lack o' messengers, gude truly.' And immediately he left the hall, and taking in his hand a silver-mounted cane, proceeded to the cottage of one Peter Treddles, whose oldest son, a lad of about fifteen years of age, he pitched upon as an eligible individual for despatching upon the embassy.

The family were busily engaged in discussing their four-hours, when the tapping of Morris' cane upon the door arrested a large horn-spoonful on its way to Peter's throat. His eyes were instinctively elevated from his bicker toward the door, as the butler entered, while the children scampered out in various directions, to hide themselves from one so intimately connected with the haunted mansion.

'Oh! it's you, Maister Morris,' ejaculated Mrs. Treddles. 'I'm clean sorry yer honour suld hae ca'd and seen our hoose in siccan a confusion; but the bairns mak' siccan a sleister and dirt that it's no easy keepin' a'thing as ane could wush, Sir.'

'Your house is to a marvel, lucky,' said the important personage addressed; and then turning to Peter, he inquired, 'Do ye think yer auldest callant, Peter, could gang east the length of Eyemouth wi' a bit parcel for the laird?'

'Our callant,' said Peter, turning round embarrassedly toward his wife, who usually spoke for him on important occasions like the present—'our callant's no very weel the nop, Maister Morris.'

'I'm sorry for that,' replied the other; 'what may it be that's ailin' the bairn, puir thing?'

'Ye'll sibbins ken what an income is?' said Lucky Treddles, bustling forward from the cupboard where she had set aside some of the dinner utensils, the better to maintain the character which the butler had been pleased to give her house.

'Perfectly,' answered the other.

'Weel, ye maun ken that the bairn's fashed wi' a maist tremendous ane in the heuch o' his knee; so, I'm vexed that he'll no be able to do yer honour's service, Maister Morris; and it wad hae been siccan a

braw job for him to hae walked doon to Eyemouth—ay, weel auld I ken Eyemouth—I've heard my puir auld mither, wha's been in the mouhls this twenty-year, say as how it was a great place for catching fish, and how'——

Here Morris thought proper unceremoniously to break in upon Mrs. Treddles' reminiscences of her mother, by saying—'But my guid women, yer callant wadna need to walk a single fit o' the road, as he wad get Leddy Madeline's grey pawny, to ride baith there and back again, and as muckle siller in his pouch as wad buy him a pair o' new shoon for Sundays.'

'But I was just gaun to tell ye, when yer honour interrupted me,' rejoined the guidwife, resolved in this emergency to stretch any point, even at the expense of truth itself, rather than allow her boy to go upon the mission—'that the puir callant's troubled wi' a boil upon the very pairt that wad be maist exposed to the saddle.'

This argument against her son's being employed as an ambassador on the occasion, was, of course, unanswerable; and Morris withdrew, not, however, without a private doubt as to the urchin's bodily incapacity. Mortified with the result of his application to Lucky Treddles, he at last resolved to resort to the manse and solicit the minister, with whom he was not upon the best of terms, to allow the boy who took charge of his horse to set out upon the errand. Accordingly, he had proceeded in that direction for about fifty yards, when he observed a person kneeling by the side of the road. On approaching nearer he discovered it to be his troublesome acquaintance, Sandy Watson—one of those good-natured idiots who are to be found in almost every neighbourhood. Sandy's peregrinations were usually confined within a circuit of one or two miles round Roseleugh; but the execution of Rob o' the Muirs, and his accomplice, Andrew Todd, the groom of Sir George Sinclair, had caused him on this occasion to exceed the usual limits by a journey of ten miles. When the poor idiot, therefore, recognised his friend Morris, he came running towards him, and cried out exultingly—

'Braw news the day—braw news the day frae Dunse, canny Maister Morris: Andrew Todd and Rob o' the Muirs are baith clean dead; and I'm gaun slang to tell the laird and the leddy a' about it.'

'So, ye've been seeing your acquaintance Andrew hanged,' said Morris; and taking some silver from his pocket, and showing it to the idiot, he added, 'A' *that* is to be gien, Sandy, to the person whom I am gaun to send upon a message.'

Sandy's eyes glistened at the sight of the money; and Morris perceiving that his plan had taken the desired effect, whispered to him—'Now, Sandy, gin ye'll walk straight doun to St. Bathan's—ye ken that place weel enough, I'm sure—and syne to Edincraw—that's where the auld witches lived, ye ken—and then speer the gate doon to Eyemouth, and deliver this letter into the laird's sin hand, ye shall hae a' that siller and a piece o' surrant pasty when ye come back.'

This proposal met with the most cordial acquiescence from Sandy, who manifested his joy by a multitude of uncouth gestures and shrugs of his shoulders. Perhaps it might be considered tedious were we to describe the adventures which the idiot encountered on his journey; suffice it for us to say, that, on the evening of the second day from his departure, he succeeded in making his way into the presence of Sir George Sinclair, not without encountering great opposition from the servants, to whom he had doggedly refused to explain whence he had come, or what was the object of his visit. Having delivered the packet, he was remunerated in a manner much more ample than he had looked forward to, even as a reward for rehearsing the tragical events of the execution, till, at length, growing troublesome, Sir George rang the bell and ordered a servant to conduct him from the apartment. As the door was rudely slammed behind him, Sandy thrust his hands into his pockets, and muttered to himself—'I ay took the Laird of Roseleugh to hae been a man o' mair manners than to hae used ane sae badly that had come sae far to see him. Sae muckle for my braw story;—but, puir man, I see the servants hae the upper hand o' him.'

A few days had only elapsed after the ejection of Sandy, when Sir George Sinclair and the fair Madeline arrived at Roseleugh Castle, when the latter, in the course of the ensuing week, changed her name to that of Lady Avondale.

THE PROPHECY;

OR,

THE MAID OF ELLE.

Not long ago, there stood, on the Borders of Scotland, an old castle, which went under the name of Duncrief Castle. It was, at one time, a place of some strength, and must have been used as a military station in times of intestine commotion or Border warfare. At the time of which we speak, it was inhabited by a family who came originally from Cumberland, of the name of Becket, consisting of the father, Sir William Becket; his wife, Lady Anne Becket; and a son and heir, George—a young man of high spirit, and of a gay chivalrous turn of mind, yet good and kind, and well-beloved by his acquaintances, who followed him as a model of imitation in all the pleasures and exercises of youth.

Not far distant from Duncrief stood a house long known by the name of the House of Elle, and supposed by some, well versed in Border antiquities, to be the scene of the fine old ballad called the 'Childe of Elle'—the date of which is acknowledged to be unca-

tain; but that it is of great antiquity may be presumed from the circumstance that no one has been able to say when it first appeared. The House of Elle was occupied by Sir James Lauder, a knight much beloved by King James VI.; but who, from a love of retirement, would not undertake office, preferring the woods round the house of Elle, with their feathered songsters and wild plants, to all the gay and fanciful attractions of the Palace of Holyrood. Sir James had one daughter, Emmeline, on whom he doted with more than parental affection, transferring to the heiress of her mother's charms that love which he bore to the best of wives, refined and sanctified by the tears of bereavement. Lady Lauder had been taken from the arms of her husband after she gave birth to Emmeline, who was nursed by a person of the name of Elspeth Laidlaw, a poor woman who lived in a cottage belonging to Sir James. This old woman had all the qualities of her age and sex—claiming an interest in the youthful Emmeline, and vindicating the right of guardianship, which old nurses conceive they have acquired by having exercised the first authority over the youthful mind of their charge. In this instance, the guardianship was the true effect of a love which centred in itself all the affections which were once extended over a whole family of five children, who, one by one, fell a prey to the ruthless destroyer of Scotland's sons and daughters—consumption.

The love of Elspeth towards Emmeline was well requited. As the young heiress grew up, she added to the instinctive affection of the nursling, which hung round her heart like a sweet dream of other years, the love and respect of the young woman who could appreciate goodness, and feel for the sorrows of a bereaved mother, with a devotion which received its force from her own orphan condition.

Few days passed without Emmeline Lauder being in the cottage of Elspeth Laidlaw, from whom she received both instruction and amusement. The legends of the Borders were well known to the old woman; and Emmeline's ears were delighted with the recital of stories and ballads, which the antiquarian would have prized for their antiquity alone, but which Emmeline loved for their simple pathos and natural beauty. The ballad having reference to the house of her father, when sung with that peculiar mournful melody which the old women of Scotland use in the kind of singing-narrative manner in which they chaunt old songs—clearly a remnant of the music of the old bards—was, above all, delightful to her, who, though she had herself committed it to heart, never felt its beauties, unless when she heard it come with the air of a prophecy from old Elspeth of the wood. When she began,

"On yonder hill a castle stands"—

holding out, [illegible] she suited the action to the word, her long bony finger in the direction of Emmeline's home, and pronouncing every word with a deep emphasis and a hollow melodious voice, she seemed a personification of old Time, carrying back the children of yesterday a thousand years, to scenes and incidents of that period of oblivion. At this high and impassioned beginning, Emmeline's heart leapt. As the old woman went on describing the heroine's love for the Child of Elle, and her hatred towards the 'earlish knight' whom her father brought to her—'and within three days she must him wedde'—then going through all the crooked ways of love, and ending with the reconciliation in suitable spirit—the poetic tear filled the eye of the young listener, who would have given worlds to have been in the situation of the heroine of the ballad.

'O Elspeth!' the young lady would ejaculate, 'is there no such fate awaiting yoursel', poor Emmeline? How is it that, so young and gentle as I am, trembling when I hear of the blood of a young lamb being shed, I rejoice so much in the death of the 'earlish knight' in this beautiful ballad?—and, still more wonderful, how is it that I would rather step over his bleeding body to embrace my lover who slew him, than get to his arms through a bed of roses?'

'I canna answer thee deep questions,' responded Elspeth. 'The ways o' the young heart are strange; and the thoughts o' my ain, when I was like you, were like the sounds o' the mountain harp when it is bound to the willow tree in an autumn night. But they are nae stranger than the day dreams o' eild, when the auld heart, wi' the bluid o' its passions dried up, becomes like the harp o' Zion in the wilderness, when it is struck wi' the finger o' a prophet. In our young days, we put our warm hands to our panting bosoms, as if we said, "Here we live and hae our being;" but when age has bleached our locks, and sanctified our minds, we point our finger outwards like the wand o' the wizard, as if we saw the images o' futurity in the drifting clouds. See, my bonny Emmeline, hae my finger been pointed to yer destiny; but the token is doubtful, and the sign may hae nae power. Would to heaven that I may be right!'

'Your humour is strange to-day, mother,' said Emmeline—using a term which she loved to apply to her who stood in place of her parent. 'Has anything occurred to make you fear my fate or fortunes? No change has yet come over my heart, which is still my own, and has every chance of being too long in my keeping. No young knight, like the Childe of Elle, has yet dared to send to me his "little page," the messenger of love, the bearer of sighs—like the little god, Iris, the fabled messenger of heaven, tinging with the colours of his countenance the hearts of the maidens to whom he is sent.'

'Emmeline, there are hearts in the world that canna but love, and forms that canna but be loved; and yours, I trow, are of these. Would I had the shoe o' swiftness and the cap o' darkness I used to read o' in my young days! I would put them on Emmeline, to keep her, and conceal her frae the charms of a lover. But I hae nae powers to act the handmaidens to my wishes, and the weird o' my auld heart may laugh at the hope of my idle brain.'

Such was the conversation that passed between old Elspeth and her young friend. The same sentiments had been uttered by the old woman before, in the hearing of Emmeline, and struck her with that feeling of awe which the prophetic inspiration of old women often produces in those who have no faith in their

detection. Emmeline had just as little faith in these fancies as any light-hearted daughter of the morning has in the threatening indications of a solitary cloud which for a moment throws its shadow across the path of her pleasure. Yet she sometimes gave way to the common feeling, and often detected, as if stealing on her unprepared heart, the dim shade of the old woman's fears—stilling, for a moment, the pulses of joy, and disappearing again before the salient energies of youth. Sometimes she laughed at her folly for allowing herself to be affected by an old woman's superstition; but her laugh, at such times, changed from the cachinnation of simple risibility, to those hysterical convulsions which are the consequences of nervous fears. In the House of Elle she forgot old Elspeth's ejaculations; but, in the groves of old oaks, she encountered the full strength of the memory (aided by the inspiration of the place) of predictions which pointed to her fate, like the dark presentiments which the most sceptical of mankind have often found strangely and mysteriously realised by the common and ordinary, yet not the less fated circumstances of the living world.

These alternatives of moods of bold regardlessness and fears, soon gave way to a power which permitted of no partnership in the subject of its operations. An intimacy had grown up between Emmeline and George Becket, arising from the neighbourhood of their residence and the acquaintanceship of their parents. This intimacy underwent that change which it invariably does where the parties are young and fair, and where there are opportunities afforded of their meeting among the solitary and rural beauties of nature. Well has it been remarked that the old dryads, when they departed with a faith which gave them a local habitation and a name, left behind them, as a memorial of their existence and their recreations, that mysterious charm of the thick wood which acts so powerfully on the hearts of lovers—producing, indeed, as it is often found to do, a susceptibility of affection and a mutual love in hearts which in the flinty streets of the city could have resisted every arrow of the little god. Walking in the woods round the House of Elle and the Castle of Dunerief, George Becket and Emmeline Lauder only obeyed the secret influences of the place and the natural emotions of the human heart: they loved, and with a passion sublimed and strengthened by the poetical influences of the forest, and the green lawn, the lazy rill, and the dashing cataract.

There was one spot in these woods which Emmeline loved beyond any other—the spot to which tradition had assigned the scene of the fight between the two rivals in the ballad which related to her father's house—where the earlish knight 'came galloping over the downe.' The place was now, however, no longer a 'downe.' Large trees had grown up and covered the scene of strife and blood; and an enchantment reigned in the place which did not limit its influence to those who were in love. A small fountain, gurgling through the mouth of a lion, sent a tiny stream through the moss which clad the roots of the elms, and sought its way through a hollow, the sides of which were lined with wild-roses, and brambles, and straggling bushes of thorn. In the middle of this 'bowr,' the little stream paused and spread its silver surface around, as if to gratify the wild plants on its edge with its refreshing coolness and humidity. A plant of no unusual kind grew there, to court the embrace of the little stream. A white rose bush had been planted by Emmeline's mother, when she carried under her bosom the expected child—as an offering to hope that she might be safely delivered, and bring forth a female which might rival her emblem in its sweetness and purity. Fruitless yet fruitful offering! Emmeline was all her mother could have desired to see; but that mother saw her not, and the white rose stood there, a melancholy emblem of a hope realised in woe. Its drooping flowers indicated sorrow for the death of the hand that gave it its existence and locality, and the pale tinge of its flowers aided the feelings which its lonely, melancholy appearance could not fail to produce in those who knew its history. Its flowers and leaves were moistened daily by a father's tears of bereavement, and the softening influence it exercised over the feelings of the daughter pointed it out as a fit trysting place for the communion of love.

At this spot, Emmeline and George Becket held their meetings. The moonlight nights were their favoured periods, as they have ever been, for the interchange of affection. Their walks were never complete, nor their loves gratified, unless they visited the 'bowr of the mother's rose.' The witchery of the place, with its historical associations and its family reminiscences, extended its influence even to the hearts that were engrossed with the selfishness of exclusive affection; exalting the feelings of the one, softening the tenderness of the other, and throwing over the emotions of both a sombre devotional cast, not adverse to the true and legitimate interests of honourable love.

'This rose,' said Emmeline, one evening, to George Becket, 'has stood now in this spot for eighteen years; and every year of that period, with the exception of those when I was too young to understand its silent but eloquent language, have I watched the putting forth of its buds, the bursting of them into bloom, and the spread of the full flowers. But I also watched the decay of the roses, and sat silently, with the tear moistening my cheek, to see fall, one by one, the dry and shrivelled leaves, to form a bed for the reptiles which, in the wet autumn, crawl round its stem. How emblematical of my poor mother, whose hopes budded, and blossomed, and faded, and fell to the cold earth, covered with the long dank grass of the tomb! Shall this dear bush be also emblematic of the fate of her daughter? When first we met here, the buds were not formed; but, ere the confidence of requited affection allowed you to rifle from these lips the first pledge of love, the buds had attained a perceptible form, and gave hope of flowers. They waxed fuller and fuller, as our hearts acknowledged the increase of endearment, and at last they burst forth into opening flowers when we had attained the full strength of a love that was pledged over my mother's rose. Now are the flowers in their bloom, and I can call my dear George the choice of my heart, where no other thought reigns than that affection which looks to him for support, and to God below for sanctification.'

'And before these roses shall wither,' ejaculated George, 'I hope to be allowed to call my beloved Emmeline by the name of wife. Would that that high privilege were mine even at this moment, that we might defy the workings of that fate whose power over your favourite plant may be emblematic of what is in reserve for us! Oh, what would be the condition of my love-sick heart, if my Emmeline should imitate these flowers, and shed her fair leaves ere yet the autumn of her promise is come! It cannot be. The powers which regulate the fortunes of man only sever such hearts as ours, on high and mysterious occasions, for purposes concealed from our purblind vision, and as a sacrifice to some mightier power, who requires, but at distant times, an offering so sacred and so awful.'

Such was the conversation held by these lovers, different in its kind from the ordinary effusions of love only in so far as it showed dim shadows of coming events, the fear of which was not justified by anything known to them. The prophetic warnings of Elspeth Laidlaw may have, in some degree, obumbrated the otherwise salient fancy of Emmeline, which, wakened by the mournful interest of her mother's flower of hope, interwove the sombre thoughts in one sorrowful and fearful train of reflections, which, finding utterance in the overflowing of a love-sick heart, insensibly tinged the thoughts of Becket, and produced, on his part, ejaculations which were apparently but ill suited to remove from the heart of his love the burden which pressed upon it.

The next evening, George and Emmeline again met at their appointed place. The moon was throwing through the leaves of the elms her silver beams, and the chequered light and shade produced by the partial obstruction offered by some of the tall broad trees to her light, produced that beautiful variety of subdued colours which the lover of evening and evening's queen delights to behold, after the sun has run his broad course, flaring his rays in dazzling brightness over the parched earth. The musing pair sauntered forward to the place where they delighted to recline, and approached the rose-bush that claimed so much of Emmeline's affection. Casting her eyes forward, to catch the beloved flower, what were her emotions to find the roses plucked, and their leaves scattered in careless profusion around the bush! No flower remained; the devastation was so complete as if the storms of winter had been at work, and nipped the sweet nurslings of spring. Emmeline looked calmly yet ominously in the face of George, who, struck with the curious connexion between this devastation and the conversation of the previous evening, felt as if the powers he had endeavoured then to propitiate, had shown that his attempt had been unsuccessful. He was disinclined to say anything to increase the fear and the awe of the gentle Emmeline; and, endeavouring to make light of the circumstance, said that some children must have been in the bower and rifled the favourite bush of its treasures. He made an excuse for leaving the place, and the two lovers walked through the woods, at a loss for conversation to beguile each other of the thoughts which the depression of the one produced in the other—so powerful is the influence of a single feeling in tinging the whole microcosm of the mind of man, as an autumn cloud throwing its insignificant shadow before the moon involves the earth in one wide-spreading gloom. The fine, and intricate, and mysterious machinery of the mind, deranged by the impingement of a passing breath of melancholy, refuses to give forth its accustomed sounds; the tuneful choir of thoughts and feelings is mute, and man acknowledges, in his humiliation, on how little depend his pleasures and his woes.

The lovers parted, after many endeavours to shake off the melancholy which had invaded them, apparently from an inadequate cause. Emmeline was unwilling again to meet him at her mother's flower, and another place was appointed for their subsequent rendezvous.

Having left her father's house, to go to meet her lover on the following evening, Emmeline required to pass through an avenue of trees, so thick in their foliage as to prevent the moonbeams from piercing through them in any degree sufficient to give light to the passenger beneath them. She sauntered along, still occupied by the omen of the scattered flowers of her mother's rose-bush. The night was still, and scarcely a sound was heard to waken even the voice of the dry autumn leaf that lay on the ground. On a sudden, Emmeline started. A large oak tree, at the foot of which she paused for a moment, shook as if a sharp gust of wind had whistled through its branches. The shaking and rustling continued for a few seconds, and produced an extraordinary effect in the midst of the silence which everywhere reigned. Emmeline looked up, but the foliage was too thick for anything being observed. Her heart beat quick, and she questioned herself, to assuage or escape from her fear—What can this be?—no animal inhabiting trees could produce this shaking and noise, and no wind exists to produce such an effect. Overcome by fright, she made an effort to run; but the tree again shook, and as she stood and listened to the fearful sound, a voice apparently from the higher branches struck her ear. 'Stay, Emmeline Lauder; the warning of last night was intended to prevent thee meeting again the young Master of Duncrief, and yet thou art on thy way to renew these fatal interviews. The shaken oak which was heretofore—why not yet?—tenanted by hamadryads, now labours with prophetic throes, to save thee from an unhappy fate, since the shaken rose-bush had no effect in opening thine eyes to a sense of the evil which impends o'er thee and thy house. Return, and see no more the young heir of Duncrief. I can say no more—my inspiration is complete, my oracle delivered, and my purpose fulfilled. Return!'

The petrified maiden stood rivetted to the spot, by the influence of fear and the awe of a supernatural announcement. Her limbs trembled, and a faintness came over her which compelled her to lean upon the tree from which the sound issued. As she recovered herself, she saw a shadow cross a lighted part of the ground which the moonbeams had reached. Whether it was that of a human being or a shadow at all—her mind running rather on supernaturals, and inclining to consider the appearance as the *ipsum corpus tenue* of an incorporeal spirit—she could only conjecture and

imagine. As soon as her powers returned, she sought her father's house, and shut herself up in her apartment, resigning herself to the play of an excited fancy, occupied about the extraordinary appearances she had witnessed. She now thought that all the three indications she had observed—old Elspeth's prophetic fears; the despoiling of the rose-bush, and the scattering of its leaves; the sound from the tree, and the mystic and inspired announcement of an unhappy fate apparently impending over her—were connected in some secret way, and pointed to the fulfilment of a weird of which she was the victim. But was it possible for any power short of divine agency—and her guardian spirit was only one of the ministers of fate in her excited fancy—to prevent her from continuing to love George Becket, the choice of her affections, with an unspotted reputation, a high lineage, and of a noble bearing? This question she put to herself in the exultation of a deep-felt unconquerable passion, for which she was ready to die. But, in a moment after, the impious burst was quelled in her bosom, and she felt humbled by the thought that her love, great as it was and sacred in her estimation, was but as a breath on the great moving irresistible energies of fate. She now recollected that she had often heard of some prophecy which haunted with undeviating and relentless fulfilment Duncrief Castle; but all the attempts she had made—and she had applied to her father and to others, and, above all, to Elspeth Laidlaw on the subject—had not enabled her to form even a guess as to its import. George Becket himself was ignorant of it, had never heard of it, and laughed at her when she mentioned the circumstance to him, making light of it, and treating it with contempt. But now the matter put on a more serious aspect. She was clearly in the hands of fate—attempted to be preserved and be prevented from falling under the ban of that prophetic denunciation; and the thought of endeavouring perversely to counteract the designs of heaven shook her frame like an ague.

She went soon to rest; but sleep only brought her hideous dreams. A nightmare sat on her bosom all the night, and superstition put on her black robes and passed sentence against her for disobeying the commands of the Almighty. She was in a state bordering on delirium; vague forms, created by a fever fancy, hovered round her pillow, assuming the most grotesque shapes, and playing off the most fantastic tricks—changing every instant from grave to gay, and in an instant again putting on the appearances of demons, jabbering, rolling their fiery eyes, screaming in voices of despair, and hovering over her in the attitudes of avenging spirits. Through all these forms, George Becket was observable, undergoing transformation—every instant a demon, a lover, a guardian angel, an avenger, and then a weeping anchorite. In this turmoil of wild fancies, Emmeline conceived herself to be the object to which all the energies of the phantoms were directed; and at last, as she conceived herself chased by the whole legion of mixed forms, bellowing, and screaming, and crying for revenge, she came to the 'howe' of her mother's flower, and, throwing herself on the rifled branches, conceived herself pricked by the thorns, and awoke in the greatest agony. It was still dark, and the effect of these wild dreams on an imagination already sufficiently excited by the events of the preceding day, was such as to induce her to think seriously of a resolution of resigning her lover. She prayed fervently that she might be enabled to do that, and obey the superintending behests of the unseen power under whose protection she now conceived herself to be. Having finished her prayer, she stepped from her couch, and, placing her hand on a Bible that lay open on the table at which she had performed her devotions on the preceding night, she vowed a vow that on that day she would by letter renounce her lover, and qualify herself for the mystical protection of her presiding genius.

After this burst of devotional determination, produced by the excited state of her mind, acted upon by dreams of so fearful a nature, Emmeline lay down, exhausted by her sleepless night, the conflicting emotions of an irritated spirit, and, last of all, by the determination to which she had in the end come. A soft balmy sleep now stole over her, and in a few hours she rose calm and refreshed, true to her purpose, and with all the sternness of a resolved immolator of her dearest interests at the shrine of a supposed duty.

Sitting down to her desk, she wrote the following letter to George Becket—

'The love I felt for you was that of one who never loved before; and, if it had been permitted by the ruling destinies of mortals that that affection should have been sanctified by marriage I would have been the happiest of women. But there are powers superior to the workings of the hearts of mortals; and they have vouchsafed to me their will that we shall not be wed. Oh, what suffering is it to me to lend thus my hand to aid the designs of an unseen power, to receive, as it were, a dagger from the clouds, to smite my palpitating heart, and lay me prostrate at the feet of my lover! I can see you no more—to see you, is to love you—to love you, is to disobey heaven—to disobey heaven, is to die ten thousand deaths. What a night must it have been to me to produce this announcement! How many demons must have encircled my pillow ere this resolution could have been taken! I cannot think of these things—the remembrance of my past night is like a searing iron applied to my brain. Adieu!—forget Emmeline—she never can forget you.'

This letter dispatched, Emmeline's mind was for a short time relieved. She endeavoured to banish her lover from her fancy, and tasked herself with the perusal of large portions of Scripture, with the view of occupying her mind and soothing her lacerated feelings.

George Becket, in perusing the extraordinary letter he had received, was at a loss to know what construction to put upon it. In an evil hour, he showed it to his mother, who never having been partial to the union of her son and the heiress of Elie, advised him to give up so brainwode a lover as Emmeline seemed to be—stating that he could have no pleasure in the society of an enthusiast whose fancy would be liable to be inflamed by every unusual event, which she would attribute to the workings of fate, and whose eternal revings in the style of her mad epistle would drive domestic peace from his hearth.

These advices produced considerable effect on Becket. He shortly afterwards proceeded to London, where he completely realized the truth of the adage, 'Out of sight out of mind,' by falling in love with a Scottish lady, called Helen Walker, whom he shortly afterwards married and brought down to Scotland to reside at Duncrief Castle.

Poor Emmeline—who had kept herself in a retired condition since the departure of Becket, having never entirely revived from the effects of the apparently supernatural indications already entailed—heard nothing of the change of sentiment and condition on the part of her lover, until it was announced to her one day when coming from church. On that day she met George Becket and his lady, at that very spot where the voice from the tree had startled her, and produced such a change on her life. On seeing them she felt her heart die away within her. They passed—George Becket making a slight bow, and his wife looking and inquiring what lady that was that had attracted his attention. All this poor Emmeline saw and understood. The effect produced by this apparition was as great as that formerly produced at the same place, by the voice she had heard from the tree. The supernatural indications were forgotten, her former love returned, with a consciousness that it could not now be gratified in this world. A deep melancholy took possession of her, and she wandered sadly and silently home.

This state of mind continued, her feelings becoming gradually more and more acute. She now blamed herself for coming too hastily to a resolution affecting the dearest interests of her life, on grounds which might be false and illusory. The appearances she had witnessed might have been the effects of natural causes. Perhaps the Scotch friends of Helen Walker, Becket's wife, might have produced them, with a view to displacing her from his affections, to make room for her rival, and various other causes might be resorted to for explaining what she in an evil hour had attributed to the interposition of a higher power. These reflections increased her melancholy, which continued to prey upon her mind, disturbing the functions of her personal economy and bringing on corporeal disease. A radical change was in consequence soon produced upon her, the cause of which her father conceived he found in the marriage of George Becket to Helen Walker; yet the reason of the breach between Becket and his daughter he never knew; for Emmeline kept her letter a secret, not having confided it even to her old nurse Elspeth Laidlaw. Her grief was therefore of a deeper nature than her father supposed; for she had not only lost her lover, but she had lost him by her own will, having acted upon feelings which, in all likelihood, were false, and produced by the schemes of some designing, artful, and interested person. There was thus no consolation for her. Deserted by Becket, her heart might have broken; but it might also have been upheld by indignation at being improperly treated. But herself the cause of the loss of her lover, for whom she lived, and to whom was centred every thought and feeling of interest that ever occupied her heart or mind—what could be to her a comfort or a solace? Her answer was comprised in one word, and that was, Death.

When Elspeth Laidlaw heard of the illness of Emmeline, she suspected the true cause of it, and hastened to afford her that consolation which she thought she had in her power to bestow.

'What ails my Emmeline?' said Elspeth, as she entered, and saw the pale and dejected creature lying extended on a couch. 'But what occasion is there for my putting that question, wha knew me weel your love for George Becket, the heir o' Duncrief, and his marriage wi' Helen Walker, the Scotch Londoner, wha may yet dree the fate ye hae avoided?'

'I don't know, mother, what you mean by what you have now said,' replied Emmeline. 'I have experienced the effects of too ready a belief in omens.'

'Dinna say't, my winsome Emmeline,' rejoined Elspeth. 'Ye ken naething about thae mysterious things. Ye may consider yourse ill as ye are; but there ne'er was an ill but there micht be a wane; and meny an ill may be reckoned guid if we could bring ourseis to understand something mair o' the ways o' the Almighty. This puir lassie, wha may se day become the mistress o' Duncrief Castle, little kens what awaits her in the fulfilment o' the auld prophecy about the place o' her residence.'

'What is that old prophecy, Elspeth?' inquired Emmeline. 'You never would tell me that, though I have asked you often, as well as my father, to communicate it to me.'

'The prophecy is weel kenned owre the country by the auld discreet women o' my standing,' replied Elspeth. 'But they dinna like to repeat it, because it's a sair reflection on the castle, and micht gie great pain to the braw leddie wha now inhabits it. She is no auld enough yet to dree the prophecy. It's no time yet for its fulfilment; for though there may be ane or twa grey hairs in her head, ye ken that ae swallow does na mak a summer.'

'I am still far from your meaning,' replied Emmeline. 'I would understand you better if you would tell me what this prophecy is that haunts the Castle of Duncrief. I am interested in it, and have already suffered enough from hidden mysteries. But it is now of little importance to me in one view, for no communications I may now hear can save me from a lingering death.'

'Hoot awa, my bonny Emmeline!' cried Elspeth; 'thae words are like the gravings on kirkyard stanes. Ye hae been saved frae a great misfortune—and ye now thank the Almighty for his goodness, by resigning to him yer spirit. Na, na; that's no the way to show gratitude to Him wha made ye. Gie him prayers, Emmeline, and keep yer spirit till it's his high will to demand it frae ye, along wi' an account o' yer precious charge. The prophecy anent the Castle o' Duncrief may be tauld ye now for yer consolation, that ye may see hae narrow an escape ye hae made frae an early grave. It's as auld a story as the times o' Marvellous Merlin, that there never should a lady kame her grey hairs i' the Castle o' Duncrief. The prophecy has been fulfilled to the very letter, as truly as ever were

the predictions o' Thomas himsel, or Reid, Berlington, or Bannester, o' prophesying fame. I hae kenned, i' my day, twa deaths i' the castle before the time. My mother tauld me o' twa in her recollection, and her mother tauld her o' some in her knowledge; and see the thing is proved by the testimony o' three generations. The present leddy has still her black locks, they tell me; and keeps them langer than maybe is the common coorse o' nature—nae doot owing to the interposition o' high authority, wha keeps aff the enemy o' guid as lang as is consistent wi' His mysterious ways.'

'This is small consolation to me, good Elspeth,' answered Emmeline; 'for, to tell you the truth, I never had any faith in prophecies. I do not conceive, therefore, that I have made any escape; and the weight of my wo, in pressing me to an untimely death, is not diminished by your communication.'

'And is this the opinion o' my ain nursling,' said Elspeth, 'wha I fondly thought got frae me the lear o' the wise on earth as weel as my milk? Waes me! but the conceit o' this new warld warns the like o' me to tak my departure to a better. Wha could hae thought that the bonny bairn wha used to sit on my knee and ask me to begin the auld prophecy, "Still on my wayis as I went," o' the immortal Thomas, or that ane o' the wonderful Waldhave, "Upon Loudon Law alone as I lay," and hear, wi' suitable belief and becoming modesty, my account o' the fulfilment o' the sayings o' thae famous worthies—wad hae see sune left her ancient faith, and taken hersel up wi' the new-fangled disbeliefs o' this backsliding generation! Waes me!'

'I do not wish to hurt the feelings of my good old friend,' said Emmeline, mournfully; 'but I am bound to say, for my heart will not retain it, that that prophecy never would have prevented me from marrying the man of my affections.' And the poor disconsolate maiden hid her face in her hands, and sobbed most bitterly.

'Keep up yer heart, my winsome lass,' said Elspeth, in a soothing tone—'Hector Bruce is as fair a youth and as fond a lover as ever was George Becket; and he has mony qualities o' head and heart that the heir of Duncrief could never aspire to.'

'What is Hector Bruce to me?' sobbed the disconsolate Emmeline. 'Him I never loved, though often have you, in your mistaken kindness, recommended him to me as a lover. Who can influence the human heart? Oh, my lost, my sacrificed object of my warmest affections! Never, never, can I love another! The spell is broken that bound me to that object, but my heart has broken with it; and who's there now to bind up?'

'Time, my bonny Emmeline,' said Elspeth, 'has great power in curing affection; and they say that a second love is mair kindly, though less strong than a first. Think nae mair o' George Becket, and yer heart mae follow the course appointed for it by nature, and love [illegible]. Hector Bruce was wi' me yesterday, inquiring for ye; and sair has he prayed to get me to intercede for him. I didna hesitate, Emmeline, to gie him my favour and advice; for, sair, sair I hae fought, unkenned by ye, to keep ye free Duncrief.'

At this moment Emmeline started up in a wild and insane manner, and ejaculated, as she wrung her hands—

'It is—it is! The spoliation of my mother's roses—the voice from the tree—were human schemes! O God! save me from the proof. Elspeth Laidlaw—Elspeth Laidlaw! tell me, if you love me, if you wish me to sojourn yet a little longer on this earth, know ye if Hector Bruce employed means to prevent my marriage with George Becket?'

'Troth, and that he did, my Emmeline,' replied Elspeth, 'and wi' my consent; for how could I stand aside, and see my darling rush into the open jaws o' a prophecy whase fulfilment was as certain as death itsel? It was Hector Bruce wha scattered the roses o' yer mother's bush and spoke to ye frae the tree as if in a spirit o' inspiration—innocent tricks to serve a guid end, and save my bonny bairn frae an untimely grave.'

On hearing this statement, Emmeline rose to the full pitch of her nervous excitement, ejaculating—'O God! O God! sacrificed to an old woman's tale.' She fell on the ground, and lay in a state of insensibility for many minutes. Assistance was procured; and the unfortunate victim of gord intentions was carried to her couch to waken to a sense of unqualified despair.

This announcement produced a change upon Emmeline of a very marked character. She afterwards became quiet and moodish—seldom speaking to any one, and paying little attention to what was passing around her. The servants did every thing in their power to make their favourite as easy as possible! and no exertion was spared to bring back her wonted spirits, but the sight or the mention of any circumstance connected with Duncrief Castle or its inmates, operated as a spell upon all her conduct. Sudden bursts of tears came on her when no person was prepared for any special indication of grief beyond the uniform melancholy which she exhibited. Her form gradually wasted—her cheek lost its vermilion tint—and the sprightly beam of her eye declined to a sombre ray, that came through tears. In this condition, the broken-hearted Emmeline continued to wander over the grounds of Elle, an object of pity to the neighbours, of deep and heartfelt sorrow to her father, and to Elspeth Laidlaw a silent reproof. She never again visited the cottage of her old friend. Even this affection was riven asunder; and all the tears, the prayers, the entreaties of the old woman, were unavailing in obtaining for her a single smile. Her appearance was even distasteful to her; and, as she turned to avoid the feeble energies of the poor and devoted being who would have died for her, it was mournful to see the tears of a rejected affection stealing down her rugged cheeks, and to hear the groans of her troubled spirit as it panted for communion with the only being she loved on earth.

Emmeline continued to exhibit the same state of feelings—her body gradually decaying, and her mind becoming daily more absent. One day, as she walked on the lawn opposite to her father's house, she saw pass a road leading from Duncrief Castle to the parish

church, a hearse, with a long funeral procession behind it. The circumstance was not sufficient to excite her attention; but some people who were standing near, stated that that was the funeral of George Becket's wife, who had died in giving birth to her first child. The statement recalled the absent mind of the unhappy maiden. She looked up, and observed, with apparent attention, the procession pass along. For some days afterwards, she appeared excited by some unusual trains of thought, but continued still her silence, and in a short time relapsed into her usual state of apparent insanity.

Time rolled on without bringing any change, except gradual decay, to Emmeline. One day, about a year after she had seen the funeral procession, she visited the hollow of her mother's flower. She sat there for hours, with her unmeaning eye fixed on the plant, which had again sent forth buds, and was now in full bloom. As she sat, some person came behind her. It was George Becket. He stood and gazed. The tear was in his eye, and his heart was too full of utterance. She looked up in his face, and remained silent. At last he muttered 'Emmeline.' The sound of his words operated like a charm on the victim of melancholy. A flood of tears gushed down her cheeks; and sobs burst from her heart as if they had been restrained by the pressure of the sadness of years. Unable to command himself, Becket rushed forward and caught her in his arms, but he received a senseless load. Emmeline had fainted, and fell into the willing arms of her lover, who held her while the tears dropped from his eyes on her clayey countenance. In a little time she recovered, and looked again into his face, muttered some incoherent words which Becket could not understand. He led her homewards; and, as he parted from her, asked her to meet him next day at the same place.

The effect of this most extraordinary and unexpected change of circumstances on the mind of Emmeline was electric. During the night she wept and sobbed intensely, as if nature had adopted those modes of relieving her of the burden which had pressed upon her so long. On the following morning a great change had been effected. Her mind evinced greater attention and sensibility, and her speech was less restrained. These indications were hailed by the inmates of the house with joy, and Emmeline herself smiled to see her father happy on the occasion of her recovery.

She repaired to the place appointed. Becket was there before her. The loves of both appeared to have returned with their wonted force, and embraces sealed a new pledge of mutual affection. A conversation, interesting to both, now commenced. Emmeline explained to him how she had been treated and deceived, giving him an account of the state of mind which had produced the fatal letter. On the other hand, Becket explained what his sentiments were on the receipt of it; but, if it had not been for the advice of his mother, he would not have been dissuaded from endeavouring to redeem her, and release her from a vow which, having been made in error, could not be binding on her. His journey to London, however, did irreparable injury to his affections, for he was dragged into society against his inclination, and the image of his Emmeline, he confessed it with shame, was often absent from his mind. His mother's letters, too, operated in the same direction; and, in a fit of thoughtlessness and what he conceived filial duty, he married Helen Walker, and brought her to Scotland.

At the mention of another woman, Emmeline's feelings were severely shocked. Becket observed the effect his narrative had produced upon her, and endeavoured to soothe her. The question hung upon her lips, 'And did you love?' and died away in faltering accents. The subject was painful to both, and Becket changed it, embracing again the consoled maiden, and vowing eternal affection and a determination to make her and himself happy, as soon as preparations could be made for the marriage.

In a short time, George Becket and Emmeline Lauder were married. She became reconciled to old Elspeth, who, however, shuddered at the anticipated fulfilment of the fatal prophecy. The happy pair lived at the Castle of Duncrief—Lady Becket having agreed to receive her daughter-in-law with love and kindness. The story of her sufferings had sunk deep on her mind, and she expressed joy when she was informed by her son that he intended to wed his Emmeline, and that she had consented.

Years rolled on; old Sir William died; and George succeeded his father in his title and property. But Lady Becket lived to an advanced age; and her daughter-in-law, with heartfelt satisfaction, combed, for the good old lady, her locks, which were as white as the driven snow. Elspeth Laidlaw, herself, lived to see the falsehood of her prophecy. Sir George Becket had, by Emmeline, a large family of children. They both attained to an advanced old age, and both combed their grey hairs in the Castle of Duncrief—beloved by their children, respected by their neighbours, and well satisfied with the fortunes they had experienced in life.

CROSSED LOVE.

Henry Scot—as his name alone almost would imply—though born in Ireland, was a gentleman of Scottish descent; for both his father and mother were natives of the latter country, which, indeed, they had left but a short while previous to his birth. Although this much of a Scotsman, however, Henry, unfortunately for himself, took such an interest in the affairs of Ireland, during the unhappy disturbances in that kingdom in 1798, as induced him to join those who rebelled against the authority of the government, and eventually to act so conspicuous a part in the commotions of the period, as rendered it necessary for him to fly the country, on the suppression of the rebellion by the king's troops.

On this occasion he sought and found shelter in the house of a distant relation of his mother's, who resided in the south of Scotland, the place of his parents' nativity. This relation was a Mr. Lorimer, a gentleman of large fortune, and extensive landed possessions in the county in which he resided. He was a widower, with one child only; and this child was Lucy Lorimer, one of the gentlest and loveliest creatures that ever breathed the breath of life. She was, at this period, in the eighteenth year of her age; and when we say that Henry Scot, now in his twenty-second year, possessed every qualification, both of mind and person, calculated to make an impression on a heart so susceptible as hers—and when we add, that every opportunity was afforded him of making this impression, by the circumstance of their residing under the same roof—it will excite little surprise to find that the first courtesies of friendship soon ripened into a warmer sentiment. This was, in truth the case. An attachment of the most ardent, the purest, and most devoted kind, grew up between them. Each staked on the other's love all their hopes of future happiness, and in that love found all the joy the world had to bestow. But these affections of the heart were destined to be soon and sadly crossed. Lucy's father discovered the attachment of the young pair. He had other views for Lucy; and although he had not had such views, the poverty of Henry, who had nothing to depend upon, rendered him, in the eyes of Mr. Lorimer, a totally ineligible match for his daughter.

On making the discovery alluded to, Mr. Lorimer charged his young relative with abusing his confidence in seeking to engage the affections of his daughter, and ordered him instantly to quit his house. With a bursting heart, Henry complied with the harsh and stern command. He immediately left the house, and that without being permitted to obtain even a last sight of his beloved Lucy.

For some days he lingered about the neighbourhood, at the imminent risk of being recognised and apprehended as a rebel, in the hope of being able to obtain one last interview with Lucy, or, at least, of being able to procure a letter to be conveyed to her. But in vain. Her father had taken measures to prevent this, and had further desired it to be intimated to Henry—of whose vicinity he was aware, that if he did not immediately leave the country, he would give him up to the authorities. Finding it worse than vain, in these circumstances, to persevere, Henry at length bade adieu to the scene of his short-lived bliss, and soon after embarked for France, where he succeeded in getting a commission in the French army. With this commission, however, he obtained, at his own most earnest request, the condition that he should not be called upon to oppose his countrymen in the field, but should be employed against foreign powers alone.

To return to Lucy Lorimer. Her father had been able to crush her hopes, and to thwart the dearest wishes of her heart; but all his power and authority over her could not eradicate the affections that dwelt there, or change the current of her thoughts; and dearly did that father pay for, and bitterly did he rue the attempts which he had made to cross these affections and master these thoughts.

An illness, which threatened to hurry poor Lucy to a premature grave, was the consequence. The rose fled from her cheek, and the lustre from her eye. From day to day, she sunk under the wasting, the corroding disease of a broken heart, till her physicians at length intimated to her father, that the only chance of saving his daughter's life was to be found in the removing her to a warmer climate; and they recommended Italy.

This was about two years after the departure of Henry; and, during all this time, Lucy had been slowly, but gradually fading, like a flower whose roots have been severed. Her father, who was, after all, dotingly fond of her, grasped eagerly, but despairingly, at the hope held out by his daughter's medical advisers, and made instant preparations for their departure to the sunny regions of the south.

In the meantime, Henry Scot had distinguished himself in the French service, and had already obtained, in consequence of his bravery, the rank of Colonel of chasseurs, in which capacity he was at this moment serving against the Austrians.

A dreadful struggle had taken place between the latter and the French, in disputing the passage of the Adige, near Verona. In this contest the French were successful. They gained the bridge—the great object for which both sides fought—and thus threw open the communication with Verona.

While the Austrians, though retreating, were yet struggling to check the tide of victory which was approaching to overwhelm them, the corps which Henry commanded was ordered to enter Verona, to clear the streets of any stragglers or parties of the enemy who might be lurking there. On this sanguinary day Henry had again eminently distinguished himself. Twice had he ridden out of the line in the face of a tremendous fire from an Austrian battery, which was fast throwing his regiment into confusion, and from which they were, in both instances, on the point of retreating—and, waving his sword aloft, called upon his men to maintain the martial fame of France, by following him. In both instances, the appeal had been effectual. The chasseurs came on like a thunder-storm, overwhelming guns and gunners in one sudden and irresistible tide of death and destruction. In both cases, Henry Scot

was the first man to dash in between the guns of the enemy, and this at a moment, too, when he could feel the heat of the red volume of fire in which the shot was just about emerging from the cannon's mouth. Twice, in the course of this day, too, had Henry been engaged in single combat, and twice had he slain his enemy.

On receiving the order to enter Verona, Henry recalled his men from the desultory conflict in which they were engaged, and, having formed them in regular order, the word to advance was given, and, in the next instant, the whole squadron was in full gallop towards the city. In less than ten minutes thereafter, Henry's chasseurs were seen charging *sabre-a-la-main* down the Corsa, the principal street in Verona, where two or three companies of French infantry, who had already found their way into the city, were engaged in a sanguinary conflict with a party of the enemy.

The scene of this contest was immediately in front of a large hotel, every one of the windows of which was filled with Austrian soldiers, who, from their situation, kept up a destructive fire of musketry on their enemies in the street. At the moment of Henry's approach with his chasseurs, the hotel was in the act of being stormed by the French soldiery; a party of the most reckless of whom, having already battered in the front door with the butts of their firelocks, were now proceeding from room to room, and mercilessly bayoneting all whom they found there. In the meantime, the contest in the street had been decided. The French infantry, on perceiving the chasseurs approaching, having opened their ranks to permit the latter to come in contact with the enemy, every man of the latter was instantly cut to pieces. At this moment, Henry's attention was suddenly and painfully attracted by a piercing shriek from the upper story of the hotel, into which the French soldiers had forced themselves, and which they were now in the act of plundering. Actuated by the generous impulses of his nature, Henry, on hearing the cry, which was that of a female voice, struck the spurs into his horse's sides, and dashed furiously into the midst of the crowd of soldiers, whom the hope of sharing in the plunder of the devoted mansion had assembled in its front, and who were now amusing themselves by firing in at the windows.

Having forced his way to the door of the hotel, Henry flung himself from his horse, gave the animal in charge of a soldier who stood near him, drew his sword, and rushed in amongst the crowd of men by whom the outer passage of the house was filled.

The scene which now presented itself to Henry, although he took but little time to contemplate it, was one of the most appalling he had ever witnessed, much as he had seen of the sanguinary horrors of war. The house was filled, almost to suffocation, with the smoke of gunpowder. Its rooms, and passages, and staircases, were thronged by armed men passing to and fro, under the wild and reckless excitement of recent conquest, and the pursuit of plunder; every man being in quest of something to reward, as he deemed it, the risk and toil which he had encountered; loud shouts of laughter, and an endless succession of merry jests, keeping up the wild revelry of the scene; which was rendered yet more hideous by the ruins of splendid mirrors, the gilded frames of which only now remained on the walls, the glass of each having been smashed into a thousand pieces by the wanton blows of the butts of muskets. In short, not an apartment, not an article in the house, had escaped either the fury or the cupidity of the conquerors; everything that was valuable and portable had been carried off; everything that possessed not the latter quality was destroyed. Disorder, confusion, and destruction prevailed everywhere throughout the ill-fated mansion; and to complete the horrid scene, every room was swimming with the blood of the unfortunate Austrians who had attempted to defend it, and whose corpses, many of them still grasping their firelocks in the attitudes in which they had received their death-wounds from the bayonets of their destroyers, lay heaped on each other at the windows where they had been massacred.

Occupied by a still more engrossing feeling than even these scenes were calculated to excite, Henry flew from apartment to apartment in quest of the sufferer whose expression of agony had brought him thither; but both his search and his inquiries were for some time fruitless. After having, however, with much difficulty, fought his way up the crowded staircase which led to the upper range of apartments, Henry struggled forward to one which, from the noise and loud imprecations that issued from it, seemed still to be the scene of violence. On gaining the door, he thrust aside those who would have obstructed his farther progress, and was in an instant afterwards in the midst of the apartment—when a scene presented itself for which Henry, as will readily be believed when the sequel has been read, was but little prepared, and which excited in him feelings that language would in vain attempt to describe.

The astounding sight on which Henry now looked, was Mr. Lorimer on his knees, imploring mercy from a soldier who was about to run him through with his bayonet; and his daughter clinging to the knees of the savage, uttering the most agonizing screams, and begging, in the most abject but eloquent terms, for the life of her unfortunate parent; herself being the while the subject of the rude jests and heartless ribaldry of the surrounding soldiers.

Amazed and confounded as he was at this most unexpected and most extraordinary occurrence, Henry was not for a moment deprived of the presence of mind necessary to enable him to act with the promptness and energy which the safety of the unfortunate pair, at this critical moment, required. He burst into the circle which had been formed around Mr. Lorimer and his daughter, and struck down with his sword the weapon which was levelled at the breast of the latter. In the next instant, Lucy—who at once recognised her lover with that sharpness of vision which is attributed to love, notwithstanding of his sunburnt countenance and military uniform, bewildered with the horrors of her situation, which left no room for considerations of strict propriety or fastidious decorum—hung around Henry's neck, calling upon him, for the love of God, "to save her father, her poor father."

"He is safe, Lucy," replied Henry, looking sternly around him on the circle of soldiers who were about them. "He is safe; not a hair of his head shall be

touched." Then addressing the soldiers:—"Shame, soldiers!—shame!" he said, "to use violence towards an unarmed and unresisting old man! and a tenfold shame it is that you would treat a helpless female with rudeness and incivility, disgracing your country and the profession to which you belong."

Abashed by this reproof, and not a little awed by the stern and determined bearing of him by whom it was spoken, the soldiers gradually stole out of the apartment, one after another, till no one remained but Henry, Lucy Lorimer, and her father.

A mutual explanation of the circumstances which had led to their extraordinary meeting now took place; and, singular as that was, it was very easily accounted for. Mr. Lorimer, in compliance with the recommendation of his daughter's medical advisers, had come with her to Italy, and had taken up his abode in Verona, having no idea that the tide of war was so soon to roll in the direction of that city. He had, therefore, been taken by surprise. And by this simple circumstance was the mystery of their meeting solved.

On the party being left to themselves, as already mentioned, Mr. Lorimer, on whose feelings towards Henry the incident which had just occurred seemed to have made a sudden and favourable change—a change, however, it was for which he was predisposed by a sympathy for his daughter, the cause of whose illness he well knew, and which he was now, but, alas, too late, willing, nay, anxious to remove at any cost to which it might subject him: when the party were left to themselves, as we have said, Mr. Lorimer took Henry by the hand, and, with a lively expression of gratitude, said—"Mr. Scott, you have relieved us from a situation of great peril. How are we to acknowledge the important obligation? What proof can we give you of our gratitude?"

Henry coloured, and glanced involuntarily towards Lucy, who was now extended on a couch at the opposite end of the apartment—her emaciated frame and broken spirit being unable to withstand the violent agitation which the dreadful occurrences of the day had excited.

"Ay; well, very well," said Mr. Lorimer, who marked the look which Henry threw towards his daughter, and comprehended its meaning. "With all my heart. If poor Lucy gets round again, as I trust in God she will, she shall be yours, Henry. You have already my poor girl's heart, and you have now my willing consent to take possession of her hand also, when circumstances will permit."

Henry, in turn, now grasped the hand of Mr. Lorimer, a tear started into his eye, and "You have promised me, sir," he said, in an under tone, so as not to be heard by her who was the subject of their conversation, "the greatest earthly blessing which can fall to the lot of man."

Having thus expressed himself, both he and Mr. Lorimer moved towards the couch on which the fair sufferer reclined. But, alas! for her all this happiness came too late. A blow had been stricken whose effects no mortal hand, no change of circumstances, could cure.

On approaching the couch on which she lay—"Lucy," said Henry, now seating himself on a chair beside her, and taking her affectionately by the hand, "these are strange and unhappy circumstances in which you and I have met. But I trust," he continued, after a moment's pause, during which she neither spoke nor moved, but remained with her eyes closed, as if completely exhausted, or, it might be, lost in thought—'I trust,' he said, now anxiously peering into the still lovely but pallid countenance of the suffering girl, 'that the occurrences of this day, alarming though they were, will have no serious effect upon your health. All danger is now past, Lucy—the enemy is driven from the town, and you are safe.'

'Safe, Henry!' now reiterated Miss Lorimer, whose excessive weakness kept her still extended on her couch in a state of the utmost languor and debility. 'Safe, Henry!' she said, drawing a deep sigh, and gazing affectionately on the countenance of her lover—'yes, I am safe, I believe, from the enmity and cruelty of man. From these I should think myself secure, under any circumstances, if you were near me, Henry. But there is an enemy, a tremendous enemy, from whose power not even your arm, Henry, can protect me; an enemy who laughs at victory, and tramples on the neck of the conqueror. That enemy, Henry,' she added, after a long pause, during which she seemed convulsed with some strong emotion, 'is Death. Every returning day,' she went on, 'adds to the conviction which I have long felt, that I am dying. There is a something here,' she said, placing her hand on her breast, 'which warns me of approaching dissolution—a feeling well known to the dying, and which never deceives. No, never, never,' she repeated, with a melancholy emphasis.

'For God's sake, Lucy, do not speak thus!' said Henry, in a voice rendered nearly inaudible by the violent emotion which the despairing language of Miss Lorimer had excited. 'Do not, dearest girl,' he continued, and now imprinting a kiss on her pale cold forehead—'do not indulge in these melancholy, these distracting forebodings. Out of charity to me, Lucy, do endeavour to dismiss them from your thoughts; do not drive me to despair. I could look on death, Lucy, as I have often done, on the battle-field, without quailing; but this I cannot stand. It unmans me—it unnerves me.' And here several tears rapidly chased each other down the swarthy, sun-burnt cheeks of the soldier. Henry did not attempt to conceal them; for he was not ashamed of them. Lucy also wept; but it was in secret, and in silence, and with her face averted from her lover. There was for a moment a profound stillness in the apartment. At length Henry rose to his feet, and again taking the dying girl by the hand—

'Lucy,' he said, 'I must leave you for a short time. I must return to my post; but my absence will not be long; and, in the meantime, I shall place a guard on the hotel, to protect you from all farther violence; and shall thereafter endeavour to get matters so arranged that I shall always be near you, at least for so long as we remain in the city.'

'I trust there will be no more fighting, Henry,' said Miss Lorimer, raising herself up on her couch with a sudden effort, and looking with a countenance expressive of the utmost anxiety and alarm on her lover; but it was for his safety she feared, not her own. 'There

will be no more fighting, I trust,' she said—'Gracious Heaven! it is an awful sight to see armed men engaged in mortal strife with each other. Fierce and ruthless, they seem to delight in carnage, and to rejoice in the din of battle.'

'No, no,' replied Henry, soothingly; 'there will be no more fighting, Lucy—you need entertain no fears on that account. But, before I leave you, Lucy, let me entreat of you, for your own sake, and for the sake of all those who are dear to you, to cast from you all such gloomy thoughts as those you were a short while since indulging in. Will you promise me this, Lucy?' he added, in an earnest and supplicatory tone.

'I do promise you, Henry,' replied Miss Lorimer, smiling faintly, 'to comply with your request as far as I possibly can; that is, as far as I have any control over my own feelings and secret convictions. I can do no more; but for your sake, and for that of my poor father, I certainly shall do this.'

'God bless you, Lucy!' said Henry, again stooping down and imprinting another fervent kiss on her fair forehead. 'I need not remind you,' he added, 'that your safety, and that of your father, shall be cared for; so that neither of you need entertain the slightest apprehension of violence. I shall be your guardian during the night, Lucy, and your companion during the day, whilst there is anything to fear.' Having said this, Henry raised the fair hand he held within his to his lips, shook hands with Mr. Lorimer, who, from a delicacy of feeling, had, till now, remained standing at a window at the farther end of the apartment, bade them both adieu, with a promise to return as soon as he possibly could, and left the apartment.

Notwithstanding Henry's having made every exertion and every possible attempt, consistent with his honour as a soldier and the interests of the service in which he was employed, to procure such an arrangement as should place him, without any sacrifice of his reputation, near the abode of Lucy Lorimer, it was not until the third day after the occurrence of the events above related, that he had it in his power to repeat his visit. The interval had been one of the most painful anxiety to Henry, although he had taken every precaution to secure, during his absence, the comfort and safety of her who was the cause of this anxiety. With this view he had held out promises of reward and protection to the landlord of the hotel at which she lodged, and had planted sentinels, with the consent of his commanding-officer, in front and around the house. Besides all this, he had obtained the promise of a brother officer, whose duty kept him behind, to show them all the attention and civility in his power until his return. Henry had himself been employed, in the meantime, in a very fatiguing duty, at a distance from the city; and had also, in this interval, been several times engaged in skirmishes with the enemy; but from all he had had the good fortune to escape without injury. At length, however, he received, to his inexpressible delight, an order to proceed, with a part of his regiment, to Verona, with instructions to remain there for the protection of the city until further orders.

Having put up his horse, Henry, without waiting either to refresh himself, although much exhausted with fatigue of both body and mind, or to remove the marks of travel, which his soiled and deranged dress everywhere exhibited, hastened to the hotel which held the object of all his anxiety and solicitude. In a few minutes, his heart beating high with alternate hopes and fears, which rendered him almost unconscious of everything around him, he reached the bottom of the flight of steps which led to the front door of the hotel, when, clearing them nearly at one bound, he was in the next instant again by the side of Lucy Lorimer. But, alas! short as the time had been since he had last seen her, a fearful change for the worse had taken place in her appearance. She was now rapidly sinking under the illness which had so long afflicted her. The destroyer was now impatiently, as it were, hurrying his work to a conclusion.

At the instant of Henry's entering the apartment, Miss Lorimer, propped up by pillows to enable her to breathe with less difficulty, was reclining on an ottoman, apparently in the last stage of weakness and debility. Her father sat by her side on a low-cushioned stool, holding one of her hands within his, and gazed, with a look of the deepest misery, on the pallid features of his dying daughter.

The room was still as death, and deeply shaded by the large massive window-curtains which had been drawn closely together to exclude the light. Henry, instantly conjecturing, from these appearances, that the worst was to be apprehended, made no inquiries as to the state of Lucy's health. He saw at a glance how that stood. There was no mistaking the cold, rigid, and deadly hue with which the countenance of the fair sufferer was now overspread. Her once beautiful lips were now pale, shrunk, and withered, and her eye shone with a glaring, unnatural lustre. All this Henry marked; and he now felt convinced that there was no hope. Without saying a word, he knelt down by the couch of the dying girl, who was unconscious of his presence; a feeling of distraction shot through his brain, and he felt for a moment as if his reason would forsake him. Nearly a quarter of an hour was thus spent without a word being said either by Mr. Lorimer or Henry. At length, the former rose from the stool on which he had been sitting, and leaning over his daughter—

'Lucy, my love,' he said, 'here is Henry come to inquire for you.' That beloved name acted like a spell on the dying girl; she opened her eyes, and even made an effort, though a vain one, to raise herself up on her couch; but there was an abruptness and a flurriedness in the attempt, which made both Henry and her father dread that her mind was affected. She made, too, some hurried efforts to compose and arrange her dress; and, although she actually did little else than make some unmeaning motions with her hands, she seemed satisfied that she had improved its appearance. Henry and Mr. Lorimer exchanged hasty but significant looks, as if both had been at the same moment impressed with the belief that the poor patient's reason had departed. There was nothing, however, in what afterwards passed to confirm them in this belief; or rather her conduct throughout the remaining part of the interview decidedly contradicted the melancholy supposition.

Miss Lorimer's eye having now caught a glimpse of Henry, as he knelt beside her, she extended her hand towards him, averting her head, at the same time, to conceal the emotion which she felt overwhelming her. Henry seized the proffered hand in silence, imprinted on it a thousand kisses, and bedewed it with his tears. Lucy felt all that was implied by these tokens of ardent affection. She felt Henry's tears dropping on her hand; and the agitation which it excited had nearly extinguished the last feeble glimmerings of the lamp of life. She shook violently, and struggled hard, though unsuccessfully, to suppress several violent sobs, which seemed as if they would have rent her bosom asunder.

Both Henry and Mr. Lorimer now saw that, however much the effort might cost them, it was necessary, for the patient's sake, to interrupt that agonizing train of feeling under which they were all suffering, and to assume, at least in appearance, a lighter demeanour. It was evident to both, that, if Lucy was permitted to indulge much longer in the distracting feelings with which she seemed oppressed, she must speedily sink under them. Impressed, therefore, with the necessity of instantly changing, if possible, the current of her thoughts, Henry now rose from his knees, took a rapid turn through the room, to recover his self-possession, and to free his eyes, which were red with weeping, from the moisture with which they were yet suffused, returned to the couch on which Miss Lorimer reposed, and, hanging over the back of it, contemplated for a second, unobserved by the fair sufferer, who was still busied in the engrossing reflections which the scene that had just taken place had excited, with a look of tender affection and melancholy solicitude.

'Lucy, Lucy,' he at length said, in a low tone, and with as much composure of manner as he could assume—and they were the first words he had uttered since he entered the apartment—'I fear you are worse than when I saw you last.'

'Yes, Henry,' she replied; 'I am.

> ''My race is run, my warfare's o'er—
> The solemn hour is nigh
> When, offered up to God, my soul
> Shall wing its flight on high.''

And she looked, as she slowly and emphatically repeated these beautiful and impressive lines, as if her spirit was really about to wing its way to another and a better world—the solemn, yet mild and gentle expression of her pale countenance, imparted by a pure and innocent mind, unconscious of guilt, giving to her whole appearance, at this affecting moment, as much of the semblance of an angel upon earth, as the human mind can conceive of those happy and elevated beings.

Apparently worn out with the effort she had made, Lucy sank back exhausted on her couch. Her eyes were closed, her breathing was scarcely perceptible; and, for a second or two, both Henry and her father thought that her pure and spotless soul had passed away with the last words she had uttered. In a few minutes, however, their fears were, for the time, dispelled. The poor girl again rallied—again she opened her eyes, and again breathed audibly. In a short time after, she spoke.

'I feel very faint,' she said—'very, very faint. I fear I am about to leave you.' And, indeed, the expression of her countenance confirmed the probability of her anticipations.

'Lucy, Lucy, my love—my poor suffering angel, do not say so!' exclaimed Henry, rushing round, in an agony of horror and despair, to the front of the couch, where her father already was—hanging over her with a look of the most intense misery. At this moment, Mr. Lorimer—after exchanging a significant glance with Henry, who was now again kneeling by the couch of the sufferer, with one of her passive hands tenderly clasped in his, as if he would keep her on earth in despite of the grim tyrant—hurried to the door, and, without the knowledge of the patient, dispatched a servant for her medical attendants. These were an Englishman, resident in Verona, and an Italian practitioner, a native of the city, both of them eminent in their profession. In a few minutes, as the message had been urgent and peremptory, the two medical gentlemen entered the apartment. On their appearance, Henry started to his feet. The physicians approached the patient; both of them looked earnestly on her countenance for several seconds, and one of them counted the vibrations of her pulse. At this moment, both Henry and Mr. Lorimer were about to leave the apartment for a little, when they were prevented by the English physician, who, perceiving their intention, said, in a tone so low as not to be heard by the patient—

'You need not, gentlemen—there's no occasion whatever;' and accompanying the expression with a look that was meant to intimate that nothing could be done for the sufferer, who seemed totally unconscious of all that was passing around her.

The medical gentlemen, without recommending any thing, but merely that the patient should be kept as easy as possible, both in mind and body, and that whatever she fancied should be given to her, took up their hats to depart.

During this brief visit, both Henry and Mr. Lorimer continued to watch the countenances of the physicians with the most pitiable earnestness; and, although enough had passed to confirm their worst fears, both yet clung to the feeble stay alluded to in the expressions, that where there is life there is hope; and besides—to such slender things do we cling in our misery—they had not yet been distinctly told that Lucy was actually dying. This dreadful intimation, however, was now about to be conveyed to them.

On the physicians reaching the door of the apartment, the English gentleman turned round, and made a signal to Mr. Lorimer to follow him. He obeyed; but at once conjecturing the purpose for which he was summoned, his limbs trembled beneath him as he went. On reaching the outside of the apartment where the two physicians were waiting him, the Englishman gently closed the door; and, addressing Mr. Lorimer in a low tone, and with a great deal of sympathy in his manner, said—

'My friend here and I think it our duty to inform you that your poor daughter is past all hope of recovery.—Till this day we could not bring ourselves to believe this; but our visit just now has convinced us of it.—She will not live many hours—probably not one.'

'The will of God be done!' exclaimed Mr. Lorimer, clasping his hands together, and looking upwards with an air of pious resignation. 'His will be done!' he repeated, and returned into the sick chamber, where Henry awaited, in an agony of suspense and anxiety, the result of the conference which was passing outside.

During the interval, he had not attempted to address a word to Miss Lorimer, (who seemed to have fallen into a profound slumber,) but sat absorbed in the silent misery of we. At length the door of the apartment slowly opened, and Mr. Lorimer, more like a spirit just risen from the grave than a living man, entered.—There was on his pale and haggard countenance an expression of utter wretchedness, which, without making any inquiry, Henry instantly knew to proceed from his having been informed that the case of Lucy Lorimer was hopeless. Henry rose from his seat, and advanced to meet him. The latter uttered not a word, but rushed towards him, and flung himself on his neck in a paroxysm of grief.

At this interesting moment, the two mourners were roused from their reverie of sorrow by the dying girl suddenly inquiring, in a feeble tone, if her father was in the apartment!

'Yes, Lucy, my love, I am here,' said Mr. Lorimer, hastening up to his daughter's couch—Henry, at the same moment, quitting the apartment, lest what she had to say might be meant for the parent's ear alone.

'You will remain with me, dear father,' she said, 'till all is over. It will not detain you long; for I feel that it is now close at hand.'

'My beloved child,' said her father, as he hung over her, bathing her pale face with his tears, 'since it is the will of Almighty God that you should leave us'—this he said for he felt that to speak now of hope would not only be idle but annoying to the poor sufferer, whose resignation was perfect, and whose conviction of the immediate approach of dissolution was not to be overcome—'since it is the will of Almighty God that you should leave us, we must bow to the high behest.—Your exchange will be a happy one; and the period of our separation will now be but short. I will soon follow you, Lucy; for I cannot stay behind.'

'You must not speak in that manner, father,' said the dying girl. 'I trust you have many years of happiness before you still'——

'And bereft of you, Lucy!' said her father. 'No, no, that cannot be.'—After a pause of a few minutes, 'Lucy,' he said, 'would you wish to see Henry?'

'Yes, father,' she replied, 'I would. I should like to see him once more before I die.' And an involuntary tear at this moment started into her eye.

Mr. Lorimer now left the apartment in quest of Henry. In a few seconds both were by the side of the dying fair one.

'Henry,' said Lucy, on his approaching her, 'kiss me; if you can think of embracing so disagreeable an object as I must now be.'

Henry, unable, from emotion, to make any reply, stooped eagerly down to comply with the poor girl's dying request. She made an effort to fling her arms around his neck; she failed in the attempt, sank back in her couch, and expired—the agitation which this last interview with the object of her heart's fondest affections had created having at once extinguished the little of life that remained.

We will not attempt to describe the misery into which the fatal event—though for some time anticipated—threw both Henry and the father of his beloved Lucy. On the former, it had the effect of disgusting him with life; and, in this desperate mood, he came to the resolution of seeking death on the first field of battle which he should tread; and such was the hopeless and cheerless state of his mind, that he found a degree of consolation in this reckless determination, which one other solace only could possibly have afforded him.

Having, after the funeral of Lucy, consigned Mr. Lorimer to the charge of the English physician who had attended his daughter, and who had insisted that he should accept the hospitality of his house for a fortnight or so, promising that he would, at the end of that period, if Mr. Lorimer's strength would admit of it, accompany him to the sea-coast, and see him safely shipped for his native land;—having, as we have said, made this arrangement, Henry waited on Mr. Lorimer for the last time, before he should march off with his regiment, which was now under orders to leave Verona within three hours. Mr. Lorimer was in bed when Henry called on him; but, as the latter was no ordinary visitor, he was immediately shown into his bedroom. On his entrance into the apartment, Mr. Lorimer extended his hand towards him, greeted him affectionately, and desired him to be seated beside him.—Henry obeyed.

'Henry,' at length said Mr. Lorimer, after a lengthened pause, 'since it has pleased heaven to bereave me of my child, there is no one existing but you who shall inherit my property. I have made up my mind to this, Henry. Had my darling angel been spared, it would one day have been yours, at any rate; and, for her sake, it shall be yours still. I shall merely reserve a slender pittance for my own support during the very short period I have yet to live. You will not, therefore, leave this house until the necessary deeds are drawn out. They can be afterwards legalized in England. Wealth, Henry, is no longer of any use to me. This, I trust,' he added, after another pause, 'will be some atonement for the cruel and heartless part I acted towards both you and her.'

Henry listened with patience to this munificent proposal; but it brought no expression of rapture into his eye, no pleasure to his senses. He heard it all gravely, nay, even contemptuously. His haggard and care-worn features remained cold and rigid, and he looked as if he scarcely comprehended the language which had been addressed to him.

After expressing his gratitude, however, to Mr. Lorimer for his intended generosity, he peremptorily declined its acceptance. 'You have said, Mr. Lorimer,' he said, 'that wealth is no longer of any use to you—neither is it to me, since she has been torn from me for whose sake alone I could ever think it desirable. Of what use would wealth be to one who has neither wants nor wishes left—who has none to care for, and none to care for him?'

Mr. Lorimer persevered for some time in endeavouring to induce Henry to become his heir; but, so far from succeeding, he only excited a feeling of impatience

and irritation, which Henry more than once allowed to escape him. Perceiving this, Mr. Lorimer at length gave up the point, and Henry rose to depart. They bade each other farewell, and parted never to meet again.

On a morning, in the winter of 1805—it was the second day of December—the sun rose above the hills and valleys of Moravia with unusual brilliancy and splendour. It was the celebrated sun of Austerlitz, so often and so triumphantly referred to by Napoleon on the eve of subsequent battles. It is not by any means our intention, however, notwithstanding this introductory sentence, to attempt here any description of the sanguinary contest to which it alludes—we only having to do with one single individual out of all the mighty host which was there assembled to decide their quarrels by force of arms.

Amongst the many brave and gallant hearts that distinguished themselves on this bloody field, there was one whose feats of daring courage left all others far behind; but several of these were of so desperate a character, that it was remarked by more than one witness of them, that no one but a man totally regardless of his life would ever have thought of attempting them.

The courage of this daring man at length became so conspicuous as to attract the attention of Napoleon himself, who repeatedly inquired of those around him who and what he was; adding, once or twice, that he would certainly promote him. It was some time, however, before Buonaparte could learn the name and country of the man whose bravery had won so much of his favour; but he at length learned, that it was Henry Scot, that he was a native of Ireland, and colonel of chasseurs.

'Ah!' exclaimed the little warrior, on being informed of this, and taking a huge pinch of snuff as he spoke, 'I know him; I recollect him. He has distinguished himself before. I shall look to him.'

Such were the bright prospects which Henry's bravery was opening up to him. But, alas! little did the mighty chieftain, whose power was about to open up those prospects, know how small a value Henry put on all that he could bestow—how little he cared for human applause, or the temporal rewards of man.

By one of those singular chances which frequently occur, but for which there is no accounting, Henry, though oftener and more exposed than any individual in the French army on this sanguinary day, could not find the death he so anxiously sought, although hundreds were every moment stricken down around him. He had yet escaped without the smallest injury, although the conflict had now continued with tremendous slaughter for many hours.

At length, however, the grim messenger came. A corps of Russians were in possession of a position which the French general, under whom Henry immediately served, was extremely desirous to wrest from them. It was a bare knoll, of very little height, and of gentle ascent. As there had been no defensive works thrown up on it, and nothing to obstruct the operations of cavalry, the general conceived that a smart charge of chasseurs would be sufficient to drive them from the position; and Henry was ordered on the duty. He gladly obeyed; and, in an instant after, he was seen leading on his men with the same desperate enthusiasm which had so often distinguished him during the previous part of the day. Again, as usual also, he was considerably in advance of his men. A minute more, and his tall plume was seen nodding in the midst of the Russian battalion. Another, and it had disappeared. Both the plume and its wearer were down, never again to rise. Henry Scot was no more. He had at length found the death he had so long and anxiously sought. Dragged from his horse, and pierced with a score of bayonets, he fell a martyr to crossed affections and disappointed hopes.

THE WIDOW OF DUNSKAITH.

'Oh, many a shriek, that wauful' night,
Rose frae the stormy main;
An' many a hardsome vow was made,
An' many a prayer vain;
An' mothers wept, an' widows mourned,
For many a weary day;
An' maidens, ance o' lightest mood,
Grew sad, and pined away.'

The northern Sutor of Cromarty is of a bolder character than even the southern one—abrupt, and stern, and precipitous as that is. It presents a loftier and more unbroken wall of rock; and, where it bounds on the Moray Frith, there is a savage magnificence in its cliffs and caves, and in the wild solitude of its beach, which we find nowhere equalled on the shores of the other. It is more exposed, too, in the time of tempest; the waves often rise, during the storms of winter, more than a hundred feet against its precipices, festooning them, even at that height, with wreaths of kelp and tangle; and, for miles within the bay, we may hear, at such seasons, the savage uproar that maddens round its cliffs and caverns, coming booming over the lashings of the nearer waves, like the roar of artillery. There is a sublimity of desolation on its shores, the effects of a conflict maintained for ages, and on a scale so gigantic. The isolated, spire-like crags that rise along its base, are so drilled and bored by the incessant lashings of the surf, and are ground down into shapes so fantastic, that they seem but the wasted skeletons of their former selves; and we find almost every natural fissure in the solid rock hollowed into an immense cavern, whose very ceiling, though the head turns as we look up to it, owes evidently its comparative smoothness to the action of the waves. One of the most remarkable of these recesses [illegible] that we may term the apex of a lofty pyramid. The entrance, unlike that of most of the others, is narrow and rugged, though of great height; but it widens within into a shadowy chamber; perplexed, like the aisle of a cathedral, by uncertain cross lights, that come glimmering into it through two lesser openings, which

profounds the opposite side of the promontory. It is a strange, ghostly-looking place: there is a sort of moon-light greyness in the twilight which forms its zone, and the dusky shadows which rest along its sides; a blackness, so profound that it mocks the eye, hangs over a lofty passage which leads from it, like a corridor, still deeper into the bowels of the hill; the light falls on a sprinkling of half-turned bones, the remains of animals that, in the depth of winter, have crept into it for shelter, and to die; and, when the winds are up, and the hoarse roar of the waves comes reverberated from its inner recesses, or creeps howling along its roof, it needs no over-active fancy to people its avenues with the shapes of beings long since departed from every gayer and softer scene, but which still rise unbidden to the imagination in those by-corners of nature which seem dedicated, like this cavern, to the wild, the desolate, and the solitary.

There is a little rocky bay, a few hundred yards to the west, which has been known for ages, to all the seafaring men of the place, as the Cove Green. It is such a place as we are sometimes made acquainted with in the narratives of disastrous shipwrecks. First, there is a broad semicircular strip of beach, with a wilderness of insulated piles of rock in front; and so steep and continuous is the wall of precipices which rises behind, that, though we may see directly over head the grassy slopes of the hill, with here and there a few straggling firs, no human foot ever gained the narrow edge. The bay of the Cove Green is a prison to which the sea presents the only outlet; and the numerous caves which open along its sides, like the arches of an amphitheatre, seem, but its darker cells. It is, in truth, a wild impressive place, full of beauty and terror, and with none of the squalidness of the entire dungeon about it. There is a puny littleness in our brick and lime receptacles of misery and languor which speaks as audibly of the feebleness of man, as of his estate or his inhumanity; but here all is great and magnificent—and there is much, too, that is pleasing. Many of the higher cliffs, which rise beyond the influence of the spray, are tapestried with ivy; we may see the heron watching on the ledge beside her bundle of withered twigs, or the blue hawk darting from her cell; there is life on every side of us—life in even the wild tumbling of the waves, and in the stream of pure water which, rushing from the higher edge of the precipice in a long white cord, gradually untwists itself by the way, and spatters ceaselessly among the stones over the entrance of one of the caves. Nor does the place want its old story to strengthen its hold on the imagination.

I am wretchedly uncertain in my dates, but it must have been some time late in the reign of Queen Anne, that a fishing yawl, after vainly labouring for hours to enter the bay of Cromarty, during a strong gale from the west, was forced, at nightfall, to relinquish the attempt, and take shelter in the Cove Green. The crew consisted of but two persons—an old fisherman and his son. Both had been thoroughly drenched by the spray, and chilled by the piercing wind, which, accompanied by thick snow showers, had blown all day through the opening, from off the snowy top of Ben Wyvis; and it was with no ordinary satisfaction that, as they opened the little bay on their last tack, they saw the red gleam of a fire flickering from one of the caves, and a boat drawn upon the beach.

'It must be some of the Tarbet fishermen,' said the old man, 'wind-bound like ourselves; but winter then us, in having made provision for it. I shall feel willing enough to share their fire with them for the night.'

'But see,' remarked the younger, 'that there be no unwillingness on the other side. I am much mistaken if that be not the boat of my cousin the Macintae, who would so fain have broken my head last Rhorichie Tryst. But, hap what may, father, the night is getting worse, and we have no choice of quarters. Hard up your helm, or we shall barely clear the Skerries; there now, every nail an anchor.' He leaped ashore, carrying with him the small hawser attached to the stern, which he wound securely round a jutting crag, and then stood for a few seconds until the old man, who moved but heavily along the thwarts, had come up to him. All was comparatively calm under the lee of the precipices; but the wind was roaring fearfully in the woods above, and whistling amid the furze and ivy of the higher cliff; and the two boatmen, as they entered the cave, could see the flakes of a thick snow shower, that had just begun to descend, circling round and round in the eddy.

The place was occupied by three men, who were sitting beside the fire, on blocks of stone which had been rolled from the beach. Two of them were young, and comparatively commonplace-looking persons; the third was a grey-headed old man, apparently of great muscular strength, though long past his prime, and of a peculiarly sinister cast of countenance. A keg of spirits, which was placed end up in front of them, served as a table; there were little drinking measures of tin on it, and the mask-like, stolid expressions of the two younger men showed that they had been indulging freely. The elder was apparently sober. They all started to their feet on the entrance of the fishermen, and one of the younger, laying hold of the little cask, pitched it hurriedly into a dark corner of the cave.

'His peace be here!' was the simple greeting of the elder fisherman as he came forward. 'Eachen Macintae,' he continued, addressing the old man, 'we have not met for years before—not, I believe, since the death o' my poor sister, when we parted such ill friends; but we are short-lived creatures ourselves, Eachen—surely our anger should be short-lived too; and I have come to crave from you a seat by your fire.'

'William Both,' replied Eachen, 'it was no wish of mine we should ever meet; but to a seat by the fire you are welcome.'

Old Macintae and his sons resumed their seats, the two fishermen took their places fronting them, and for some time neither party exchanged a word.

A fire, composed mostly of fragments of wreck and drift-wood, threw up in broad cheerful flame towards the roof; but so spacious was the cavern that, except where here and there a whiter mass of stalactites, or bolder projection of cliff stood out from the darkness, the light seemed lost in it. A dense body of smoke, which stretched its blue level surface from side to side,

and unmentionable roof, went rolling outwards like an inverted river.

'This is but a gaunty lodging-place,' remarked the old fisherman, as he looked round him; 'but I have been a worse. I wish the folk at home heat we were half one snug; and then the fire, too—I have always felt something companionable in a fire, something conscious, as it were; it appears, somehow, as if it were a creature like ourselves, and had life in it.' The remark seemed directed to no one in particular, and there was no reply. In a second attempt at conversation, the fisherman addressed himself to the old man.

'It has vexed me,' he said, 'that our young folk shoulden, for my sister's sake, be on more friendly terms, Eachen. They hae been quarrelling, an' I wish to see the quarrel made up.' The old man, without deigning a reply, knit his grey shaggy brows, and lolloped doggedly at the fire.

'Nay, now,' continued the fisherman, 'we are getting cold men, Eachen, an' would better bury our hard thoughts o' one anither afore we come to be buried ourselves. What if we were dent in the Cove Green the night, just that we might part friends?'

Eachen fixed his keen scrutinizing glance on the speaker—it was but for a moment; there was a tremulous motion of the under lip as he withdrew it, and a setting of the teeth—the expression of mingled hatred and anger; but the tone of his reply savoured more of sullen indifference than of passion.

'William Beth,' he said, 'ye hae tricked my boys out o' the bit property that suld hae come to them by their mother; it's no lang since they barely escaped being murdered by your son. What more want you? But ye perhaps think it better that the time should be passed in making hollow lip-professions of good will, than that it suld be employed in clearing off an old score.'

'Ay,' blessed out the elder of the two sons, 'the hotter might come my way, then; an', besides, gin Helen Henry were to lose her an jo, the ither might hae a better chance. Rise, brither—rise, man, an' fight for me an' your sweetheart.' The younger lad, who seemed verging towards the last stage of intoxication, struck his clenched fist against his palm, and attempted to rise.

'Look ye, uncle,' exclaimed the younger fisherman, a powerful-looking and very handsome stripling, as he sprang to his feet, 'your threat might be spared. Our little property was my grandfather's, and naturally descended to his only son; and, as for the affair at Ebenfield, I dare either of my cousins to say the quarrel was of my seeking. I have no wish to raise my hands against the sons of the husband of my aunt; but, if forced to it, you will find that neither my father nor myself are wholly at your mercy.'

'Whisht, Earnest,' said the old fisherman, laying his hand on the hand of the young man; 'sit down—your uncle maun hae ither thoughts. It is now fifteen years, Eachen,' he continued, 'since I was called to thy sister's death-bed. You yoursel canna forget what passed there. There had been grief, an' cauld, an' hunger, beside that bed. I'll no say you were willingly unkind—few folk are that but when they hae some purpose to serve by it, an' you could have none; but you laid no restraint on a harsh temper, and were on a craving habit that forgots everything but itsel; and on my poor sister perished in the middle o' her days—a wounded, heart-broken thing. It's no that I wish to hurt you. I mind how we passed our youth together among the wild Buccaneers; it was a bad school, Eachen; an' I ours often feel I hevna unlearned a' thy sin lessons, to wonder that you shoulden hae unlearned a' yours. But we're getting old men, Eachen, an' we have now what we hadna in our young days, the advantage o' the light. Dinna let us die feuds in the sight o' Him who is so willing to give us wisdom—dinna let us die chemies. We have been early friends, though maybe no for good; we have fought afore now at the same gun; we have been united by the love o' her that's now in the dust; an' there are our boys—the nearest o' kin to one anither that death has spared. But, what I feel as strongly as o' the rest, Eachen—we hae done mickle ill together. I canna hardly think o' a past sin without thinking o' you, an' thinking, too, that, if a creature like me may hope he has found pardon, you shoulden despair. Eachen, we maun be friends.'

The features of the stern old man relaxed. 'You are perhaps right, William,' he at length replied; 'but ye were aye a luckier man than me—luckier for this world, I'm sure, an' maybe for the next. I had aye to seek, an' often without finding, the good that came in your gate o' itsel. Now that age is coming upon me, ye get a snug rental free the little houses, an' I hae nothing; an' ye hae character an' credit, but who would trust me, or care for me? Ye hae been made an elder o' the kirk, too, I hear, an' I am still a reprobate; but we were a' born to be just what we are, an' we maun submit. An' your son, too, shares in your luck: he has heart an' hand, an' my whelps hae neither; an' the girl, Henry, that scouts that sat there, likes him—but what wonder o' that? But you are right, William—we maun be friends. Pledge me!' The little cask was produced; and, filling the measures, he nodded to Earnest and his father. They pledged him; when, as if seized by a sudden frenzy, he filled his measure thrice in hasty succession, drinking it each time to the bottom, and then flung it down with a short hoarse laugh. His sons, who would fain have joined with him, he repulsed with a firmness of manner which he had not before exhibited. 'No, whelps,' he said—'get sober as fast as ye can.'

'We had better,' whispered Earnest to his father, 'not sleep in the cave to-night.'

'Let me hear now o' your quarrel, Earnest,' said Eachen—'your father was a more prudent man than you; and, however much he wronged me, did it without quarreling.'

'The quarrel was none of my seeking,' replied Earnest. 'I was insulted by your sons, and would have borne it for the sake of what they seemed to forget; but there was another whom they also insulted, and that I could not bear.'

'The girl Henry—and what then?'

'Why, my cousins may tell the rest. They were mean enough to take odds against me; and I just beat the two spiritless fellows that did so.'

But why record the quarrels of this unfortunate

evening? An hour or two passed away in disagreeable bickerings, during which the patience of even the old fisherman was worn out, and that of Earnest had failed him altogether. They both quitted the cave, boisterous as the night was, and it was now stormier than ever; and, heaving off their boat, till she rode at the full length of her swing from the shore, sheltered themselves under the mill. The Macintos returned next evening to Tarbet; but, though the wind moderated during the day, the yawl of William Beth did not enter the bay of Cromarty. Weeks passed away, during which the clergyman of the place corresponded, regarding the missing fishermen, with all the lower parts of the Frith; but they had disappeared, as it seemed, for ever.

Where the Northern Inter sinks into the low sandy tract that nearly fronts the town of Cromarty, there is a narrow grassy terrace raised but a few yards over the level of the beach. It is sheltered behind by a steep undulating bank; for, though the rock here and there juts out, it is too rich in vegetation to be termed a precipice. To the east, the coast retires into a semicircular rocky recess, terminating seawards in a lofty, dark-browed precipice, and bristling, throughout all its extent, with a countless multitude of crags, that, at every heave of the wave, break the surface into a thousand eddies. Towards the west, there is a broken and somewhat dreary waste of sand. The terrace itself, however, is a sweet little spot, with its grassy slopes, that recline towards the sun, partially covered with thickets of wild-rose and honeysuckle, and studded, in their season, with violets, and daisies, and the delicate rock-geranium. Towards its eastern extremity, with the bank rising immediately behind, and an open space in front, which seemed to have been cultivated at one time as a garden, there stood a picturesque little cottage. It was that of the widow of William Beth. Five years had now elapsed since the disappearance of her son and husband, and the cottage bore the marks of neglect and decay. The door and window, bleached white by the sea-winds, shook loosely to every breeze; clusters of black-wood fungus had in the hollows of the thatch, or twisted over the eaves; and a honeysuckle that had twisted itself round the chimney, lay withering in a tangled mass at the foot of the wall. But the progress of decay was more marked in the widow herself than in her dwelling. She had had to contend with grief and poverty: a grief not the less undermining in its effects, from the circumstance of its being sometimes suspended by hope—a poverty so extreme that every succeeding day seemed as if worn by some providential interference from absolute want. And she was now, to all appearance, fast sinking in the struggle. The autumn was well-nigh over: she had been weak and ailing for months before, and had now become so feeble as to be confined for days together to her bed. But, happily, the poor solitary woman had, at least, one attached friend in the daughter of a farmer of the parish, a young and beautiful girl, who, though naturally of no melancholy temperament, seemed to derive almost all she enjoyed of pleasure from the society of the widow. Helen Henry was in her twenty-third year; but she seemed older in spirit than in years. She was thin and pale, though exquisitely formed; there was a drooping heaviness in her fine eyes, and a cast of pensive thought on her forehead, that spoke of a longer experience of grief than so brief a portion of life might be supposed to have furnished. She had once lovers; but they had gradually dropped away in the despair of moving her, and awed by a deep and settled pensiveness which, in the gayest season of youth, her character had suddenly but permanently assumed. Besides, they all knew her affections were already engaged, and had come to learn, though late and unwillingly, that there are cases in which no rival can be more formidable than a dead one.

Autumn, I have said, was near its close. The weather had given indications of an early and severe winter; and the widow, whose worn-out and delicate frame was affected by every change of atmosphere, had for a few days been more than usually indisposed. It was now long past noon, and she had but just risen. The apartment, however, bore witness that her young friend had paid her the accustomed morning visit; the fire was blazing on a clean comfortable-looking hearth, and every little piece of furniture it contained was arranged with the most scrupulous care. Her devotions were hardly over, when the well-known step was again heard at the door.

'Come in, my lassie,' said the widow, and then lowering her voice, as the light foot of her friend was heard on the threshold—'God,' she said, 'has been ever kind to me—far, very far above my best deservings; and, oh, may He bless and reward her who has done so meikle, meikle for me!' The young girl entered and took her seat beside her.

'You told me, mother,' she said, 'that to-morrow is Earnest's birth-day. I have been thinking of it all last night, and feel as if my heart were turning into stone. But when I am alone, it is always so. There is a cold death-like weight at my breast that makes me unhappy; though, when I come to you, and we speak together, the feeling passes away, and I become cheerful.'

'Ah, my bairn,' replied the old woman, 'I fear I'm no your friend, meikle as I love you. We speak owre, owre often o' the lost; for our foolish hearts find mair pleasure in that than in anything else; but ill does it fit us for being alone. Weel do I ken your feeling—a stone deadness o' the heart, a feeling there are no words to express, but that seems as it were insensibility itself turning into pain; an' I ken, too, my lassie, that it is nursed by the very means ye tak to flee from it. Ye maun learn to think mair o' the living and less o' the dead. Little, little does it matter, how a puir worn-out creature like me passes the few broken days o' life that remain to her; but ye are young, my Helen, an' the world is a' before you; an' ye maun just try an' live for it.'

'To-morrow,' rejoined Helen, 'is Earnest's birth-day. Is it no strange that, when our minds make pictures o' the dead, it is always as they looked best, an' kindest, an' maist life-like. I have been seeing Earnest all night long, as when I saw him on his *last* birth-day; an', oh, the sharpness o' the pang, when, every now an' then, the back o' the picture is turned to me, an' I see him as he is—dust!'

The widow grasped her young friend by the hand. 'Helen,' she said, 'you will get better when I am

taken from you; but, as long as we continue to meet, our thoughts will aye be running the one way. I had a strange dream last night, an' some tell it you. You see you rock to the east, in the middle o' the little bay, that now runs through the back draught o' the sea, like the hull o' a ship, an' is now buried in a mountain o' foam. I dreamed I was sitting on that rock, in what seemed a bonny summer's morning; the sun was glancing on the water; an' I could see the white sand far down at the bottom, wi' the reflection o' the little wavies running o'er it in long curls o' gowd. But there was no way o' leaving the rock, for the deep waters were round an' round me; an' I saw the tide covering one wee little after another, till at last the whole was covered. An' yet I had but little fear; for I remembered that baith Earnest an' William were in the sea afore me; an' I had the feeling that I could hae rest nowhere but wi' them. The water at last closed o'er me, an' I sank free off the rock to the sand at the bottom. But death seemed to have no power given him to hurt me; an' I walked as light as ever I hae done on a gowany lea, through the green depths o' the sea. I saw the silvery glitter o' the trout an' the salmon, shining to the sun, far far aboon me, like white pigeons in the lift; an' around me there were crimson star-fish, an' sea-flowers, an' long trailing plants that waved in the tide like streamers; an' at length I came to a steep rock wi' a little cave like a tomb in it. "Here," I said, "is the end o' my journey—William is here, an' Earnest." An', as I looked into the cave, I saw there were bones in it, an' I prepared to take my place beside them. But, as I stooped to enter, some one called me, an', on looking up, there was William. "Lilias," he said, "it is not night yet, nor is that your bed; you are to sleep, not with me, but with Earnest—haste you home, for he is waiting you." "Oh, take me to him!" I said; an' then all at once I found myself on the shore, dizzied an' blinded wi' the bright sunshine; for, at the cave, there was a darkness like that o' a simmer's gloamin; an', when I looked up for William, it was Earnest that stood before me, life-like an' handsome as ever; an' you were beside him.'

The day had been gloomy and lowering, and, though there was little wind, a tremendous sea, that, as the evening advanced, rose higher and higher against the neighbouring precipices, had been rolling ashore since morning. The wind now began to blow in long hollow gusts among the cliffs, and the rain to patter against the widow's casement.

'It will be a storm from the sea,' she said; 'the scarts an' gulls hae been flying landward sin' daybreak, an' I hae never seen the ground-swell come home heavier against the rocks. Wae's me for the puir sailors!'

'In the long stormy nights,' said Helen, 'I canna sleep for thinking o' them, though I have no one to bind me to them now. Only look how the sea rages among the rocks, as if it were a thing o' life an' passion!—that last wave rose to the crane's nest. An', look, yonder is a boat rounding the rock wi' only one man in it. It dances on the surf 'as if it were a cork, an' the wee little q' sail, one black an' weet, seems scarcely bigger than a napkin. Is it no bearing in for the boat haven below?'

'My poor old eyes,' replied the widow, 'are growing dim, an' surely no wonder; but yet I think I should ken that boatman. Is it no Eachen Macinla o' Tarlet?'

'Hard-hearted, cruel old man,' exclaimed the maiden, 'what can he taking him here? Look how his skiff shoots in like an arrow on the long roll o' the surf!—an' now she is high on the beach. How unfeeling it was o' him to rob you o' your little property in the very first o' your grief! But, see, he is so worn out that he can hardly walk over the rough stones. Ah, me, he is down! wretched old man, I must run to his assistance—but no, he has risen again. See, he is coming straight to the house; an' now he is at the door.' In a moment after, Eachen entered the cottage.

'I am perishing, Lilias,' he said, 'with cold an' hunger, an' can gang no farther; surely ye'll no shut your door on me in a night like this.'

The poor widow had been taught in a far different school. She relinquished to the worn-out fisherman her seat by the fire, now hurriedly heaped with fresh fuel, and hastened to set before him the simple viands which her cottage afforded.

As the night darkened, the storm increased. The wind roared among the rocks like the rattling of a thousand carriages over a paved street; and there were times when, after a sudden pause, the blast struck the cottage, as if it were a huge missile flung against it, and pressed on its roof and walls till the very floor rocked, and the rafters strained and shivered like the beams of a stranded vessel. There was a ceaseless patter of mingled rain and snow—now lower, now louder; and the fearful thunderings of the waves, as they raged among the pointed crags, was mingled with the hoarse roll of the storm along the beach. The old man sat beside the fire, fronting the widow and her companion, with his head reclined nearly as low as his knee, and his hands covering his face. There was no attempt at conversation. He seemed to shudder every time the blast yelled along the roof; and, as a fiercer gust burst upon the door, there was a half-muttered ejaculation.

'Heaven itsel' hae mercy on them! for what can man do in a night like this?'

'It is black as pitch,' exclaimed Helen, who had risen to draw the bolt; 'an' the drift flies sae thick that it feels to the hand like a solid snow-wreath. An', oh, how it lightens!'

'Heaven itsel' hae mercy on them!' again ejaculated the old man. 'My two boys,' said he, addressing the widow, 'are at the far Frith; an' how can an open boat live in a night like this?'

There seemed something magical in the communication—something that awakened all the sympathies of the poor bereaved woman; and she felt she could forgive him every unkindness.

'Wae's me!' she exclaimed, 'it was in such a night as this, an' scarcely sae wild, that my Earnest perished.'

The old man groaned and wrung his hands.

In one of the pauses of the hurricane, there was a gun heard from the sea, and shortly after a second. 'Some puir vessel in distress,' said the widow; 'but, alas! where can succour come frae in sae terrible a

night? There is help only in Ane. Wae's me! gweel we no better light up a blaze on the flour, an', dearest Helen, draw off the cover frae the window. My puir Earnest has told me that my light has aften shewed him his bearing frae the deadly bed o' Dunskaith. That last gun'—for a third was now heard booming over the mingled roar of the sea and the wind—'that last gun came frae the very rock edge. Wae's me, wae's me! maun they perish, an' sae near?' Helen hastily lighted a bundle of more fir, that threw up its red, sputtering blaze half-way to the roof, and, dropping the covering, continued to wave it opposite the window. Guns were still heard at measured intervals, but apparently from a safer offing; and the last, as it sounded faintly against the wind, came evidently from the interior of the bay.

'She has escaped,' said the old man; 'it's a feeble hand that canna do good when the heart is willing—but what has mine been doing a' life long?' He looked at the widow and shuddered.

Towards morning, the wind fell, and the moon, in her last quarter, rose red and glaring out of the Frith, lighting the melancholy roll of the waves, that still rose like mountains, and the broad white belt of surf that skirted the shores. The old fisherman left the cottage, and sauntered along the beach. It was heaped with huge wreaths of kelp and tangle uprooted by the storm, and in the hollow of the rocky bay lay the scattered fragments of a boat. Eachen stooped to pick up a piece of the wreck, in the fearful expectation of finding some known mark by which to recognise it, when the light fell full on the swollen face of a corpse that seemed staring at him from out a wreath of weed. It was that of his eldest son. The body of the younger, fearfully gashed and mangled by the rocks, lay a few yards farther to the east.

The morning was as pleasant as the night had been boisterous; and, except that the distant hills were covered with snow, and that a heavy swell still continued to roll in from the sea, there remained scarce any trace of the recent tempest. Every hollow of the neighbouring hill had its little rannel, formed by the rains of the previous night, that now splashed and glistened to the sun. The bushes round the cottage were well-nigh divested of their leaves; but their red berries—hips and haws, and the juicy fruit of the honeysuckle—gleamed cheerfully to the light; and a warm steam of vapour, like that of a May morning, rose from the roof and the little mossy platform in front. But the scene seemed to have something more than merely its beauty to recommend it to a young man, drawn apparently to the spot, with many others, by the fate of the two unfortunate fishermen; and who now stood gazing on the rocks, and the hills, and the cottage, as a lover on the features of his mistress. The bodies had been carried to an old store-house which may still be seen a short mile to the west; and the crowds that, during the early part of the morning, had been perambulating the beach, gazing at the wreck, and discussing the various probabilities of the accident, had gradually dispersed. But this solitary individual, whom no one knew, remained behind. He was a tall and swarthy, though very handsome man, of about five-and-twenty, with a slight scar on his left cheek; his dress, which was plain and neat, was distinguished from that of the common seaman, by three narrow stripes of gold lace on the upper part of one of the sleeves. He had twice stepped towards the cottage door, and twice drawn back, as if influenced by some unaccountable feeling—timidity, perhaps, or bashfulness; and yet the bearing of the man gave little indication of either. But, at length, as if he had gathered heart, he raised the latch and went in.

The widow, who had had many visiters that morning, seemed to be scarcely aware of his entrance; she was sitting on a low seat beside the fire, her face covered with her hands, while the tremulous, rocking motion of her body showed that he was still brooding over the distresses of the previous night. Her companion, who had thrown herself across the bed, was fast asleep. The stranger seated himself beside the fire, which seemed dying amid its ashes, and, turning cautiously from the light of the window, laid his hand gently on the widow's shoulder. She started and looked up.

'I have strange news for you,' he said. 'You have long mourned for your husband and your son; but, though the old man has been dead for years, your son Earnest is still alive, and is now in the harbour of Cromarty. He is lieutenant of the vessel whose guns you must have heard during the night.'

The poor woman seemed to have lost all power of reply.

'I am a friend of Earnest's,' continued the stranger, 'and have come to prepare you for meeting with him. It is now five years since his father and he were blown off to sea by a strong gale from the land. They drove before it for four days, when they were picked up by an armed vessel then cruising in the North Sea, and which soon after sailed for the coast of Spanish America. The poor old man sank under the fatigues he had undergone; though Earnest, better able from his youth to endure hardship, was little affected by them. He accompanied us on our Spanish expedition—indeed, he had no choice, for we touched at no British port after meeting with him; and, through good fortune, and what his companions call merit, he has risen to be the second man aboard; and has now brought home with him gold enough, from the Spaniards, to make his old mother comfortable. He saw your light yesterevening, and steered by it to the roadstead, blessing you all the way. Tell me, for he anxiously wished me to inquire of you, whether Helen Henry is yet unmarried?'

'It is Earnest—it is Earnest himself!' exclaimed the maiden, as she started from the widow's bed. In a moment after, she was locked in his arms. But why dwell on a scene which I feel myself unfitted to describe!

It was ill before evening with old Eachen Macinis. The fatigues of the previous day, the grief and horror of the following night, had prostrated his energies, bodily and mental; and he now lay tossing, in a waste apartment of the storehouse, in the delirium of a fever. The bodies of his two sons occupied the floor below. He muttered, unceasingly, in his ravings, of William and Earnest Beth. They were standing beside him, he said, and every time he attempted to pray for his

poor boys and himself, the stern old man laid his cold swollen hand on his lips.

'Why trouble me?' he exclaimed. 'Why stare with your white dead eyes on me? Away, old man! the little black shells are sticking in your gray hairs; away to your place! Was it I who raised the wind on the sea?—was it I?—was it I? Uh, uh!—no—no, you were asleep—you were fast asleep—and could not see me cut the *swing*; and, besides, it was only a piece of rope. Keep away—touch me not; I am a free man, and will plead for my life. Plead your Honour, I did not murder those two men; I only cut the rope that fastened their boat to the land. Ha! ha! ha! he has ordered them away, and they have both left me unkaithed.' At this moment, Earnest Beth entered the apartment, and approached the bed. The miserable old man raised himself on his elbow, and, regarding him with a horrid stare, shrieked out—'Here is Earnest Beth come for me a second time!' and, sinking back on the pillow, instantly expired.

THE SEVEN LIGHTS.

The following tale is one of those wild traditionary stories, for which the Highlands of Scotland are, or, more happily, rather were so celebrated; and will be found, we think, sufficiently characteristic of that highly imaginative, but superstitious people.

John M'Pherson was an extensive farmer and grazier in Kintyre—a well-known district of Argyleshire—and highly respected for his integrity, and for the general excellence of his character.

M'Pherson was, in every respect, a genuine Highlander. In person, though of rather low stature than otherwise, he was stout, athletic and active; bold and fearless in disposition, warm in temper, friendly, and hospitable—this last to such a degree that his house was never without as many strangers and visiters of different descriptions as nearly doubled his own household.

To the needy and the destitute, his house and meal-chest were ever open; and to no one, whatever was his condition, were a night's quarters ever refused. M'Pherson's house, in short, formed a kind of focus, possessing a power to draw towards itself all the misery and poverty in the country within a circle whose diameter might be reckoned at somewhere about twenty miles. The wandering mendicant made it one of his regular stages, and the traveller of better degree toiled on his way with increased activity, that he might make it his quarters for the night.

Fortunately for the character and credit of M'Pherson's hospitality, his wife was of an equally kind and generous disposition with himself; so that his absences from home, which were frequent, and sometimes long, did not at all affect the treatment of the stranger under his roof, or make his welcome less cordial.

But the indiscriminating hospitality exercised at Morvane, which was the name of M'Pherson's residence, sometimes, it must be confessed, subjected him to occasional small depredations—such as the loss of a pair of blankets, a sheet, or a pair of stockings, carried off by the ungrateful and unprincipled vagabonds whom, unknowingly, he sometimes sheltered. There were, however, one pair of blankets abstracted in this way, that found their road back to their owner in rather a curious manner.

The morning was exceedingly thick and misty, when the thief (in the case alluded to) decamped with his booty, and continued so during the whole day, so that no object, at any distance, however large, could be seen. After toiling for several hours, under the impression that he was leaving Morvane far behind, the vagabond, who was also a stranger in the country, approached a house, with the stolen blankets snugly and carefully bundled on his back, and knocked at the door, with the view of seeking a night's quarters, as it was now dusk. The door was opened; but by whom, think you, good reader? Why, by M'Pherson!

The thief, without knowing it, had landed precisely at the point from which he had set out. Being instantly recognised, he was politely invited to walk in. To this kind invitation, the thief replied by throwing down the blankets, and taking to his heels—thus making, with his own hands, a restitution which was very far from being intended. Poor M'Pherson, however, did not get all his stolen blankets back in this way.

This, however, is a digression. To proceed then with our tale. One night, when M'Pherson was absent, attending a market at some distance, an elderly female appeared at the door, with the usual demand of a night's lodging, which, with the usual hospitality of Morvane, was at once complied with. The stranger, who was a remarkably tall woman, was dressed in widow's weeds, and of rather respectable appearance; her deportment was grave, even stern, and altogether she seemed as if suffering from some recent affliction.

During the whole of the early part of the evening she sat before the fire, with her face buried between her hands, heedless of what was passing around her, and was occasionally observed rocking to and fro, with that kind of motion that bespeaks great internal anguish. It was noticed, however, that she occasionally stole a look at those who were in the apartment with her; and it was marked by all (but whether this was merely the effect of imagination, for all *felt* that there was something singular and mysterious about the stranger, or was really the case, we cannot decide) that, in these furtive glances, there was a peculiarly wild and appalling expression. The stranger spoke none, however, during the whole night; but continued, from time to time, rocking to and fro in the manner already described. Neither could she be prevailed upon to partake of any refreshment, although repeatedly pressed to do so. All invitations of this kind she declined, with a wave of the hand, or a melancholy, yet determined inclination of the head. In words she made no reply.

The singular conduct of this woman threw a damp over all who were present. They felt chilled, they

knew not how; and were sensible of the influence of an indefinable terror, for which they could not account. For once, therefore, the feeling of comfort and security, of which all were conscious who were seated around M'Pherson's cheerful and hospitable hearth, was banished, and a scene of awe and dread supplied its place.

No one could conjecture who this strange personage was; whence she had come, nor whither she was going; nor were there any means of acquiring this information, as it was a rule of the house—one of M'Pherson's special points of etiquette—that no stranger should ever be questioned on such subjects. All being allowed to depart as they came, without question or inquiry, there was never anything more known at Morvane, regarding any stranger who visited it, than what he himself chose to communicate.

Under the painful feelings already described, the inmates of M'Pherson's house found, with more than usual satisfaction, the hour for retiring to rest arrive. The general attention being called to this circumstance by the hostess, every one hastened to his appointed dormitory, with an alacrity which but too plainly showed how glad they were to escape from the presence of the mysterious stranger, who, however, also retired to bed with the rest. The place appointed for her to sleep in, was the loft of an outbuilding, as there was no room for her accommodation within the house itself; all the spare beds being occupied.

We have already said that M'Pherson was from home on the evening of which we are speaking, attending a market at some distance. He, however, returned shortly after midnight. On arriving at his own house, he was much surprised, and not a little alarmed, to perceive a window in one of the outhouses blazing with light, (it was that in which the stranger slept,) while all around and within the house was as silent as the tomb. Afraid that some accident from fire had taken place, he rode up to the building, and standing up in his stirrups—which brought his head on a level with the window—looked in, when a sight presented itself that made even the stout heart of M'Pherson beat with unusual violence.

In the middle of the floor, extended on her pallet, lay the mysterious stranger, surrounded by seven bright and shining lights, arranged at equal distances—three on one side of the bed, three on the other, and one at the head. M'Pherson gazed steadily at the extraordinary and appalling sight for a few seconds, when three of the lights suddenly vanished. In an instant afterwards, two more disappeared, and then another. There was now only that at the head of the bed remaining. When this light had alone been left, M'Pherson saw the person who lay on the pallet raise herself slowly up, and gaze intently on the portentous beam, whose light showed, to the terrified onlooker, a ghastly and unearthly countenance, surrounded with dishevelled hair, which hung down in long, thick, irregular masses over her pale, clayey visage, so as almost to conceal it entirely. This light, like all the others, at length suddenly disappeared, and with its last gleam the person on the couch sunk down with a groan that startled M'Pherson from the trance of horror into which the extraordinary sight had thrown him. He was a bold and fearless man, however; and, therefore, though certainly appalled by what he had seen, he made no outcry, nor evinced any other symptom of alarm. He resolutely and calmly awaited the conclusion of the extraordinary scene; and when the last light had disappeared, he deliberately dismounted, led his horse into the stable, put him up, entered the house without disturbing any one, and slipped quietly into bed, trusting that the morning would bring some explanation of the mysterious occurrence of the night; but resolving, at the same time, that, if it should not, he would mention the circumstance to no one.

On awaking in the morning, M'Pherson asked his wife what strangers were in the house, and how they were disposed of, and particularly, who it was that slept in the loft of the outhouse. He was told that it was a woman in widow's dress, of rather a respectable appearance, but whose conduct had been very singular. M'Pherson inquired no further, but desired that the woman might be detained till he should see her, as he wished to speak with her.

On some one of the domestics, however, going up to her apartment shortly after, to invite her to breakfast, it was found that she was gone, no one could tell when or where, as her departure had not been seen by any person about the house.

Baulked in his intention of eliciting some explanation of the extraordinary circumstance of the preceding night, from the person who seemed to have been a party to it, M'Pherson became more strengthened in the resolution of keeping the secret to himself, although it made an impression upon him which all his natural strength of mind could not remove.

At this precise period of our story, M'Pherson had three sons employed in the herring fishing, a favourite pursuit in its season, because often a lucrative one, of those who live upon or near the coasts of the West Highlands.

The three brothers had a boat of their own; and, desirous of making their employment as profitable as possible, they, though in sufficiently good circumstances to have hired assistance, manned her themselves, and with laudable industry performed all the drudgery of their laborious occupation with their own hands.

Their boat, like all the others employed in the business we are speaking of, by the natives of the Highlands, was wherry-rigged; her name—she was called after the betrothed of the elder of the three brothers—'The Catherine.' The *take* of herrings, as it is called, it is well known, appears in different seasons, in different places, sometimes in one loch, or arm of the sea, sometimes in another.

In the season to which our story refers, the fishing was in the sound of Kilbrannan, where several scores of boats, and amongst those that of the M'Phersons, were busily employed in reaping the ocean harvest. When the take of herrings appears in this sound, Campbelton Loch, a well-known harbour on the west coast of Scotland, is usually made the headquarters,—a place of rendezvous of the little herring fleet—and to this loch they always repair when threatened with a boisterous night, although it was not always that they could, in such circumstances, succeed in making it.

Such a night as the one alluded to, was that that

succeeded the evening on which M'Pherson saw the strange lights that form the leading feature of our tale. Violent gusts of wind came in rapid succession down the sound of Kilbrannan; and a shifting rain, flung fitfully but fiercely from the huge black clouds as they hurried along before the tempest that already raged above, swept over the face of the angry sea, and seemed to impart an additional bitterness to the rising wrath of the incipient storm. It was evident, in short, that what sailors call a 'dirty night' was approaching; and, under this impression, the herring-boats left their station, and were seen, in the dusk of the evening in question, hurrying towards Campbelton Loch. But the storm had arisen in all its fury long before the desired haven could be gained. The little fleet was dispersed. Some succeeded, however, in making the harbour; others, finding this impossible, ran in for the Campbelton and Carradale shores, and were fortunate enough to effect a landing. All, in short, with the exception of one single boat, ultimately contrived to gain a place of shelter of some kind. This unhappy exception was 'The Catherine.' Long after all the others had disappeared from the face of the raging sea, she was seen struggling alone with the warring elements, her canvass down to within a few feet of her gunwale, and her keel only at times being visible. The gallant brothers who manned her, however, had not yet lost either heart or hope, although their situation at this moment was but too well calculated to deprive them of both. Gravely and steadily, and in profound silence, they kept each by his perilous post, and endeavoured to make the land on the Campbelton side; but, finding this impossible, they put about, and ran before the wind for the island of Arran, which lay at the distance of about eight miles. But alarmed, as they approached that rugged shore, by the tremendous sea which was breaking on it, and which would have instantly dashed their frail bark to pieces, they again put about, and made to windward. While the hardy brothers were thus contending with their fate, a person mounted on horseback was seen galloping wildly along the Carradale shore, his eyes ever and anon turned towards the struggling boat with a look of despair and mortal agony. It was M'Pherson, the hapless father of the unfortunate youths by whom she was manned. There were others, too, of their kindred, looking, with failing hearts, on the dreadful sight; for all felt that the unequal contest could not continue long, and that the boat must eventually go down.

Amongst those who were thus watching, with intense interest and speechless agony, the struggle of the doomed bark, was Catherine, the beloved of the elder of the brothers, who ran, in wild distraction, along the shore, uttering the most heart-rending cries. 'Oh, my Duncan!' she exclaimed, stretching out her arms towards the pitiless sea. 'Oh, my beloved, my dearest, come to me, or allow me to come to you, that I may perish with you!' But Duncan heard her not, although it was very possible he might see her, as the distance was not great.

There were, at this moment also, several persons on horseback, friends of the young men, galloping along the shore, from point to point, as the boat varied her direction, in the vain and desperate hope of being able to render, though they knew not how, some assistance to the sufferers. But the distracted father, urged on by the wild energy of despair, outrode them all, as they made, on one occasion, for a rising ground near Carradale, from whence a wider view of the sea could be commanded. For this height M'Pherson now pushed, and gained it just in time to see his gallant sons, with their little bark, buried in the waves. He had not taken his station an instant on the height, when 'The Catherine' went down, and all on board perished.

The distracted father, when he had seen the last of his unfortunate sons, covered his eyes with his hands, and for a moment gave way to the bitter agony that racked his soul. His manly breast heaved with emotion, and that most affecting of all sounds, the audible sorrowing of a strong man, might have been heard at a great distance. It was, however, of short continuance. M'Pherson prayed to his God to strengthen him in this dread hour of trial, and to enable him to bear with becoming fortitude the affliction with which it had pleased Him to visit him; and the distressed man derived comfort from the appeal.

'My brave, my beautiful boys!' he said, 'you are now with your God, and have entered, I trust, on a life of everlasting happiness.' Saying this, he rode slowly from the fatal spot from which he had witnessed the death of his children. It was at this moment, and while musing on the misfortune that had befallen him, that the strange occurrence of the preceding night recurred, for the first time, to M'Pherson's mind. It was obtruded on his recollection by the force of association.

'Can it be possible,' he inquired of himself, 'that the appearances of last night can have any connexion with the dreadful events of to-day? It must be so,' he said; 'for three of the lights of my eyes, three of the guiding stars of my life, have been this day extinguished.' Thus reasoned M'Pherson; and, in the mysterious lights which he had seen, he saw that the doom of his children had been announced. But there were seven, he recollected, and his heart sunk within him as he thought of the three gallant boys who were still spared to him. One of them, the youngest, was at home with himself, the other two were in the army—soldiers in the 42d regiment, which then boasted of many privates of birth and education. M'Pherson, however, still kept the appalling secret of the mysterious lights to himself, and determined to await, with resignation, the fulfilment of the destiny which had been read to him, and which he now felt convinced to be inevitable.

The gallant regiment to which M'Pherson's sons belonged, was, at this period, abroad, on active service. It was in America, and formed a part of the army which was employed in resisting the encroachments of the French on the British territories in that quarter.

The 42d had, during the campaigns in the western world of that period—viz. 1754 and 1758—distinguished themselves in many a sanguinary contest, for their singular bravery and general good conduct; and the fame of their exploits rung through their native glens, and was spread far and wide over their hills and mountains; for dear was the honour of their gallant

regiment to the warlike Highlanders. Many accounts had arrived, from time to time, in the country, of their achievements, and joyfully were they received. But, on the very day after the loss of 'The Catherine,' a low murmur began to arise, in that part of the country which is the scene of our story, of some dreadful disaster having befallen the national regiment. No one could say of what nature this calamity was; but a hum went round, whose ominous whispering of fearful slaughter made the friends of the absent soldiers turn pale. Mothers and sisters wept, and fathers and brothers looked grave and shook their heads. The rumour bore that, though there had been no loss of honour, there had been a dreadful loss of life. Nay, it was said that the regiment had made a mighty acquisition to its fame, but that it had been dearly bought.

At length, however, the truth arrived, in a distinct and intelligible shape. The well-known and sanguinary affair of Ticonderago had been fought; and, in that murderous contest, the 42d regiment, which had behaved with a gallantry unmatched before in the annals of war, had suffered dreadfully—no less than forty-three officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, and six hundred and three privates having been killed and wounded in that corps alone.

To many a heart and home in the Highlands did this disastrous, though glorious intelligence, bring desolation and mourning; and amongst those on whom it brought these dismal effects, was M'Pherson of Morvane.

On the third day after the occurrence of the events related at the outset of our narrative, a letter, which had come, in the first instance, to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, and who also had a son in the 42d, was put into M'Pherson's hands, by a servant of the farmer.

The man looked feelingly grave as he delivered it, and hurried away before it was opened. The letter was sealed with black wax. Poor M'Pherson's hand trembled as he opened it. It was from the captain of the company to which his sons belonged, informing him that both had fallen in the attack on Ticonderago. There was an attempt in the letter to soothe the unfortunate father's feelings, and to reconcile him to the loss of his gallant boys, in a lengthened detail of their heroic conduct during the sanguinary struggle. 'Nobly,' said the writer, 'did your two brave sons maintain the honour of their country in the bloody strife. Both Hugh and Alister fell—their broadswords in their hands—on the very ramparts of Ticonderago, whither they had fought their way with a dauntlessness of heart, and a strength of arm, that might have excited the envy and admiration of the son of Fingal.'

In this account of the noble conduct of his sons, the broken-hearted father did find some consolation. 'Thank God!' he exclaimed, though in a tremulous voice, 'my brave boys have done their duty, and died as became their name, with their swords in their hands, and their enemies in their front.' But there was one circumstance mentioned in the letter, that affected the poor father more than all the rest—this was the intimation, that the writer had, in his hands, a sum of money and a gold brooch, which his son Alister had bequeathed, the first to his father, the latter to his mother, as a token of remembrance. 'These,' he said, 'had been deposited with him by the young man previous to the engagement, under a presentiment that he should fall.'

When he had finished the perusal of the letter, M'Pherson sought his wife, whom he found weeping bitterly, for she had already learned the fate of her sons. On entering the apartment where she was, he flung his arms around her, in an agony of grief, and, choking with emotion, exclaimed, that two more of his fair lights had been extinguished by the hand of heaven. 'One yet remains,' he said, 'but that, too, must soon pass away from before mine eyes. His doom is sealed; but God's will be done.'

'What mean ye, John?' said his sobbing wife, struck with the prophetic tone of his speech—'Is the measure of our sorrows not yet filled? Are we to lose him, too, who is now our only stay, my fair-haired Ian. Why this foreboding of more evil—and whence have you it, John?' she said, now looking her husband steadfastly in the face; and with an expression of alarm that indicated that entire belief in supernatural intelligence regarding coming events, then so general in the Highlands.

Urged by his wife, who implored him to tell her whence he had the tidings of her Ian's approaching fate, M'Pherson related to her the circumstance of the mysterious lights.

'But there were seven, John,' she said, when he had concluded—'how comes that?—our children were but six.' And immediately added, as if some fearful conviction had suddenly forced itself on her mind—'God grant that the seventh light may have meant me!'

'God forbid!' exclaimed her husband, on whose mind a similar conviction with that with which his wife was impressed, now obtruded itself for the first time; that conviction was, that he himself was indicated by the seventh light. But neither of the sorrowing pair communicated their fears to the other.

Two days subsequent to this, the fair hair of Ian was seen floating on the surface of a deep pool, in the water of Bran; a small river that ran past the house of Morvane. By what accident the poor boy had fallen into the river, was never ascertained. But the pool in which his body was found, was known to have been one of his favourite fishing stations. One only of the mysterious lights now remained without its counterpart; but this was not long wanting. Ere the week had expired, M'Pherson was killed by a fall from his horse, when returning from the funeral of his son, and the symbolical prophecy was fulfilled—and thus concludes the story of 'The Seven Lights.'

THE MAID OF ANCRUM MUIR.

At a little distance from Ancrum and its famous muir, where the bloody battle bearing that name was fought, in the year 1545, stood, (and its ruins are still observable, exhibiting, in their broken fragments, the great strength of its youth) the castle of Maltan, once famous, in those parts, for having often resounded but never yielded to the battering-ram of England, and for having been serenaded (we shrewdly guess not for its own sake) by minstrels whose untutored trembling hands and quivering voices exposed the secret of their disguise. It was a regular Anglo-Norman building, with moat, drawbridge, and dungeon, and all the other appurtenances of a military guard or feudal castle; and its strength was only equalled by the beauty of its situation, in the midst of old elms, whose rough skin betoke the endurance of centuries of winter's blasts, and the scorching effects of as many revolving suns. The throne of feudal supremacy, with all its trappings of services, raddimeles, tenendas, vassalage, and villeinage, seemed placed there by peculiar right and privilege. This strength was, at the time of which we speak, possessed by Sir William Lyle, whose ancestor, an Englishman, had, about a century before, located himself there as a loyal subject of our Scottish King—having previously taken umbrage at his own monarch, and rendered himself and his services acceptable to the old proprietor of the castle, whose daughter he married, and thence possessed the property, and propelled it down, by entail, through a series of heirs. The ordinary heir-loom of large possessions—family pride—had descended with the property, and swelled the bosoms of the consecutive possessors, while it rendered their manners pompous, dry, and repulsive, and dried up even the small portion of philanthropy found in the breasts of feudal lords. In this respect, Sir William did not shame his predecessors; for he united to the relished domination of feudalism and contempt of inferiors, all the grasping and sordid passions of the trafficking citizen; so that generosity, the usual redeeming virtue of proud aristocracy, was totally awanting in the proprietor of Maltan—its place being supplied by the corresponding vice. His lady did not participate in the faults of her husband's family. Truly Scotch in her birth and manners, she inherited, from a good father, his virtues—being humble, generous, pious, and affectionate—looking on mankind, though bearing the bonds of her lord's servitude, as brethren, and extending to them all the sympathies of a heart whose pulses, obeying the law of instinctive feeling, were yet regulated by a discriminating judgment, which distinguished innocence and misfortune from vice and its attendant, deserved misery.

This couple, so unlike each other, had contrived to pass a considerable period of their lives in comparative peace. The elements of happiness could not be expected to be found in materials so discordant; but the good sense and feeling of Lady Lyle—suggesting the remedy of concession, where victory, purchased by the price of a husband's independence and good temper, would not have yielded her satisfaction—produced, in appearance at least, the usual concordance of married persons. They had one son, Augustus, and one daughter, Lilyard, who were just the counterparts of their respective parents; the son being the exact representative of his father, in person, disposition, and temper—and the daughter being as like her mother as one fair and good creature could resemble another. The father and son followed the same pursuits. War, the fowl, hunting, hawking, and oppressing their feudal dependants, occupied successively and continually, their attention, while they gratified corporeal feelings and acquired habits. But the right hand of the house, while thus exercised in acts of oppression, was followed by the left, curative effects of the left. The pinched and distrained tenant had often his little but refreshed from the source of his misfortunes and sorrows; and the very proceeds of his small stocking went in at the hall door of the castle only to come out at the wicket. Lady Lyle and her daughter Lilyard, cured, in secret, the wounds produced by the husband and the son, and dried up, while their own flowed, the tears of the wives and children of their oppressed retainers.

The two divisions of the House of Maltan produced in this way severally many friends and foes. The proprietor of the neighbouring Castle of Catthorpe—once a famous strength, but now classed with the things that were,—named Hector Oliphant, also a proud chief, who rivalled the lord of Maltan and his son in their pride, power, and severity, had long nourished feelings of hostility against his neighbour, which had several times broken forth in attacks on the Castle of Maltan, and in personal conflicts whenever the parties or their retainers met in the open field. Nor were the inimical feelings of Sir William Lyle and his son less strong against the proprietor of Catthorpe; though there was this marked difference in their hostility—that, while the latter was open in the expression of his sentiments, and wished to accomplish his enemy's ruin by means justified by the warlike usages of the times, the former were continually concocting schemes of secret mischief, whereby they might encompass the destruction of one whereby they might encompass the destruction of one they wanted the courage to meet fairly in open fight.

Amongst other devices resorted to by Sir William and his son against the life and fortunes of their enemy, was one suggested by the genius of Augustus. The invention of the monk of Cologne—gunpowder—had, previously to this time, been exhibiting its revolutionising effects, and a quantity of it had been procured by Augustus Lyle for the purpose of blowing up the Castle of Catthorpe, which he expected to be able to accomplish by having previously bribed a retainer of his enemy to give him the key of a subterraneous entrance to the castle. The father was delighted with this project—his revenge and admiration of the inventive genius of his son blinding him to the cowardice that suggested it, and the cruelty that yearned for its execution. But the plan was incomplete without the daring hand that was to accomplish it. There were but few men about Maltan fitted, by the union of intrepidity and caution, for the arduous enterprise; and neither the scanty bribes nor the liberal threats of the proud and base superior could prevail upon any of them to expose themselves

to the triple risk of losing themselves in the dark passages, being seized and put to death by Catthorpe, or blown up in the air along with him and his castle.

They next turned the eyes towards the out-door dependants; and there was among them one man who, if he could be prevailed upon, by working upon the necessities of his father, to undertake the task, would perform it better than any man on the marches. This young man's name was George Turnbull, the only son of William Turnbull, an old man, who, with his mate, a true representative of "the guidwife"—a character which is fast losing its close-mutch, gaucy, cozie peculiarities—had lived for many years in a small cottage not far distant from the castle, from whose lord he held his house, and a small mailing of ground, called Greenbank, in feu. George Turnbull presented one of those extraordinary examples of unconscious worth which ennobled humanity so seldom exhibits, but which are less seldom found in the humble classes of society than in the superior orders. To a strong athletic body, formed on the handsomest model, he united a strong mind, a sure judgment, ready decision, unflinching courage; and, among all these attributes, the slightest incident of social life could bring out, like the charmed wand applied to the rock, the wellsprings of a soft and feeling heart. His courage had been often tried, and his affection and duty to his parents were the daily offices of his life; so that his eye was as ready to yield the tear under the blessing of a doting mother, as it was to glance the fire which was to quail the heart of the Englishmen of the Borders whose vaunts called it forth.

Though honest and industrious, William Turnbull had not been able to pay up his yearly feu-duty to his superior, and had, in consequence, been subjected more than once to his harsh measures for compelling payment. He had again got into arrear, and, two full years being due, he was at the mercy of his creditor, who, by the feudal law, could have deprived him entirely of his property *ob non solutum canonem*. Sir William had been threatening to take advantage of this privilege, while Lady Lyle and her amiable Lylyard were busy devising means for the purpose of enabling the old cotter to pay at least one year's rent, whereby the threatened irritancy of his right might be avoided. In their visits to the humble dwelling of old Dame Turnbull, they had frequently occasion to meet George, whose modesty and filial duty attracted their attention and commanded their admiration, while his noble person, handsome countenance, and famed courage, sometimes forced a sigh from the gentle Lilyard, as she thought of the unequal decrees of fate, which placed Sir Lionel Manners, an English suitor recommended to her by her father, in a castle, and George Turnbull in a thatched cottage.

While Lady Lyle and her daughter were thus entertaining these generous intentions towards the cottagers of Greenbank, Augustus Lyle was concocting schemes of a very different kind. He suggested to Sir William the plan of endeavouring to prevail upon the fearless George Turnbull, whose father and himself were completely in their power, to undertake the execution of the project they had devised for reducing to ruins the Castle of Catthorpe. The suggestion was adopted, and the two schemers went together to the house of their dependant.

'This is the last time, William Turnbull,' said Sir William, gruffly, as he entered, 'that I can come to Greenbank to ask that which I have the power of taking by deputy. It is only in consideration of your having been so long in this place that I have hitherto delayed pursuing against you the necessary declarator, as the lawyers call it, for resuming again, as my absolute property, this mailing, which was feued out by my ancestors, and will come again appropriately into my power.'

'An your Honour will wait but a little time,' replied William sorrowfully, while the tear was bursting from his eye, 'I will be able to pay my feu-duty, an' save her wha has been sae lang my comforter, my puir wife, frae the blasts that blaw through the thin grey hairs o' the unfortunate. Twa or three weeks can mak sae' difference to the braw Laird o' Maltan; but they may carry on their heavy wings the salvation and the comfort o' poverty an' auld age. Look to Elspeth there, your Honour, and think—excuse my freedom—on Lady Lyle; an', oh! guid young Maister o' Maltan, look on her, an' think, as ye look, wha ye would feel, an' say, an' do, if ye saw her wha gab ye birth and nourished baith body an' mind—even as my Elspeth did my George, wha sits there wi' a fu' heart—on the eve o' being beildless an' dinnerless at the close o' a long life. Grant but a little time, an' Greenbank will be redeemed.'

'So plead all debtors,' replied Sir William. 'You have made no exertions to pay your feu, and laziness has, since the beginning of the world, been clothed with rags. Your son George, there, might have made good use of his thews and sinews, if it had been in no other way than in the King's wars, when Evers and Latoun are deluging those parts with blood. But he has been living in inglorious ease, husbanding strength which, if it had been inspired with the Spirit of Wallace, might have a second time redeemed his country. I cannot wait longer, and to-morrow will write to Gilbert Poindall, my agent, to proceed with the action. I think it proper to give you this notice.'

'Can they hae mixed breaths, an' touched lik ither's lips, the Lord an' Lady o' Maltan?' cried old Elspeth, regardless of her husband's efforts, by looks and touches of the foot, to prevent reference to Lady Lyle. 'I will, I maun, William, let out the voice o' a heart that winna be still. It may be, Sir William Lyle, ye want payment o' your rent. Every body i' this warld likes his sin; an' a puir cotter, an' his auld wife an' his dutiful son, mayna be worth five Scotch merks, when weighed i' the gold scales o' the great; but surely a wife's friendship canna be a husband's feid, an' the kind words o' Lady Lyle, even now, as she promised us relief, canna be made the first sounds o' the wreak o' her angry lord.'

Sir William scowled as he heard the allusion to the visit of his lady. Augustus, having made a sign to George to follow him to the door, went out, and the unhappy son immediately followed. They were joined instantly by Sir William, who was anxious to assist the efforts of his son.

'You see, George Turnbull,' said Sir William, as he came out, 'how dangerous is the position of your aged parents. Report says you are dutiful, and your strength

and courage have become a proverb on the Borders.—Would you be willing to employ these qualities for my benefit, as well as for that of those you are bound to deliver from their perilous position?'

'There's nathing, your Honour,' replied George, 'that a man daur do that I wadna undertake for the sake o' these twa auld stocks, whaes green strength has passed into that arm.'

'That is spoken like a good son and a brave man, said Sir William. 'It is worthy of him to whom the report of these parts has attributed the unprecedented act of having, with his unassisted arm, felled to the earth three Englishmen at Adam's Edge, with no better weapon in his hand than an oaken twig.'

'An' if there had been twice three, your Honour,' said George, 'they might a' hae been sent the same road, without my tellin wha did the deed. I am only sorry that a simple man canna, in his ain defence, kill three Englishmen wi' an oaken cudgel against three swords, without a' the Borders hearin o' the deed.—Whaever tauld the story, I am guiltless o' the sin o' blawin my ain fame—an' I think I can answer for the Englishmen.'

'You shall not, George,' said Sir William, 'have the same complaint to make in regard to the adventure I wish you to engage in. Do you know the old Castle of Cathorpe?'

'I do,' replied George, 'It's as guid a strength as is on a' the Borders; an' if yer Honour wishes me to be the first man to climb its auld wa's, to avenge a just feid, I am at your service. I will stick to the moss-grown stanes as firmly as the bats o' Maltan; an' the mountain eagles winna be mair anxious for their prey. That would be a sma' price for the sell an' safety o' my auld parents.'

'You are the very man I want,' said Sir William; 'the spirit that leads a man to climb the walls of Cathorpe may surely be sufficient to carry him under them. The bat can burrow as well as climb, and the eagle can seize its prey on the ground as well as on the mountain. Do you know the mouth of the passage to the castle that goes by the name of the Moleway?'

'I hae seen it,' answered George. 'If that is the way ye intend to tak to the inside o' the strength, ye, hae only to add to our graith o' weeds a guid blazing torch, made o' the juice o' yon auld pines. I'll show the men o' Maltan the way. But they tell me the Moleway has been lang closed up an' carefully guarded.'

'That difficulty may be overcome,' replied Sir William.

'If that can be managed,' said George, 'everything can be managed. The sooner the attack the better, for I canna live to see my auld mither wringin frae her dry een the tears o' a grief that it is in my power, by God's blessing, to heal. I will be ready for your Honour the morn.'

'Your love for your parents carries you too fast,' said Sir William. 'You do not know the peril of the enterprise you offer to undertake?'

'An' what peril to me, your Honour, can equal what I now witnessed in that cottage whar I was born, an' whar I expected the only warning my faither an' mither would get to fit would be frae Him whase kauk an' keil nae man *nor* woman born can escape? Yet your Honour warned them only a little afore God's sin time; an' I heard it—ay, a son heard that sentence pronounced against his parents. Speak na to me o' peril. For their sakes, to heal their wee an' dry up their auld tears, I wad attempt the strength o' Cathorpe wi' that single arm, carryin as its friend the trusty blade my mither's faither brought frae the field o' Bosworth.—This is no my usual speech, yer Honour—for nae man ever heard me say what I would do or was able to do; but a father's sorrows may weel plead the excuse o' what some might ca' my weak vanity.'

'Your words are yet less than your known deeds, George,' said Sir William. 'Your fault does not lie in telling us what you are able or willing to do, but in a misapplication of your proffered services to a different mode of attack from that which we contemplate.'

'Let the mode o' attack be what it may,' replied George, still excited by the hope of saving his parents, 'I will undertake it.'

'A right good soldado, by my faith!' said young Lyle, wishing to bring the conversation to a close.—'Suppose, then, George, that we put into your possession the key of the secret passage called the Moleway, would you undertake to lodge beneath that part of the castle, in the eastern tower, where old Oliphant slumbers and dreams of his revenge against the Lyles of Maltan, a sufficient number of casks of gunpowder, and, laying a train thereof to the door, fire it, and end in an instant, and without sturt or strife, as they say, the end of our foe and his old castle forever?'

'*Never!*' replied the disappointed and incensed youth, bending back his tall, handsome person, and looking disdainfully on the knight and his son, 'I will never be guilty o' laying aside that strength which God has, in his guidness, awarded to me, to use in its place the wiles o' cunnin an' treachery, an' basely apply them for the destruction o' my fellow-creatures. I opined ye had a fair feid, and intended to mak a fair an' honourable trial o' strength against your auld enemy Cathorpe. I hae been cheated, an' ye hae been also deceived. If that is the price o' my faither an' mither's safety frae the hands o' the cruel Poindall, I can only say, may God hae mercy on their auld heads, for George Turnbull canna save them at the expense o' his honesty an the safety o' his eternal saul!'

'You are a proud hind,' said Sir William, sarcastically. 'Our nobles must repair to Greenbank, to learn what is honour and honesty; and we will send Poindall to show them the way.'

With these words, Sir William Lyle and his son turned and proceeded homewards, meditating schemes of revenge against the hind who had, by the simple dictates of an honest heart, called up into the faces of his high-born feudal superiors the blush of shame, which might have resisted the summons of a less unequal stickler for the rights of honesty. Unfortunately, though they had not the fate of their enemy, Cathorpe, so completely in their hands as their desire of revenge led them to wish, they had only to point to the bloodhound, Poindall—an appendage of feudalism as necessary as the canine prototype was to the blood-thirsty raiders of these ancient times—to get their vengeance glutted against the poor family of the Turnbulls, who

had committed two crimes—first, in receiving the protection and sympathy of Lady Lyle, and, secondly, by their one showing his superiors an example of a spirit which had dared to animate the bosom of a hind.

In a short time afterwards, what is called a decree of *declarator of irritancy*, was got by Poindell, against William Turnbull; in other words, a writ or sentence of a judge, declaring that, as the feuar had gone in arrear two years' rent, he had forfeited all right to his little piece of ground, which reverted, from that moment, back into the hands of the person from whom it originally came. This proceeding was known to Lady Lyle; who, however, in consequence of having been reprimanded by her husband for her interference with his administration of what he proudly called his paternal property, had not ventured to call at Greenbank, to administer consolation to the old feuars. She had meditated sending to old William as much money as would enable him to pay up the whole of his arrears; but she soon found that Poindell's expenses had, with the rapidity of increase of a lawyer's account, swelled beyond her present powers of liquidation; and she saw, moreover, that no effort of hers, or indeed of any other individual, could save the ill-fated family, so long as they remained subject to the power of her husband, from the effects of the hatred which he and Augustus now avowed they cherished against them. On consulting with her daughter, who felt a greater interest in the fortunes of the poor family than she was perhaps herself aware of, they came to the conclusion of recommending, by the medium of the kind offices of Lilyard, to old William and Dame Turnbull, to submit to the fate that pressed so hard upon them; while a sum of money given to the son, George, would enable him to get a lease from some neighbouring proprietor, in his own name, whereby the care of providing for old age would be properly transferred to youth and filial affection.

As soon as this measure was resolved upon, the generous lady dispatched secretly the gentle and spirited Lilyard to the cottage at Greenbank, one evening after the darkness had begun to chequer the greenwood. As he tripped lightly along, with her generous donation carefully lodged in a green silk bag that hung from her arm, she paused at times to contemplate and enjoy a scene that harmonized so perfectly with a frame of mind produced by the heartfelt gratification of generous feelings directed towards the misfortunes of honesty and old age, and softened and saddened by the sympathy and sorrow she felt for sufferings produced by her parent, and attempted to be ameliorated by a daughter in secret. Her mind reverted occasionally, and against her own will, to the noble person, famed courage, and, above all, to the duty and affection of George Turnbull; and the regret she had felt before stole softly upon her, producing a sigh, with the almost unconsciously breathed exclamation of pity, that one whom she esteemed above all men was so lowly born, and so far below the grade of society from which she would be forced, by a hard father, to choose a husband. But her ruling prudence and sense of delicacy checked the unbidden regret; and, drawing another sigh, she quickened her pace, to escape from the cold reasonings, obligations, and realities of life.

'If ye are hastenin, fair lady, to Greenbank,' said George, meeting her, 'ye will see the displeasinkin o' a cotter's house, an' the turnin out, to the bitthless forest, two auld residenters wha hae passed their best days there, an' expected to pass their last. Poindell, wi' three concurrents, is noo i' the house pushin up the sticks o' plenishin; an' this nicht my father and mither maun beg a nicht's lodgin frae a neighbour, or sleep till morrin i' the wood.'

'Why has the cruel man chosen so late an hour to turn your parents to the door?' said Lilyard.

'I dinna ken,' answered George, whose delicacy prevented him from stating, what he knew, that her father hall given orders to Poindell to eject the old people at night. 'He says he has authority; but so say a' his tribe; an' "my client" maun aye bear the shame an' mails o' a writer's oppression.'

'I wished to have seen your father, George,' said she, 'having a commission to him and old Elspeth from my mother; but, if the house is in confusion, and they on the eve of being turned out to the open forest, I fear I cannot stand the sorrowful sight.'

'An' it's no easy to stand, fair lady,' replied George. 'They say I am one that ne'er felt fear, though that is, maybe, only a fashion o' expressin courage greater than their sin, an' yet no' great; but nae man can say that langer—for the puir bairn that gret on its dead mither's bosom on the streets o' Selkirk, had mair courage than I hae shown this nicht. I wouldna recommend ye to face my auld greetin parents i' the sorrowfu' plight they are now in. I maun wander wi' that mysel; an' God only kens whar I am to carry them, or what I am to do wi' them.'

'Who is your nearest neighbour?' asked Lilyard, with tears in her eyes.

'The feuar o' the mailin ca'ed the Heather Knowe, Steenie Thorburn, down i' the green hough yonder, is our nearest neebor an' oor bitterest foe,' answered George.

'But there is surely some one near who will give you a night's quarters,' said the maid. 'Widow Dempster of the Burnfoot has experienced my mother's kindness. I would willingly go there myself and procure for you a lodging.'

'Na, na, fair Lilyard Lyle,' said George. 'The bonny dochter o' the lord o' the high towers o' Malton maunna beg quarters for her father's ejected cotters. I will try Widow Dempster mysel,' an', wi' yer leave, will say that it would please Lady Lyle if she would gie hap an' hauld for a nicht to my father an' mither, and I can sleep i' the wood.'

'May God speed your dutiful endeavour!' said Lilyard, looking on his handsome face through her tears, which still continued to flow; 'but what will you do on the morrow?'

'I will repeat that bonny prayer ye hae now uttered,' replied George; 'an' if my sins should clog its wing an' stop its progress, we will rejoice the purer ane o' yer Leddyship, whose innocence will waft it to the gates o' heaven, the only true source o' mercy to mortals.'

'I will repeat it,' said she, 'this night as I retire to my couch. My prayers of this day have been partially answered; for I am commissioned by my moth-

er, no doubt an humble instrument in God's hand, to give you this purse, containing as much money as will enable you to get from some other proprietor a small feu, which she requests you will take in your own name, that your father and mother may be no longer subjected to the dangers of an obligation. I am now only keeping you from them. Return, and take with you my wishes and those of my mother for the welfare of your family.'

'Fair maid o' Maltan,' said George, 'this siller, which I freely accept for my parents' sake, I hope doe day to pay back wi' interest. To try, in the meantime, wi' my heart fu' o' sorrow an' gratitude, to tell ye what I think o' this gift, an' what I think o' Lady Lyle, the giver, is far beyond my poor power o' speech. But how muckle mair difficult is it for me to speak as I feel, an' as I ought, o' that angel wha has flown through the thick mists and dark clouds that surround humble poverty, to pour on the heads o' auld age an' misfortune the consolation she has gathered in the high places wher she dwells!'

'You are forgetting your father and mother, George,' said Lilyard: 'know ye the man in whose power they are?'

'True—true,' answered he; 'but I'll see them again an' comfort them for a' they are suffering. You wha has relieved them, I may never see mair.'

'I trust you may never require to see one whose errand to your house is to relieve distress,' said Lilyard. 'Adieu! God bless your family!'

'Just an minute mair,' cried George. 'Will ye pardon a poor hind for breathing a silly thought that oppresses him?'

'I think I could forgive almost any thing that such a man as George Turnbull could either think or do,' answered Lilyard.

'Thank, thank ye, fair leddy!' cried George, 'without that promised forgiveness, I never could hae told ye that the Castle o' Maltan, an' tho towers o' Cattthorpe, an' a' the brave strengths o' Teviotdale, wi' their ha's, their gilded plenishin, their burnished chandeliers, their servants, their equipages, their dames in silken sey o' cramasie, wi' gold and pearls, an' a' the braw things o' the great, never could wring from me a sigh, till I saw Lilyard Lyle.'

'Away, away, George Turnbull, to your distressed father!' cried Lilyard, quickly and anxiously. 'You talk incoherently. The distresses of your house have turned your brain. Away, I tell you! Farewell, farewell!'

As Lilyard uttered these words, she retreated precipitately towards Maltan, leaving Turnbull to meditate on the effects of a statement he intended to modify so as to convey to her the meaning he properly attached to his declaration. It was his intention to have added, that he was aware of the presumption of even thinking of one in her condition, and that, while his fancy—he could not say his heart—thus rebelled against his humble fate, his judgment could distinguish, and did distinguish properly, not only the line of demarcation between the high-born and the cotter, but the reason of the distinction having originally been made, and the propriety, nay, necessity, of its being continued. He regretted that his beneficiress had been scared by his half-expressed sentiment, and blushed to think that she would hereafter entertain of him an opinion as unworthy of him as it was untrue. When he looked at the purse she had given him, so generously accompanied with the expression of feelings that did honour to her station, and saw in the gift the relief of his parents, and the harbinger of comfort and independence, which he expected nothing but want and misery, he exclaimed—'An' for a' this, what has she received—what does she think she has received—frae George Turnbull? A bauld an' impertinent declaration o' love frae her father's cotter's son! A beggar has offered to a high-born damsel, for his behaviour, a heart lodged in a bosom beatin through rage! A mallison on my stupid tongue! An' a' this time, too, my puir father an' mither are fechtin wi' Poindall, an' feelin every nail that's tacen frae their auld plenishin, as if dragged frae their ain bodies.'

Reproving thus himself and his conduct, George Turnbull hastened back to the cottage, where he found the swaddin and furniture piled on a cart; the two cows, a horse, and other live stock bound with ropes; all ready to be transported to the market cross of the county town, to be sold for payment of the arrears of feu.

'Stop, sirrah,' cried George to Poindall, as he approached the house. 'I haena seen your warrant yet for this proceedin. That my father is decreed to remove, I ken—an' we will remove; but what is the poindin for? Is it for the twa years' feu, and for yer expenses?—or is it for the ane or for the ither?'

'Are you William Turnbull, o' Greenhank,' asked Poindall, impertinently.

'No,' cried William, who sat at the door of the cottage, on a stump of an old oak; 'but he has my authority to see the warrant, though, wae's me! what signifies seein a bit paper whilk may be contains only a wheen words o' auld Latin, or at best some long-nebbed words o' the law, that nane but lawyers themselves understand? Besides, Geordie, ye canna read write.'

'I cannot trust my warrant out of my own hands,' said Poindall. 'There it is; if any of you can read it, you are welcome to the perusal of it.'

'I am no scholar enough, sir,' replied George, 'to snatch up the written words o' lawyers, as birds do barley grains frae the field o' the sower. Mither, hand me here the light, if we may use a poinded candle, that I may read our condemnation. Gie me the paper, sir.'

Poindall drew back his hand—but he was too late. The grasp of Turnbull, applied to his arm, opened his palsied fingers as easily and readily as would have done the doctor's knife applied to the motive nerves of the arm, and the writ dropped at his feet. Turnbull took it up, and, unable to read it himself, held it and the light before the eyes of one of the concurrents, and requested him, on the pain of corporal punishment, to read it truly as it was written, without missing or supplying a letter. The man looked to Poindall; but the fire of Turnbull's eye attracted like a meteor the lesser lights of his timid looks, and, trembling with fear, produced by George's fame for strength and courage, as well as by the menacing attitude in which he was now

placed, he read the writ, the purport of which was, an authority to messengers-at-arms, 'to remove William Turnbull, his wife and bairns, cottars and dependants, from the cottage and mailing of Greenbank, and to poind the out-door and in-door plenishin, for payment of five merks, reserving decree for expenses, as accords.' It was thus apparent that the authority to poind extended only to the five merks of bygone feu, the truth being that Poindall, in his hurry to get old Turnbull ejected, had got what is called an interim decreet, for the sake of despatch, reserving a right to get another decreet for his expenses afterwards—a form not uncommon in law.

'Now, Geordie,' cried old William, when the paper was read, 'hoo muckle wiser and hoo muckle better are ye o' hearin o' this garray o' nonsense greithit in lang words? Will it stop the poindin, or keep us i' the cottage o' Greenbank, whar I expected to dee?'

'Now, sir,' said George to Poindall, heedless of the words of his father, 'write me out a receipt for thae five merks mentioned in yer warrant.'

'There's no use for my taking that trouble,' replied the writer, 'where there is clearly no means of payment.'

'I offer ye the siller, sir,' said George, 'in presence o' yer ain beagles as witnesses.'

The man of the law looked surprised, and reluctantly wrote the receipt, which George made all the three concurrents read to him, separately and removed from Poindall; and, finding all of their readings to agree, he handed over to the writer the five merks.

'I hae only now to request,' said George, 'that ye put every stick o' that plenishin whar ye fund it, an' come back here i' the mornin, when ye'll find the premises redd an' ready for your new tenant.'

At this request, Poindall fired, and requested his men to lay the furniture on the ground, as that part of the warrant which related to the removing was not affected by the payment of the money for which the plenishing had been poinded; but the stern attitude of Turnbull, who stood prepared to enforce his request with a stick in his hand, which an ordinary man could not have wielded, and one stroke of which would have felled an ox to the earth, carried too much terror with it to admit of any compliance, on the part of the men, with the command of their master. They proceeded to place the furniture in the house, while the disappointed attorney went, as he said, to procure a stronger posse of constables, to enable him to enforce the behests of the law. He did not, however, return that night; and the furniture having been replaced, the old tenantry tarried one night longer in their habitation.

Next morning, before daybreak, the inmates of Greenbank were wakened by Catthorpe's forester, Giles Rashbank, who came from his master to offer them a retreat on his grounds.

George—who knew that Poindall would be at the cottage as soon as he could prevail upon a sufficient number of lazy, dissipated concurrents to rise from their beds in the morning—rose early, and proceeded, with all expedition, to Catthorpe. The old chief was already up, and walking in the plantations around the castle. He knew Turnbull by sight, as well as by name, as, indeed, did almost every man in those parts; for he had often wrestled at weapon-shaws, and borne off the gree, to the discomfiture of competitors and the admiration of the fair maidens.

'Well George,' said the old chief, 'did Giles Rashbank tell you that I had heard of Sir William Lyle's treatment of your poor father, and am willing to give you a feu off Catthorpe?'

'He did,' answered George; 'but, while I acknowledge myself obliged to yer Honour for yer offer, I would like to hear the conditions o' the right.'

'Fealty and service, surely,' replied Catthorpe.

'I hae nae objection to the ordinary conditions,' replied George, 'if ye gie me the power o' judgin o' the plea o' battle, before I am asked to fecht for yer Honour. I like an honest cause. As for the English, I'll ask nae reservation; against them, the plea's aye guid.—But I hate the raid o' the aggressor; an' o' I ask in, to be allowed to judge o' the fairness o' an attack against a Scotchman, before I risk up my grandfather's sword against my countrymen.'

'Your condition is uncommon and extraordinary, George,' replied Catthorpe; 'and I fear my son, Æneas, would laugh at the thought of my entertaining it for an instant; but you are a brave fellow, and I am pleased with the humour of your independence. If the place called the Bush-o'-broom pleases you, I will ask Jedediah Vellum to write out a charter in the usual terms, with the reservation you have mentioned. You may, in the meantime, take possession.'

'Thanks to yer Honour!' replied George. 'I will communicate the guid tidings to my father. The place is a bonnier ane than Greenbank; and the roses that bloom there may sune come to be as sweet to my mither as the thistles at the end o' our auld gravel, whilk, she said, were the bonniest flowers o' Scotland.'

'That's a good national feeling,' replied Catthorpe.

'But I maun awa, or Poindall will be before me.—Guid morning, your Honour!'

'I am safe enough with that proud boor,' said Catthorpe, as he looked after Turnbull, who was hastening home to anticipate Poindall; 'he will not be scrupulous in taking advantage of his impertinent reservation when my attack is against his enemy of Malta—against the man who has poinded him, every plea will be good, and his strong arm, with his knowledge of the castle, will be of such service to me in that quarter that I may now effect my purpose in overpowering and humbling my natural foe.'

By the time Turnbull got home, Poindall, with no fewer than five concurrents, was in the house.

'I am glad ye hae brought sae many assistants, Poindall,' said George. 'Ye'll be to empty the house, I suppose—the very thing I want—and my auld father is no very able to assist me. Just wait till I get auld Wheesle into the cart, and sae liftin will serve a'.'

George immediately got the horse into the wain, smiling all the while at the impatience of Poindall, whose object was to get his concurrents to throw the furniture to the door.

'Now my lads,' said Turnbull, when he was prepared for them, 'I am ready for ye; but I hae no word to say to ye before ye begin. If ye break, or twist, or crush, or spoil a single bit o' that plenishin, I will demand frae the culprit wound for wound—a broken bone

for a bonnie stool, and a creelit cross for a cracket pat. Heave awa'!'

The furniture was very soon carried out by the concourse, and placed in the wain; and two neighbours having come to the assistance of the cotters, the whole outdoor and indoor plenishing was, in a short time thereafter, on the way to the Bush o'-Broom—George having, previous to his starting, thanked the messengers for the timely assistance they had yielded in enabling him to flit from a good possession to a better.

The new tenants of Catthorpe soon became partial to their little possession; and even Elspeth Turnbull acknowledged that there was a something about the roses that reconciled her to the want of the prickly flowers of Gneenhead. The ladies of the Castle of Catthorpe sometimes paid them a visit. The famed strength and handsome person of George Turnbull invested him with sufficient interest to produce a respect which would have been denied to an ordinary person in his humble situation; but the thoughtless and partially misinterpreted declaration he had made to Lilyard Lyle still rankled in his heart, while all his efforts to banish her from his recollection were as unavailing as would have been his endeavours to forget the services she and her mother had rendered to his family.

But the remorse he felt at the ingratitude and folly of his ill-timed statement had not the effect of enabling him to subdue his presumptuous affections. He returned to his old error; and the benefits he had so ungratefully repaid rivetted the image of the inaccessible benefactress in his imagination with a firmness that all the powers of his strong judgment could not affect.—He found himself often again in the vicinity of her favourite spots, without being conscious of his errand; and one evening, having laid himself down in the shade of a tree in the Bourtree Haugh, he resigned himself to the sweet seduction of a teeming fancy, exercised on what he knew to be unattainable objects of a cotter's ambition. In the midst of his waking dream, he heard his name mentioned by a female voice, and his excited ear caught the broken words of a maiden's monologue.

'He may force it; but Sir Lionel will get a dead bride. I would sooner be the wife of my enemy, Æneas Oliphant, who says he regrets our fathers' feud for my sake. If George Turnbull, with whose name these parts are filled, and not more than this poor bosom is with his virtues, had been born a gentleman, or I a forest maiden, my griefs this day would have been few. If I had been a pagan of the old world, I would have said that the hearts and fates of mortals were made and cast by different plastic hands; but our truer God can reconcile inconsistencies, and the fate that forbids my union with George Turnbull has prepared an anodyne in the smoothing comforts of a religious resignation, and a love of our precious Redeemer, built on the ruins of a worldly affection.'

'Blessed cure o' a remorse that has wrung my puir heart since that eventfu' night!' said George Turnbull, as he fell at the feet of Lilyard. 'Dinna think that I has watched for that balm as the hive thief waits for the honey o' the drowsy bees. I had nae thought o' your being here, an' only lay aneath that tree to dream o' a bliss that canna be mine. Dinna flee frae me, Lilyard Lyle; stay and hear what ye ought to hae heard, when ye heard me declare I loved and I had nae right to love.'

'George Turnbull,' said Lilyard, with the blush of shame on her sorrowful countenance, 'when you say you did not watch for the unguarded statement I have now made, you have said nothing more than I believe; and it would be as vain to blame you for my error, as it would be impossible now, were I willing, to correct what I have said. But, happily, while you heard the sentiment of my heart, you heard also the decision of my judgment.'

'Owre weel—owre weel has I heard ye say ye canna be his whom yer heart loves,' said George; 'an' if ye had waited the end o' my declaration to you on that night when ye saved us a' frae ruin, ye wad hae heard that I wasna ignorant o' my sin presumption in thinkin o' ane so far abune my degree; nae the unspoken thoughts o' baith our hearts had been tempered wi' the same cruel prudence. But they say time is a great physician, an' if he dosna cure our love, is there nae chance—oh, dinna turn awa yer head, Lilyard!—is there nae hope o' his ever being able to mak some reconciliation atween what we ought to do and what we wad like to do?'

'Look to that ancient and proud castle, George Turnbull,' said Lilyard, 'and think what chance there is of the heart of Sir William Lyle, its great lord, being changed in its flesh, and in its blood, and in its pride of family and power. Let us not deceive ourselves.—My safety lies in not seeing you. Away, George Turnbull, to your new cottage of the Bush-o'-broom, and learn to bring down your thoughts to the level of its humble economy. Some one comes. Away! and forget Lilyard Lyle.'

As she said these words, she receded quickly along a sheep path among the furze that grew thick in the haugh. George heard steps approaching on the other side, and, as he retreated, thought he saw Augustus Lyle looking and searching as in quest of his sister.—Some broken ejaculations of the young man met his ear; but his progress onward was too quick to enable him to catch the sounds in such a way as to make any sense out of them. He went directly home to his cottage, where he passed a night forming a most important era of his humble life; for the consciousness of being loved by Lilyard Lyle, the most beautiful damsel of these parts, and one of the highest of the land, whom he long had adored without hope, and thought he had offended without remede, wrought a revolution in his mind and feelings which all the obstructions which a hard world and a factitious state of society, as well as the suggestions of his own self-denial and prudence, had thrown and might throw in the way of the gratification of his affection, could not mitigate or offset. The vigil of his love kept him in his bed to a late hour next morning, when his father came and told him that Æneas Oliphant, the son of his superior, waited at the cottage door, to speak to him on business of importance.

'I am come,' said Æneas, as George went out to meet him, 'to inform you that my father intends to attack Malten to-morrow at midnight, and has sent me to tell you to get your arms in order, as you are to be intrusted with the principal charge of the affair.'

'How does the balance o' their account stand?' said George. 'The affair o' St. James' E'en was, I think, the last; but mauna that attack made by your father? The great raid o' Malton was afore that; an' ye ken your father was at the head an' direction o' that. I think, too, that Cathorpe began the bloody tulzie o' the Pale-yards, when ten o' Malton's men were killed on the spot.'

'All right,' replied Æneas, laughing with delight at the account of his father's enterprises. 'But we instead making this attack a feudee; and I have a small sub-plot of my own to work out, wherein you will be of great service to me. I have been long enamoured of my father's enemy's daughter, the fair Lilyard Lyle; and, as there is no hope of my getting her for my wife in a fair way, by the consent of her father, I intend to take advantage of this night's attack to carry her off by force. She will herself make no great struggle, for I know that she wishes to get quit of that pale-faced Englishman, Sir Lionel Manners. I have no time to say more to you. Our preparations require my presence. Get your sword secured, and I will give you the necessary intimation when to attend.'

George was in the act of opening his mouth to reply; but Æneas was off in a moment on the wings of his youthful fervour.

'This is an unfair plea,' said George to himself.—'I'm no bound to it, an' winna gang. I maun play another part i' this affair, wher baith love an' honour are at stake. I'm glad this lion's whelp made off sae cleverly, for I wad hae been obliged to refuse my assistance, if it had been put to me by a fair question.'

On the following day, towards evening, George directed his steps towards Malton, having taken the precaution of rolling himself up in a cloak to prevent his being recognised. He procured immediate entrance to the castle, by the good offices of his acquaintance, the warder, who led him into the presence of Sir William Lyle.

'Yer Honour will doubtless wonder,' said he, 'at my takin the liberty, after a' that's passed, o' addressin ye in yer sin ha'. I refused, at yer Honour's biddin, to blow up Cathorpe, whereby my father was ejected frae Greenhank; an' we accepted an offer o' refuge frae yer auld enemy, on certain conditions that authorise me to come here this day. Cathorpe has asked my assistance in an attack he intends to make on yer Honour's castle this night, at the eerie hour o' twelve; an' I am come to gie ye timeous notice, sae that ye may be prepared against what I think an unlawfu' aggression.'

'If I understand you right, sirrah,' said Sir William, sarcastically, 'you have come from one who has served you and given you protection, to befriend his enemy and your own, by disclosing his secrets and defeating his purposes. This is not human nature; and, to be plain with you, sir, I do not believe one word you have told me. There is a snake in the grass. Ho, there, seneschal! send here my son, Augustus, and three of my men. Seize this fellow,' he continued, as Augustus and the retainers entered, 'and see if he has any weapon under his cloak.'

The order was instantly obeyed—Turnbull making no resistance; and from under his cloak, his grandfather's trusty weapon was dragged in triumph by Augustus Lyle.

'Treacherous dog!' cried Sir William, 'is this the mode by which you have acquired your fame, by attempting the lives of your foes under the mask of friendship? This is the honesty that prevented you from undertaking the exterminating of Cathorpe. Away with him to the dungeon!'

George Turnbull was dragged to the lowest part of the castle, and put into a close prison, where he was allowed to lie for many hours without any one coming near him. He waited patiently for the hour of midnight, and observed, from the silence that reigned throughout the castle, that no belief had been attached to his statement, for no preparations were making for defence. A loud shout struck his ear in an instant, and in a short time all the noise and confusion of an attack was heard within and without the castle. The sounds of contending strife continued for some hours; and it appeared, from the thunders of the mangonels and the falling of stones, that the wall of the bailium was in the act of being battered down. Every stroke of the huge instruments seemed to be followed by the falling of large masses of stones, and the accompanying shouts of triumph of the assailers, whose loud voices indicated hopes of success. The uproar increased every instant, as the danger grew more imminent, and the besiegers, the besieged, the wounded, the dying, and the females who witnessed, from the loopholes, the dreadful struggle, all joined their various shouts, yells, cries, and screams, in one wild chorus.

'George Turnbull! George Turnbull!' cried the voice of a female, through the grating of his prison—'you alone can save Malton and its inmates—and one of these is Lilyard Lyle.'

'Liberate me, then, sweet Lilyard,' replied George, 'for I came here only for the purpose o' protectin' ye, wham Æneas Oliphant, this night, intends to carry off by force o' arms.'

'You are free, you are free!' replied she—'fly to our rescue.'

In a moment, Turnbull, with his head in one of Malton's soldier's helmets, to conceal his face from Oliphant, and a good sword, though not his grandfather's, in his hand, was on the breach of the wall. With his four first consecutive blows, he brought to the earth as many of the assailants. His unwarlike cloak, which he had not taken time to take off, and which was flung back behind him—his furious onset and fatal debut—the wild energy of his manner—his size, strength, and sudden appearance—surprised the inhabitants of the castle, who did not know him, and struck a panic into the enemy. He continued to strike down every man as he rose to the breach; and the cry of the besieged—'Who is he?—who is he?' reaching the ears of those who were suffering from his furious career, was repeated by the besiegers, and spread fear, confusion, and alarm, in every direction.

'Attack them from the drawbridge,' cried Turnbull to Augustus Lyle, who was near him.

The order was obeyed; and while the enemy were thus in front, mowed down by the fatal arm of the resistless champion, they found themselves attacked in the rear. The face of matters was now changed.

Fear had come in place of confidence; and the loss of many men had diminished the strength of the besiegers to such an extent that they were obliged to fall back and take refuge in the wood. A scout brought the intelligence that they had taken their course to Catthorpe; and Turnbull, suddenly leaping from the breach, dashed into a thicket, and throwing away his helmet and sword, returned home, and went to bed; where he had not been many m[illegible] when Æneas Oliphant and several of his men [illegible] house, to make inquiry as to his mother [illegible] him taking his accustomed rest, they [illegible] had been, as his father said, absent all the [illegible] and consequently could not have been the [illegible] warrior who had assisted to them so much at the siege of Melton.

Next evening, George Turnbull sought the Bourtree Haugh, in the expectation of seeing Lilyard Lyle, though it were for the last time. She was there. An increase of affection had followed the accession of a new feeling of gratitude towards him who had been her deliverer; and, on meeting him, she fell upon his bosom, overcome with the struggle between duty and affection.

'How painful it is to me,' said Lilyard, as she sobbed and wept, 'to have my heart bound in love and gratitude to one between whom and myself fate has reared such insurmountable barriers! Your conduct last night, George, exceeded all praise; but, such is the perversity of the human heart, my father hates you even more bitterly than ever. You committed the unpardonable sin of bringing out the shame of him and Augustus, by your superiority of prowess, [illegible] proof you gave of the falsehood of the opinions [illegible] tertained of your intentions. But it seems to be a part of my adverse fate, to witness in you those qualities which mock the acquirements of my high-born relations, and call forth their envy. Oh, how my heart swelled as I saw you standing on the dreadful breach—the saviour of my father, his castle, and our lives—the terror of our foes, and the admiration of all—dealing around you death and dismay, more like one commissioned by heaven, than a creature of earth—and yet only a poor hind, despised by those you saved and by those you conquered!'

'Kind, kind maiden,' replied George, overcome by the condescension of his lady-love in resting on his bosom; 'I wadna gie the enjoyment o' this moment for a' the honour, fame, and glory o' my best battles. Can it be that I hae Lilyard Lyle in thae unworthy arms, made only for the offices of the cotter, or the drudge o' the ungratefu' great? For a minute, I defy ye a', my stern foes, ye hard warld, an' my harder fate! Come, as ye list, ye winds of misfortune—blaw yer sternest blast, till ye dee! the silence o' wearyness—ye canna tak frae me the remembrance o' this scene! Ye hae rewarded me, Lilyard, for a' my past services, and paid aforehand the consideration for a' I mean yet suffer on your account.'

'And that will not be small,' cried the harsh voice of Augustus Lyle, as he stepped forward, with his sword in his hand, intent, apparently, on an attack on the defenceless youth. 'It was for this, was it—for the love of a lady whose shoe-latchets you are not fit to bind—that you made so much profession of fidelity to the house of Melton? Presumptuous slave! take from the point of this sword the reward of last night's services in behalf of your lady-love.'

'Gie me't then, sir,' replied George, wrenching from his hands the sword, as he would have done a rattle from the fingers of a boy. 'But I winna fear ye. I canna tak this wi' me, for ye wad cry that theft—I canna return it, for ye wad use it against an unarmed man. I can only tak the sting frae the weap; see, sir'—and he cracked the blade into shivers, and threw the handle from him.

'A better punishment than a clean stab with a gentleman's sword—a death you are unworthy of—waits you!' cried the [illegible] youth. 'Home, madam! Sir Lionel waits you in the hall; and the milkmaids of Catthorpe cry for your lover.'

And, saying these words, he dragged her away, leaving Turnbull to reflections we dare not venture to describe. We shall have a more easy task in narrating that ambition, which had been slowly working its way in the mind of Turnbull, urged him, some time afterwards, to obey the command of young Lesly of Rothes, and join the Earl of Angus, who was on his way to fight the English generals, Evers and Latoun, who were then ravaging Scotland. He thought that, if he acquired renown in a great battle, he might get some promotion, and acquire a better right to the affections of his high-born love. The acquisition of such a man as Turnbull was boasted of by Lesly to his friends, and, among the rest, to Sir William Lyle; and the intelligence was not unwelcome to the latter, who saw, in the dangers to which the youth might be exposed in the expected conflict, a probable means of getting quit of one who stood between his daughter and the husband he had chosen for her—Sir Lionel Manners. Sir William communicated the circumstance to his son, and a dark scheme was formed between those worthies, (who were both coadjutors of Lesly,—and intended to be present at the fight,) to take away the life of their preserver. Augustus Lyle undertook to stab Turnbull in the first encounter with the English, and make it appear that he died by the hand of the enemy. Lady Lyle heard, from her own apartment, this dreadful purpose canvassed by her husband and her son; and, flying to her daughter, she commissioned her to resent to Turnbull, and advise him not to join the ranks, where death awaited him from before and from behind.

At a late hour of the night, Lilyard, dressed in such a way as to escape detection, sought the cottage of Turnbull.

'Join not the ranks of Angus, against Evers and Latoun,' she cried, as she met George, who came out to the door. 'My brother, Augustus, has resolved to take away your life in the fight. I have hurried here to warn you, and must return instantly. Promise, George Turnbull, that you will grant my request. The misery of my life is already great enough without this new evil. Living, I cannot have you—but, dead, I could not survive you.'

'Dear Lilyard,' replied George, taking her by the hand, 'I hae pledged my word to Lesly, an' canna draw back. But dinna fear. I will keep out o' the way o' Augustus; and, besides, his sword has no [illegible] on its point, when directed against me. I mean [illegible]

fame an' honour for Lilyard. If I dinna mak mysel worthy o' ye, an' buy ye wi' my bluid, I canna live. My intention is to seek ane o' the English generals, an' the head o' Evers or that o' Latoun maun buy me that honour that will mak me worthy o' Lilyard Lyle.'

'Are you determined?' said the girl.

'I am, dearest Lilyard,' replied George.

'Well, then, my course is also taken,' replied she, boldly—'adieu, adieu!' And she left her lover in a state of perplexity from which all his efforts at construing her strange words could not deliver him.

The battle of Ancrum Muir, so well known in Scottish history, soon followed. George Turnbull was in the front ranks of the Scots, and fought as no man ever fought. Honour and love hailed him forward; and the irresistible strength of his arm was nerved, beyond mortal power, by the moral impulses to which he was subjected. At a little distance behind was Augustus Lyle, who was more intent on the progress of his intended victim than the success of the fight. The enthusiasm of Turnbull made him forget the counsel of Lilyard; and her treacherous brother, taking advantage of Turnbull's engagement with the enemy, came behind him, and, lifting his sword, made a plunge directed towards the back of the devoted youth. The blow was intercepted by a young soldier, who had watched the motion, and received in his bosom the death that was intended for another. The fate of the battle is well known. Turnbull earned what he wanted—fame; Sir William Lyle and his son were both slain; and, among the dead, was discovered the body of a young and beautiful female, dressed as a soldier, and bearing a wound on her bosom. That female was Lilyard Lyle. The spot on which the battle was fought is called Lilyard's Edge, from the name of the heroic maiden; and, though the inscription on her broken and defaced monument is no longer legible, many of the old people of the country still remember the rude lines which it bore.

Such is the legend of the female warrior of Ancrum Muir.

THE SIEGE OF COCKLAWS.

Cocklaws, a small insignificant Border tower, which reared its little armed battlements in proud perching majesty, about the time of the regency of the deceitful Albany, was, as is pretty well known, the scene of a siege, memorable for the object with which it was undertaken, and not less so for the ludicrous circumstances with which it was attended.

This warlike bantam, so appropriately termed Cocklaws, was owned by John Greenlaw, a person not unlike, in his physical attributes, to the little tower of which he was proprietor. He was a man about five feet in height, with grey eyes, which had a peculiar fiery brilliancy, indicative of the spirit with which he was endowed. Active and nimble, he was as restless as an imprisoned popinjay, and did not fail to escape from the small tower which he called the seat of his strength, to imitate the great robbers of the time, in making free with the property of his neighbours, under the shade of the disorders which prevailed at that unhappy period.

Though small and insignificant in his person, Greenlaw considered himself a very powerful man, and nothing annoyed him more than being neglected as a person whom it was beneath the dignity of elevated revenge to chastise. His excursions were like those of a hornet. He did little execution, but made a great noise. His tower was so insignificant, that he had nowhere to put his spoil, even when it was secured; but this did not prevent him from exercising eternal 'herschips' all around him, not, indeed, to any extent sufficient to draw upon him the attention of the great, but still sufficient to goad, while there was no power to destroy. Nothing, however, would have given the Laird of Cocklaws greater pleasure, than to have seen the Earl of Douglas, or some such great personage, stoop to notice his aggressions. He laboured incessantly to be thought a great Border raider, but found himself still classed among the insignificant herd of petty depredators.

He did not fail to make himself well known; for his clever, fiery bickerings, and pertinacious excursions, carried his name everywhere, but his fame nowhere. His ambition to be thought a great 'king of the foray,' was notorious;—the common people smiled at his weak and innocuous vanity, while the great barons looked upon him as a humming wasp, which, though a little annoying, did not deserve to be killed by the honourable arm of a knight. Occasionally, he was honoured with a hearty chastisement from some of the common people, when he ventured to meddle with their property; but when this happened, he saved his honour, by pretending that the proprietor of Cocklaws considered it beneath him to give battle to a person who could not even boast of being a simple esquire.

Occasionally he made an attack upon the castles of the great barons; but he did this merely to gain a character, and to keep up his self-deception of being a great Border warrior. It was seldom that much attention was paid to his skirmishes; it was sufficient that the attack was made by Greenlaw; and if any fears were entertained that he might terrify the women, it was only necessary to send out a few men, who very seldom had much trouble in making the little warrior retire, which he generally did with the nimblest celerity, giving out as his apology, that if the baron did not choose to head his men, he could not expect a fair battle from Cocklaws.

Like other little men, Cocklaws had a large wife. She was the very opposite, in every respect, to her husband—a fat, gaucy, good-humoured Englishwoman, who looked upon the warlike bantam, with whom she was mated, when very young, by the command of her father, with the determination to be amused with what she could not get rid of. When he came in from his forays, he generally made a tremendous clamour for refreshment, stating, that the soldier was surely worthy of his hire, and that, if he devoted himself to the hard-

ships and dangers of war, she might, at least, contribute to assuage, in so far as lay in her power, the pains and sufferings of the warrior, when he returned to his castle. The lady was, by no means, awanting in attention to her domestic duties, and knew that her husband had recourse to these compliments, to make him appear, in her eyes, a person of importance in the country, who drained his blood and exhausted his strength in Border warfare.

The good-natured lady heard these murmurings with the greatest good humour, and contrived to extract from the foibles of a person, who had no other qualities calculated to give her any satisfaction, as much amusement as she could. He had seldom any wounds to show, except occasionally a puncture with a lance or sword in the back; and when such required to be dressed by his wife, her operation was always accompanied by expressions of admiration on her part of the extent of the injury, and of the fortitude with which he could bear it; and, by long apologies by him, as to the locality of the wound, mixed up with big curses against the white livered caitives, who would not fight a man face to face, but basely got behind him and wounded him, while he was engaged in dealing out death against his enemies in front.

Sometimes she complimented him on the success of exploits which she knew had turned out unfortunate; and then, with the greatest adroitness, she would make an allusion to the tower which, she supposed, owed its safety entirely to the terror of his name. This was a very sensitive point with Cocklaws. 'He could get no one to attack his stronghold.' It was so insignificant a turret, that no person would be at the pains to carry a mangonell to batter it to the earth; and then, like all the rest of these small erections, it could easily defy the force of ordinary arms. Nobody meddled with it, while the laird's depredations were confined to his mock system of noisy innocuous warfare. The lady adroitly found a cause for this in the terror of his name. He allowed her to retain this idea, which, indeed, had been suggested by himself; but he secretly wished for nothing more ardently than an attack, not that he courted an opportunity to fight in a serious deadly way, but that he might derive some eclat and status, from his place being considered worthy of that notice, and have an opportunity of showing his wife that, though a small man, he was possessed of the mettle of a great warrior.

His boastings were in proportion to his ambition of being considered brave and terrible. He was particularly fond of having a hit at the English; not that he wished to oppose himself to the Lady of Cocklaws, an Englishwoman, in whose eyes, like every well-disposed husband, he wished to appear deserving of her affection; but he depreciated the neighbouring nation, because he might thereby have an opportunity of forming a contrast—he being the representative of one of the contrasted parties. He could see no merit in Percy or Owen Glendower, or even in Henry of Lancaster himself, and dared his wife to show where it lay.

'There's naething I wish mair fervently,' said he, 'than to hae a tourney wi' some o' thae Southerns; and mair especially wi' that brainwud cratur, Harry Percy, whom they ca' Hotspur. He wadna escape the point o' my lance, as he did Douglas's at Otterbourne; and I canna but think it was a sad disgrace to our nation, that they allowed him the advantage he got at Homildon-hill. If the Regent had called upon me at my castle, and offered me fair terms, or even if he had graciously asked the assistance o' the representative o' the ancient family o' Greenlaw o' Cocklaws, I micht hae been prevailed upon to gie them the benefit o' a day's work o' my airm; but, I suppose Albany was afraid I micht acquire owre muckle power, by showin' the contrast between me and other men, and prudently did without me. But hoo did he do? He got a' his army pierced with the cloth-yard shafts o' England. Hoo foolish people are, to sacrifice themsels to illiberal suspicions! I wadna hae made a bad use o' my superiority. A' I micht hae asked, wad hae been to mak me a knicht, fir John Greenlaw o' Cocklaws. I may yet hae an opportunity o' measuring arms wi' Percy; or, may be, that renegade March, wha has sauld his country to the ungrateful Lancaster.'

'It is very extraordinary,' said the Lady of Cocklaws, 'that, in all these border feuds, neither English nor Scots show themselves before our castle. It's very honourable to your courage, and the character of your powers of defence; yet, my dear Cocklaws, I doubt much if, with all the superiority of your warlike qualities, you could stand out against the armies of my countrymen. I mean, of course, if they were very numerous.'

'Let them be as numerous as locusts,' cried Cocklaws—'ay, as the motes that dance i' the noonday sun; I an' my auld castle wud be a match for them a'. What! woman! is that a' your boasted sense, is that a' the knowledge ye hae o' yer husband, is that a' the respect ye hae for the bluid o' the Cocklaws, an' the honour o' Scotland? Let Percy and Douglas try their hand at opening the door o' the castle o' Cocklaws. Stane and lime, though put thegither as firmly as in the castle o' Jedburgh, are naething without the saul within. Nae castle could be stormed wi' me in't. It's impossible, my Lady Cocklaws. Our foes ken that too, or why have they no tried their mangonells on my towers lang ere this? They've mair sense. Percy winna face me, I warrant him.'

Some days after this conversation, in which Lady Cocklaws yielded a dutiful assent, her only object in opposing her husband being merely to draw him out for her own humour, a messenger came running up to the tower in breathless haste, and said that the whole English army was marching to besiege Cocklaws. The lady smiled at the intelligence, thinking it was some device of her husband to produce a fear which he would have the merit of contrasting with his coolness and courage. She observed in Cocklaws, however, no indication of a previous knowledge of the fact; and his manner, which exhibited more solicitude than ordinary, rather falsified her suspicions. Her doubts were soon put an end to by the appearance of the army before the tower. The whole English troops seemed to have collected at that spot. The number seemed equal to the taking of all Scotland. What did they mean by directing the strength of an elephant in crushing a gnat? The matter seemed incomprehensible to the lady, and even Cocklaws himself could not conceal that he thought there was *some* chance of his being

obliged to succumb. While hesitating what step to take, a messenger delivered to him a message from the regent Albany, to hold out until succours were sent him, which would be soon; and Cocklaws' men thought that all the indifference with which he had been formerly treated was to be made up by the immense accumulation of honour now heaped upon him.

'What are you going to do, Cocklaws?' inquired his lady.

'Fecht them to be sure, sae lang as there's a drap o' bluid in the kame o' our cock's crest,' answered the little warrior. 'The Regent Albany has sent me a confidential message, desiring me to hauld out as lang as I can. My castle is to be the bane o' contention between the twa kingdoms. Cocklaws will decide the strife. Percy and Albany will shake hands owre my table, an' I canna fail to be knighted by them baith.'

This communication appeared to the lady more remarkable still. There must be some humour in the case she thought. The Duke of Albany write to Cocklaws to oppose his cockle-shell of a castle to the army of England! The thing appeared so utterly absurd, that, were it not verified by the absolute presence of Hotspur and Douglas, with their army sitting before the tower like a swarm of locusts about to attack a single stalk of barley, she would at once have set it down to the credit of her husband's ingenuity in devising modes of enhancing his warlike character. The supposition of an attempt to turn her husband's weakness to account of frolic or amusement, was as much out of the question as the seriousness of the intended attack. Armies are often collected, marched for hundreds of miles, and supported by food snatched from the hungry mouths of the inhabitants of an enemy's country, often to please the whim, or humour the caprice of an absolute monarch; but so much trouble is seldom taken to make a conquest of a little fun or merriment, at the expense of so insignificant a being as Cocklaws. This supposition appeared to the lady equally hostile to reason and common sense. What other supposition could she imagine? There was none. The affair was beyond the wits of a woman to understand, and she therefore trusted to the chapter of consequences for an explanation. She continued to watch the motions of the army from the loophole adjacent to her bed-room.

The English proceeded to make preparation for attacking the little march-tower. The hero of Homildon Hill sent his herald to blow his horn, almost sufficient to blow the cockle-shell to pieces, and demand the master of Cocklaws to surrender his tower to the arms of Henry of Lancaster, King of England. This extraordinary announcement greeted the ears of the lady, and she listened to hear the answer that would be given by her husband. Cocklaws, who placed himself in such a position as his wife could have no difficulty in hearing him, and perched upon one of the little jutting lateral turrets of the fortification, like a jack-daw on an old chimney-top, cried out, in the affected and jaunty tone of a true knight—

'Gae and tell your master, Percy, commonly called Hotspur, to tell Henry o' Lancaster, wha sits on a throne that belongs to Richard the Second, and to which he has nae mair richt than I hae to the throne o' Scotland—or maybe less, if the pedigree o' the Cocklaws were traced—that the laird and governor o' Cocklaws has nae intention o' desertin' his country, his wife, his castle, or his honour, an' that he will defend them a' wi' the last drop o' the bluid that can be wrung frae the cock's kame o' his auncient crest.'

'Bravo, Cocklaws!' cried the herald, unable to retain the severe and serious tone of his office, while the good lady sat smiling through the loophole.—'This is a right noble speech,' thought she, 'and worthy certainly of a better cause. That immense army surely cannot seriously intend to injure us, and our small fortified hut. The nobility of the lion disdains the small victims of humbler animals. Hotspur and Cocklaws! Such a combination of sounds! Surely there can be no intention of an attack.'

The lady's thoughts deceived her. In a short time, every preparation seemed making for a serious attack. The castle of Jedburgh itself could not have been the object of more serious displays of hostility. There was in the first place, hurled up opposite the tower, a number of these fierce-looking engines, more terrible in their aspect than the catapultas and battering-rams of Roman celebrity, called trebuchets and mangonells. It seemed as if one stroke of these engines would be enough for the destruction of the turret; and the disproportion between the numbers of the besieging army, and the few men contained in the fortified place was not greater than that between these engines of destruction and the thing to be destroyed.

The ambition of Cocklaws was now about to be gratified. He looked down upon the terrible display of power with the highest pride. 'Nae wonder,' he said, 'that my stronghold has been sae lang o' gettin' a visit. It cost nae sma' pains to bring thae engines to Cocklaws. I suppose they hae been made on purpose. The English hae at last been obliged to acknowledge my importance; and I only wonder they didna try to conciliate me by bribes and promises, and thereby endeavour to get me to gie up my allegiance, and carry owre my knowledge and experience o' war, wi' my extraordinary courage, to mak up the deficiency o' the renegade March, and cast the balance o' war in favour o' England. But they hae judged better o' their man. They kenned I wadna surrender, and see they hae prepared this immense army o' unwieldy engines, ignorant that they want the saul that animates my castle.'

The engines having been erected, the army approached, and the twang of the cloth shafts leaving the cords, and the booming of the engines upon the wall, announced the beginning of the attack. Cocklaws was upon the tower, in the midst of his men, exhibiting the courage of a terrier in attacking a bull. He let fly his arrows at the English, and made a noise in crying and bellowing to his adherents, which was intended to reach the ears of his wife, whom he visited at intervals, with a view to keep up her courage, saying, 'We shall beat them a', Marjory, my dear. They will soon see the man they hae to deal wi', if they haena already felt the force o' my arrows.'

The noise increased; and there appeared, both without and within, all the haste and confusion of a regular siege. The lady, however, was astonished to find that the battering of the engines produced no effect

on the walls, and the arrows and missiles killed none of the besieged. Her astonishment increased, when, in a little time, the battering ceased—the army, deserting the attack, fell back—and the siege seemed for a time, at least, to be abandoned. The moment this occurred, Cocklaws ran to his wife, exclaiming—'Noo, ye see, my love, the effecks o' true courage. Thae men, wi' their steel jackets, their braw armour, their trebuchets, an' batterin-rams, want heart. Ae perfeck warrior, wi' the assistance o' a handfu' o' men, has put to the rout the hail army o' England.—I wunner if they'll try me again.'

'I think they will better let you alone, Cocklaws,' replied the lady, whose astonishment was still unabated. 'How many have you killed do you think?'

'I couldna count them—they were sae numerous,' replied Cocklaws. 'I saw them fa'in' either in death or fright on lika side, as thick as sparrows peppered wi' sparrow hail. I wunder if Albany will mak me a lord, without stoppin' at the knight!'

The next day the attack was renewed with the same display of power. The farce of the previous day was repeated. A battering was kept up for a time—a number of arrows discharged, and then a recession, the very same as the day before. Cocklaws' pride waxed stronger and stronger. He was already, in imagination, Lord Cocklaws!

In the evening, the herald's trumpet sounded a parley; and a request was made that Cocklaws would allow Hotspur and Douglas to visit him in the tower, with a view to adjust terms of peace. The request was admitted; and the proud governor waited the arrival of his humbled enemies.

The parties arrived, and, along with them, the Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland. Cocklaws received them with the condescension and kindness that was due to brave men whom he had beaten.

After the warriors had taken seats, the conqueror conceived that it was incumbent upon him to show the expected generosity of the lion. It was, he thought, a noble opportunity for a display of that feeling which, from the days of Alexander and Cæsar, had been exhibited in the hour of triumph and victory, by all conquerors, to the victims of their arms. He thought he saw, in the bright eye of Albany, a lurking request of forgiveness and pity towards the heads of the besieging army; and he did not hesitate to give the Regent as much encouragement on this delicate subject as he considered consistent with the dignity of his character, and the peculiarity of the position in which he stood. The Regent of Scotland was one individual—doubtless a great one—seeing he had the power of making, as he no doubt would, John Greenlaw Lord Cocklaws; but the respect due to a person having so much authority must, he saw, be tempered, at least, in the presence of those whom he had conquered, as any improper display of it would at once lower his dignity and depreciate the boon of mercy he intended to vouchsafe to them. After looking, therefore, to Albany with a condescending kindness, enough to show, that, while he would grant his request of mercy and forgiveness, he would only do it on condition of its being appropriately and humbly solicited; he turned his little twinkling orbs on Hotspur and Douglas, with just enough of fire and fury to show them that he had not altogether forgotten the insult which they had offered and he had chastised; and to impress upon their minds a recollection of his extraordinary character, and a memory of the warlike energies which had overcome them, and which were soon to see changed for the placable indies of a kind and forgiving spirit.

While these thoughts were passing through the m of Cocklaws, very different were the cogitations of his visitors. Albany was unfolding a paper; and the three greatest men of their time were, with grave faces and serious thoughts, whispering some important things to each other, which they did not wish Cocklaws to hear. As they were not in any hurry to leave off these rather unpolite indications, Cocklaws attributed their conduct to irresolution and delicacy in presuming to approach the subject of their errand. He therefore thought himself bound to assist their bashfulness; and, rising from his chair, he said, with much show of condescension—

'My Lords—Dinna think I'm unable to appreciate the feelin'a wi' which yer noble breasts are nae doot at present filled. He wha feelits best can best forgie; an' there's nane sae guid at askin' as he wha has experienced the pleasure o' grantin'. I hae nae wish that ye should think I'm incapable, in the hour o' victory, an' in the exultation o' triumph, o' feelin' for the situation o' my enemies, wham the fortune o' war has put in my power. Though I, mysel' am ignorant o' what it is to be beaten, I can easily conceive that the situation is far frae bein' pleasant; an' it's no my wish to mak it mair disagreeable than ye already seem to feel it. Ye need, therefore, hae no hesitation or fear in tellin' me yer minds. Cocklaws' bark is waur than his bite; an' ye already ken the sound o' the ane as weel as the force o' the ither.'

On hearing this speech, Hotspur was clearly inclined to carry on the joke; and was actually, according to his rapid manner, about to throw himself at Cocklaws' feet to ask for mercy, when the grave and austere Albany, having seized him by the arm, and whispered something which made him desist, proceeded to accost Cocklaws, as follows:—

'Cocklaws,' said he, 'your good sense will tell you that the English have not been serious in this attack upon your castle. One proper blow of one of these mangonells would shatter this tower to atoms. The object of this sham siege is, to make Henry of England believe, that his Generals, Hotspur and Douglas, have seriously attacked Scotland, while they, with my co-operation, and we being all friends, have a very different object in view. As my subject, then, I request of you to sign this treaty, whereby you promise, unless relieved by me within six weeks, to surrender your tower to the English. We will explain to you, afterwards, our intentions more fully; and I shall take care to reward you for the part you have already played.'

The request of a sovereign cannot be denied. The thunder-struck Cocklaws signed the treaty, and the Generals departed. He afterwards heard, what became known to the world, that this farce was acted, with a view to blind Henry, King of England, and to operate as a cover for the rebellion which soon broke out in the north of England, and which ended in the

famous battle of Hartlefield, where Percy was slain. It has generally been supposed that Cockburn should have been knighted, but Albany, when the subject was mentioned to him, expressed his displeasure at being put in mind of a circumstance which was, in the end, unfavourable to Scotland.

THE CHASE;

A PASSAGE FROM THE HISTORY OF THE REBELLION.

Many of the Maxwells of Galloway were out in the forty-five, and, after the disaster which put an end to the Stuart cause for ever, few felt more severely the royal displeasure than the catholics of the stewartry. The last of the Maxwells of Orchardtown, in that district, having fought with desperate courage in the ranks of the Pretender, was pursued by the king's troops with the sanguinary spirit of blood-hounds. His activity and knowledge of the country afforded him, however, advantages which set for a long time at defiance all the efforts of his pursuers; but the hardships he encountered, and the privations he suffered, purchased, at a high price, the short respite his ingenuity gained from a melancholy fate.

Maxwell observed that his companions in misfortune generally fled as far as possible from their respective counties, conceiving that the investigations of the soldiers would be directed, in the first instance, to the places of their abode. This, it is well known, was a great error; for the seizures of the fugitives that took place were much more frequently the consequence of the unfriendly character of the persons who concealed them, and who had little interest in their security, than any suspicions of the soldiers directed to localities. Taking advantage of that error, Maxwell went direct to the parish of Urr, where he knew there were many catholics who would lay down their lives for his salvation.

Clothed in the garb of a common labourer, the proprietor of the large estates of Orchardtown hastened his progress to the place of his hope. It was late at night when he arrived at the little, but beautiful village of Dalbeatie, situated on the banks of the angry Urr. He was in a state of great exhaustion, as well as of solicitude—fear he knew not—for he had heard, at several periods, behind him, the tread of horses, which his heated imagination at once converted into those of troopers. Taking no time to select a dwelling of a catholic, he ran up to the nearest door that presented itself; and, lifting the latch, stood before an old woman, who sat at a clear crackling fire, smoking a short cutty pipe, as black as the cat that sat on her knee, and reading her Bible. There was nothing for it but to dash at once into the question, whether she was catholic or protestant.

'A very odd question, that, in these strange times,' answered the old woman, 'and ane I'm no inclined to answer, till I am informed what use ye intend to mak' o't.'

'I am a fugitive from the king's troops,' said Maxwell, 'and claim the protection of a Christian, whether of the one persuasion or the other.'

'And that ye shall hae,' answered the woman, with briskness; 'but upon ae condition.'

'What is that?' said Maxwell.

'It is just that ye dinna ask me to deny you,' answered the old woman; 'ye hae my house at your command, and everything in it that may assist ye in concealing yersel' frae Geordie's hounds except my conscience.'

At this moment Maxwell thought he heard the sound of the troopers, and, taking advantage of the qualified consent of the old woman, stept forward, with a view to explore the recesses of the humble apartment. His first resolution was to get beneath the bed; but that was objected to by the old woman as unwise, for, as she remarked, that was the very first place his pursuers would likely search. The quickness of the woman vindicated the superiority of her sex, in devising expedients.

'Tak that ladder, and mount up to the skylight,' she cried; 'open it, and try if it is big enough to let your body out. The roof o' the house is the safest place in it. Ye can lie there and crack to me through the window, and maybe I may hand ye up something to cheer your sorrowfu' heart.'

The idea was excellent. Maxwell immediately mounted, got out at the skylight, and, laying his body along the thatched roof, looked down upon his conditional protectress with gratitude.

'Now,' said the old woman, 'I can safely say ye're no in my house. Dinna ye see how meikle we women hae improved, sin' the days o' our common mither, wha, if she had but a tenth pairt o' the wit o' her dochters, might easily hae saved us frae the burden o' our original sin. Dinna ye see, that I can, by denying your being in my house, save ane o' my sin faith and my conscience, at the same time.'

Maxwell saw the importance of the judaical construction which the woman was inclined to put upon her answer, and it cheered his drooping spirits; but he suspected the possibility of the soldiers putting such a question as would place the old woman's conscience, whose sensibility might outstrip the ingenuity of her mind, as well as himself, in jeopardy; and he therefore endeavoured to prevail upon her to give up all her scruples, and deny him out and out. Putting his hands to the sides of his mouth, to prevent the sound from escaping outwardly, and direct it down into the house, he said—

'I suppose you are well acquainted with your Bible; and no doubt it is from that precious volume that you draw your reasons for not denying me to the soldiers. But, if I recollect rightly, there is no express commandment against telling a white lie to save a friend; for the ninth only forbids the bearing of false witness against our neighbour, and I am only asking you to say a word against truth for a friend.'

'And a guda friend, in truth,' replied the woman,

'ye are, to come and sit on my roof and try to persuade me that a lee is no forbidden in the Bible. Did ye never read that Ananias, and Sapphira his wife, were both, by the vengeance of the Almighty, struck dead for telling a lee, far whiter in its complexion than what ye see cunningly would hae me to tell.'

Caught by the biblical lore of the woman, Maxwell changed his tactics, and endeavoured to maintain, that, although lies were forbidden, there were some instances where they were permitted.

'You are right, my good lady,' rejoined Maxwell, 'but you must admit that, in some cases, even on Bible authority, the end justifies the means, and untruths have, for certain purposes, been permitted. It is, moreover, very remarkable, that you women have been selected, in preference to us men, as the agents in those instances where lies are permitted in Scripture.'

'I dinna like flattery,' interrupted the woman, with a quaint coquettish tone.

'For you are aware,' continued Maxwell, 'that Rahab received and concealed the two spies sent from Shittim, and denied that she had seen them; and Rachel sat upon the images, and said to her father, who searched for the same, that she could not rise up, and therefore denied that she had taken them.'

'Ay, and there is anither instance ye micht hae mentioned,' said the woman; 'but I'm no sic a fule as tell ye what it is; for I think it is mair against my sex than the cases that hae enabled ye to pour down sae mickle abuse on us, wha are the very fountains o' mankind. But a' thae lees werena justified, freand, nae mair than were those tauld by Peter and Abraham.'

This opposition on the part of the woman disconcerted Maxwell greatly; for at that very moment the whole village was disturbed by the noise of the soldiers, who had arrived and were searching every house in it. He, therefore, clung to the concession already made by the woman, reminded her that he was *not* in her house, and suggested the improbability of any question being put as to his being *on* it.

In a little time the door opened, and Maxwell could see, without being discovered, the men who were thirsting for his blood, at least for the reward which the spilling of it would yield them, enter the house, and search every corner of it for himself. They repeatedly asked the woman if she had any person secreted in it. To this she uniformly answered 'No.'

'Art thou sure, old lady,' said the Lieutenant of the company, 'that thou hast no man secreted in thy house?'

'Sure am I o' that,' replied she; 'and, for the truth o' what I say, I can appeal to a' abune,' giving a wink to Maxwell, who trembled for her bold indiscretion.

'But hast thou not this day seen Maxwell of Orchardtown, the king's outlaw, or heard of him, or suspect where he is or has been?'

'I hae seen nae man wham I kenned to be Maxwell o' Orchardtown,' replied the close-sailing casuist.

After searching the house, the men departed, but the noise in the village still continued. Maxwell felicitated himself on his escape; and the good woman prepared to give her guest some porridge, provided she could devise any means of getting them up to him, being unable to mount the ladder. This difficulty was overcome by throwing a string up to Maxwell, who held the one end of it, while the old woman tied the other to the dish. A good warm supper of our national meal assuaged the pangs of a two days' hunger, and the dauntless fugitive enjoyed, in the very midst of an uproar produced by the baying of blood-hounds tracking his course, that humble dish, with all the relish of a professor of gourmandise picking the bones of an ortolan.

While the noise in the village continued, Maxwell could not move. The fatigues of the day had produced a lassitude, which soon lulled him to sleep. As he was gently falling into the arms of the drowsy god, he heard the old woman offering up, with the greatest devotion, a prayer for his safety. Never did religion appear to him so fascinating. The Castle of Orchardtown, with all its grandeur, never presented to him a scene so full of picturesque beauty, as this poor old woman in her little mud hut, addressing the Almighty in her own simple terms, speaking the language of the heart, and breathing the uncontaminated aspirations of a contrite spirit. Far less did ever anything occur there to fill his heart with so engrossing an interest. A stranger, unseen by her before, unknown to her, and liable to be suspected by her, formed the subject of her devotional thanks and her humble petitions—and that person was in the lion's mouth—an outlaw—proscribed by his king, and in the power of a poor old woman—exposed to every privation, lying on a house-top, and denied a vision of the faintest ray of the rainbow of hope. In the devotional contemplation of this subject, and with such feelings of satisfaction, the persecuted owner of thousands lay down and slept on a roof of thatch.

A little before dawn, Maxwell awoke. The sounds of the horsemen had ceased, and as yet the inhabitants were asleep. He cried down to the old woman that it was time he was off to the woods, where he knew a cave which would afford him secure shelter during the day. His protectress requested him to remain until he got something to eat, and, with all the expedition in her power, proceeded to get something prepared for him. While engaged in this occupation, the door opened, and a neighbour entered, requesting a peat wherewith to kindle her fire. Ignorant of the presence of this visitor, Maxwell asked, through the skylight, if his breakfast was yet ready; and the woman, who was in the act of lighting her peat, alarmed and terrified at the supernatural voice coming from above, flew out of the house, with the burning torch in her hand, exclaiming that the devil was in the house of Betty Gordon, who was busy making his porridge. It was yet dark, and the woman's high tones—for she was truly alarmed—with the unusual appearance of a lighted torch flaming in the street, roused the troopers, who had taken up their quarters in the village for the night.

The sounds of the collecting soldiers commenced—the supposed devil was obviously thought to be the object of their search; and they hurried to the house. Maxwell, however, had seen his danger, and, coming down from his hiding-place, by the back part of the house, crossed the Urr, and flew with the greatest

[illegible] down to the Solway. The soldiers rested their steeds. Everything was examined, and one of them taking up the dish, out of which Maxwell had taken his supper, and to which the string was still attached, held it up to his companions, as an evidence that the object of their search had been on the roof of the house. As he held up the dish something fell out of it, which, on being examined, was found to be a diamond ring, which the unhappy outlaw had induced him to [illegible] the adjacent manor, to his protectress. The [illegible] immediately in the hold of [illegible], who, placing it on his finger, held it up to view, and how an outlawed ring looked on a loyal [illegible] Betty vindicated her right to the ring, with all the powers of oratory, but to no purpose. The only reply she got was, that, if she did not remain quiet, she would be removed to Dumfries, and punished for harbouring a traitor. The critical accuracy of this charge appearing to Betty to be unexceedingly doubtful, she defied the officer to his proof, [illegible] with considerable show of reason, and in her own particular style, that as, even by his own allegation, the fugitive had lain on the top of her house, she could not be said to have harboured him, any more than [illegible] the rooks, who often selected her roof to sit on, did, caw their omens over the village. She would not go the length of denying that he had been there; for she found her conscience had taken up the case, and casuistry had little effect on that sturdy champion of the cause of truth.

Being able to procure no trace from Betty of the direction the fugitive had taken, the soldiers betook themselves to a chance pursuit, which turned out to be well directed; for Maxwell soon heard his relentless pursuers at his heels. It was now grey dawn, and he had got to the water's edge. The sounds approached nearer and nearer to him, and his choice seemed to lie between fire and water. Impelled by the keen spur of the highest necessity, he sprung into the water; and just as he had waded as far as to cover all his body excepting his head which, in the dawn, could not be distinguished, he saw the company of troopers dash at full speed along the edge of the bank. So near were they, that he heard them mention his name, and could easily learn, from their conversation, that they had secured the ring which he had meant for a reward to the poor old woman who had treated him so kindly.

Maxwell now took his course by Castle Gower, running at the top of his now diminished speed, and producing, in the intensity of his struggles for life, such a degree of heat throughout his body, that his wet clothes reeked. He presented thus an extraordinary appearance, and attracted attention. Though he avoided houses and sought the woods, he did not escape several people, who, struck with the figure of a man smoking like a kiln—out of breath and gasping, yet still falling on—running and stopping, and running again, and his blood-shot eyes flaring around him, as he expected every moment that death was at his heels—concluded at once that he was a Jacobite flying for life. The circumstance went from mouth to mouth, till it reached the soldiers, who, making sure of the intelligence, turned and tracked their victim through every evolution which his knowledge of the country enabled him to make.

The race was [illegible] long as Maxwell was obliged to keep [illegible] ground; but he soon got to the thickets, and the troopers were obliged to dismount and follow him through the trees. He got now among the old woods of [illegible] striking up on the high ground as his [illegible]. The [illegible] now, however, in the view of his pursuers, were, running [illegible] off their horses, were comparatively fresh and [illegible] the pursuit.—With drawn swords in their hands, which glittered with a fearful brightness under the dark green leaves of the old oaks, they dashed on, and poor Maxwell saw, with dismay, that his career was finished.

Providence, how strange are thy ways! At the very moment when Maxwell thought himself about to resign his life, he fell headlong into a cleft of an old quarry, which had been opened, on the lands of Barchan, by the old Maxwell of Munshes, who married the heiress of Tinwald. There he lay senseless and motionless, as much beyond the fear of his foes as if he had got a free passport; but his relief was the insensibility of a swoon; and when he recovered his senses, he heard the whoop of the soldiers dying away in the distance. They had passed over him, continuing their course, in the belief that he had doubled a corner of the rock, and proceeded in the direction of the river.

In this situation, Maxwell considered what course he should now take. He conceived himself unseen where he lay, for he knew that the moment the soldiers cleared the woods and saw no trace of him beyond, they would return and search for the place where he lay, and, in all probability, find him. The thought of dying in a cave, without room for the play of his arms, like a badger baited by terriers, suited not the taste of Maxwell, who was determined to sell his life at a dear price. Climbing out of the cave, he made again for the Solway, in the expectation of getting into a boat, which, as he passed before, he saw lying on its banks. This expectation did not fail him—the boat was still there—in he vaulted, and, taking the oars into his hands, pulled away [illegible] all his strength.

In a short time [illegible] got a considerable distance from land; and co[illegible] himself now safe, at least for a time, the ene[illegible] which the instinctive love of life had called [illegible] failed, and he lay down in the bottom of t[illegible] a state of exhaustion approaching to inani[illegible] novelty, if not the danger of his situation, had [illegible] power sufficient to rouse his torpid faculties—a [illegible] influence seized every fibre of his body, and an [illegible] of fearful weight pressed upon him, while his i[illegible] on wandered, and dreams of battles and blood [illegible] over him, producing convulsive starts and deep gro[illegible]

A dawning sense of the danger of his situation at length beamed on his reviving imagination, but, even after he was aware of the true nature of his condition,—at sea in an open boat—his exhausted limbs denied their office, and he remained for some time in that situation, which is so often experienced in dreams, when the mind [illegible] awake to a supposed danger, but the energies of [illegible] are asleep. When he fully recovered his faculties, and looked up and around him, he discovered that he had drifted, with a receding tide, far down the Solway, and that an easterly wind was begin-

ing to ruffle the waves, and impel the boat faster in its course. A new danger now threatened him. The wind was fast increasing in intensity, the boat was already in full speed for the ocean, and he perceived, with dismay, that he had escaped from a death on land, to be swallowed up in the waves of the Atlantic.

The horrors of this apprehension did not, however, prevent Maxwell from using the powers the Almighty had still left him, with a view to save his life; but all his energies did not suffice to enable him to dispute space with the dire enemies he had now to contend with. He was now beyond the sight of land—a deep fog surrounded him on all sides—the wind howled, and the waves lashed round the small boat, as if they demanded the craft to resign their victim. Maxwell continued to pull with his utmost power, but his efforts only made more evident the insurmountable strength of the angry spirit of the incipient storm; yet still he toiled, determined to die at the oar rather than resign the last flickering hope, that glided, with its faint beam, the verge of his imagination.

Some hours passed in this dreadful struggle, and nature was again exhausted. His arms became weak and palsied, and the oars fell from his grasp into the sea, carrying with them the last hope of life. Resigned, at last, to a fate which he had so often and so narrowly escaped—death, so terrible, even in its mildest aspect; but, when marshalled in, and surrounded by the dread furies that wait on the angry spirit of the storm, how indescribably awful! Maxwell looked silently and coldly over the boiling waters, and waited his doom. So certain, so near, seemed to him that consummation of his woes, that he already conceived himself as no longer belonging to the living. The death of hope was the dissolution of his powers of perception; and his eye was already fixed on the ghastly forms which despair throws round its victim, as if in preparation for the final onset of the mighty king.

'Hallo!' thundered a stentorian voice in the ear of the exhausted and already half-dead victim. Maxwell started to his feet, and beheld a boat alongside, with people endeavouring to throw grappling-irons, to bind the boat in which he was to the welcome stranger. In a short time he was removed into the other boat; which, being supplied with sails, drew, in a moment, in full flight for the land. Having recovered himself, he looked round, and saw sitting in the stern two of the king's troops, who had been sent off to secure him. 'Again saved, and again consigned to death,' he muttered to himself; and, folding his arms in his breast, he looked sternly at his foes.

The boat soon approached the land. Maxwell had been allowed to remain without manacles, for the violence of the boat rendered it impossible for the soldiers to fix them, and they reserved that duty till they should get into smooth water. The surf on the shore, however, rendered that operation more difficult than in the open sea; and a greater obstacle still resulted, in the sickness of the soldiers, who, unaccustomed to such rough sailing, hung over the gunwale, and vomited into the sea. On reaching the land, the boat struck violently on the beach, approaching and receding alternately, and producing great annoyance to the sick men, who, Maxwell observed, were totally unable to bind or guard him, while the sailors seemed to concern themselves very little as to whether he remained or escaped. Taking advantage of this favourable state of matters, he plunged into the sea, and, in a few minutes, was on dry land.

On looking round him, he saw that he was landed near to the place from whence he had sailed; but all rest was yet in reserve for him. The remainder of the soldiers were on their way to the beach to meet their companions. He resolved to proceed again to the cave, and hastened with all the quickness in his power, that he might secrete himself before they came up. The beagles were, however, again at his heels, and the race was again for life. He soon reached the woods, and, as darkness was fast closing in, he began to entertain a slight hope of ultimate escape. All was quiet, save the flutter of a few small birds. The wind had fallen, and the contrast which the scene now before him presented, to that he had witnessed so shortly before, was so remarkable, that he stood for a moment to contemplate it, and wept for the cause which had banished him from his domains, and filled his cup with such bitterness of sorrow. As he dashed the tears from his eyes, on resuming his race, the sounds of the soldiers were again recognised by him; and, on turning round, he saw them at no great distance, while he was yet a considerable way from the cave. The advantage they had over him, by being fresh and vigorous, soon became manifest. They gained upon him at every step, and he was now in the same danger as when formerly Providence snatched him from his enemies and hurried him under the ground. It was now impossible to reach the quarry. The eyes of the soldiers were fixed upon him, as if determined that he should not again escape, and he now finally resolved to take his stand. Determined to die rather than yield, he placed his back against an oak, and waited the coming of his foes. The sergeant of the company had been considerably a-head of his companions during the chase, and came up to the desperate man alone. He fell in an instant, shot by a concealed pistol which Maxwell drew from his pocket, and his sword was immediately seized, to enable his victor to barter his life for as many of the lives of his persecutors as he could secure. The conflict was short but terrible. Three men fell by the hand of Maxwell, and he resigned his life, covered with many wounds.

The body of the unfortunate but brave heir of Orchardtown was taken first to Dalbeattie. Betty Gordon requested that, till it was otherwise disposed of, it might lie in her house. The request was not denied; and many people, having heard of the brave manner in which he had met his fate, assembled to see the remains of a man who exhibited on his person no fewer than fifteen sabre cuts. The Spartan mothers would in vain have augured, from the position of his wounds, that he died with his back to his foes. A safer construction would have been, that his death was doubly glorious; for he gave his breast to his enemies, and his defenceless back received only those wounds which that could not contain.

THE BATTLE OF DRYFE SANDS.

The power of custom to render the mind indifferent or insensible to danger, has never been better exemplified than by the mothers, and wives, and daughters of the ancient Borderers. They were wont to regard without apprehension the departure of their dearest relatives upon perilous expeditions—neither expressing nor experiencing any feeling except a wish for the success of the *raid*. Nay, the fair dames of these stern warriors and marauders not unfrequently hinted that the larder needed replenishing, by placing on the table, when the last bullock was devoured, a dish which, on being uncovered, was found to contain a pair of clean spurs; or by making the announcement that 'hough's i' the pot;' or by calling, within hearing of the laird, on the herds to bring out THE COW; or, in short, by the thousand and one means which the ready wit of woman could devise. Rapine and war, were the sole business of the chiefs and their retainers; and matrons and maidens, if they had wept and wailed whenever their natural protectors went 'to take a prey,' would have been thought just as unreasonable as some of our modern ladies, who will not allow their husbands to proceed about their daily avocations without bestowing on them tears, kisses, and embraces, in superabundance.

The mistress of Thrieve Castle, Lady Maxwell, possessed her full share of that masculine character which was deemed befitting in a Borderer's wife; and, although she had mingled in the galeties of the unhappy Mary's court, that sternness which was part of her inheritance as a daughter of the house of Douglas, had not been perceptibly diminished in the course of her residence at Holyrood. The aggrandizement of her husband's family was the perpetual subject of her thoughts; and whatever affected their honour or their interest was felt as keenly by Lady Maxwell as by the most devoted follower. At the time to which this narrative relates, her meditations ran even more frequently and fully than usual in their accustomed channel.

About ten years before James VI. succeeded to the throne of England, the hereditary feud which had for generations subsisted betwixt the Maxwells of Nithsdale and the Johnstones of Annandale, broke forth with redoubled violence. Several of the lairds, whose possessions lay within the district which was disturbed by the contentions of these two races, had sustained serious injury from the incursions of marauders from Annandale, and, in consequence, had entered into a secret compact, offensive and defensive, with Lord Maxwell. This transaction reached the ears of Sir James Johnstone, who forthwith endeavoured to break the league which had so greatly extended his rival's power. The petty warfare betwixt the two barons was carried on for some time without producing any very decisive result. The compact was still unbroken, and, to all appearance, the Maxwells were rapidly acquiring that ascendancy which would soon render resistance hopeless. But the worsted party obtained the aid of the Scotts and other clans from the middlemost district. Lord Maxwell, on the other hand, rallied around him the barons of Nithsdale, displayed his banner as the King's lieutenant, and hastened to attack his opponents in their fastnesses.

Although Lady Maxwell entertained no extravagant dread with regard to the safety of her husband and son, or even with regard to the result of a conflict for which such ample preparations had been made, she could not suppress a feeling of impatience when the afternoon of the second day after the departure of the expedition arrived without bringing any intelligence of the result. She endeavoured, however, to check the melancholy bourse of her thoughts, by supposing that the pursuit of the enemy had occasioned the delay; but then she deemed it strange that her husband had sent no messenger with the tidings of his success; and again she pleased herself with the reflection, that he had reserved for himself the agreeable duty of announcing the happy issue of the conflict.

The shades of evening were descending, when Lady Maxwell, with her little daughters and younger son, proceeded to the battlements of the Thrieve. This ancient stronghold—which was a royal castle, though the keeping of it was entrusted to the family of Maxwell—was situated on a small island, formed by the river Dee, in the centre of a moorish tract of country. Its gloomy appearance was, and still is, in harmony with the surrounding desolation; but it is now no longer the abode of man, and is left, a monument of departed greatness, to mouldder away. Lady Maxwell had not continued long to gaze over the wilderness which stretched around, when she observed a band of mosstroopers approaching from the east; and the light was still strong enough to show that these warriors had not the appearance of a host returning victorious from battle. On the contrary, their steeds were jaded; they seemed themselves to be exhausted with toil; and, instead of the shouts of laughter which usually burst from the merry bands of Borderers, silence seemed to prevail in their ranks. 'Pray God, nothing evil hath happened!' exclaimed the lady, in alarm. And scarcely had she descended to the hall of the castle, when her eldest son, a youth of twenty years, stood in her presence—but he stood alone. The loss which she had sustained flashed across her mind in an instant—'Your father! where is my husband?' ejaculated Lady Maxwell, wildly. 'But I need not ask—I know it all—he will return no more. Is it not so?'

The silence of her son showed her that she had guessed aright. But, although her heart grew sick and her limbs waxed weak, she suppressed her emotion and hastened to her chamber, there to give vent to her grief in solitude. Meanwhile, preparations for the evening meal were made; the exhausted soldiers ranged themselves beside the table which extended through the baronial hall; and their young master occupied the seat of his father—though at the moment he could have wished that some less trying proof of his self-command had been exacted. But it would have been deemed a want of hospitality had he not remained beside his guests—of whom some were barons inferior only to himself in consequence.

When the hunger of the half-famished troopers was

somewhat opposed, the events of the morning began to form the topic of conversation—which, however, was carried on only in whispers. Lord Maxwell, it seems, had encountered his opponents at the Dryffe Sands, not far from Lockerby, in Annandale, and had been defeated, partly in consequence of the cowardice of his confederates, whose alliance with him had been the sole cause of the renewed hostility. He was struck from his horse in his flight; and although he sued for quarter, the miscreant by whom he was assailed struck off his hand, which had been stretched forth as the sign of entreaty, and mercilessly slaughtered the unfortunate baron. Many of his followers perished in the fight, and most of them were cruelly wounded—especially by slashes in the face.* The young Lord Maxwell and his friends (having left a sufficient body of men to repel any immediate invasion) proceeded to the Castle of the Thrieve, situated in the recesses of his family possessions, and a very considerable distance from the scene of the conflict, for the purpose of concerting measures with regard to the further prosecution of hostilities.

After the deliberations of the evening were concluded, and the wearied soldiers had gone to rest, Lady Maxwell summoned her son to her presence, and asked what course it was intended to adopt?

'Orchardstone talks of a bond,' replied young Maxwell.

'A bond of alliance!—and did you listen to him?' said the lady, looking keenly at her son; 'did you let him repeat the word? An eye that shrinks from the gaze of another tells no good tale; a cheek in which the blood ebbs and flows within a moment, betrays no stout heart. It must not be. Peace! who would talk of peace to one who has just suffered bereavement? Talk not to me of peace—talk not to me of bonds. Talk of revenge. Remember that the blood of him who has been treacherously slain flows in your veins. You had no craven heart from him—you have none from me. Why then do you stand mute and wavering?'

'Madam, you have forestalled me,' said the youth. 'I will have revenge. The King'——

'What! would you play the spaniel to James?—a [illegible] sovereign, worthy of a craven suitor. Boy! [illegible] you break my heart outright? Will you doom me [illegible] disgrace as the mother of a coward?—make me [illegible] the day in which I was wedded, and the hour in which you were born? This comes of the monkish tricks taught you by that old man whom your father brought to his house, not to make a coward of his son, but to shelter a trembling priest from persecution.'

'Madam, let me speak—if it please you, I am no coward—no craven,' exclaimed the young lord, proudly. 'I am not a child that needs to be chidden with the rod or with harsh speeches; and my father's blood boils as fiercely in my veins as the blood of the Douglas in yours. Our deliberations are not at an end, and, by day-break to-morrow, they will [illegible]'

'Nay, but, my son, you [illegible] that you will [illegible]'

'revenge,' cried Lady Maxwell; 'you speak of those petty barons whom you demean yourself so far as to consult. Your father told them what was his will, and never asked what was theirs. It was theirs to obey.'

'Why do you speak so hardly of me?' asked the youth. 'Have I not borne myself like my equals and my race? But you shall not want revenge—you shall not want the heart's blood that you ask. This house, these lands, these vassals, are yours, until revenge is yours. They will be employed in the pursuit of revenge. No lady shall hold your place; my life shall have but one object, till that object is accomplished; my being shall have but one end; my thoughts shall have only one aim; my heart will delight in only one hope.'

'Stay, stay, my son,' interrupted Lady Maxwell, in a calmer tone than had hitherto marked her address; 'you have said enough—ay, more than enough—to satisfy my doubts. I would not remain sole lady of this castle.'

'The oath is recorded in heaven, and may not be recalled,' was the answer of the young lord.

Lord Maxwell, [illegible] receiving a maternal benediction, retired to his chamber; and, notwithstanding the difficulties which he knew it would be his lot immediately to encounter, the fatigue of the day was more than enough to insure him a good night's rest. His slumbers continued undisturbed, until the old man to whom reference has already been made, came to his bedside early on the following morning. This person was a clansman, who had entered the church, and had embraced the doctrines of the Reformation. About ten years before the death of Lord Maxwell, that nobleman had quarrelled with the Earl of Arran, who at that time was the reigning favourite of James VI.; and he had [illegible] brought his learned clansman to the Castle of the Thrieve. The rude warden of the west marches—for Lord Maxwell held that office—had no taste for the religious exercises which his namesake, John, wished to introduce into the household; and it may be that the baron's favour for Presbyterianism was owing to the single circumstance that Arran was an object of detestation common to him and to the ministers. But, although few listeners could be found for the discourses of the aged preacher, his assiduity had enabled him to impart a share of his knowledge to his patron's son and heir, who in some measure repaid him for his care by regarding him with strong feelings of respect and attachment.

When Lord Maxwell had dressed himself, he proceeded to the study of his aged friend, who had requested an interview with him at that early hour.

'I fear your rest has been broken by my [illegible] silence,' said the minister; 'but, as I was anxious [illegible] before your comrades were astir, it was not easy to do otherwise.'

The young baron assured him that he was completely refreshed, and begged him to [illegible] the cause of his anxiety.

'You will pardon me,' said the [illegible] if I intrude a word or two of advice upon [illegible] The rules of Border morality require you to avenge the death of your father. I have oftentimes shewn you [illegible]

* This kind of wound is called a "Lockerby lick"—the place which bears that name being in the immediate vicinity of the field of battle.

these rules were wrong; and you have owned that what I have said was true. Are you now ready to act upon your own independent judgment, to forego your desire for revenge, and to enter into alliance with Johnstone? Will you permit these barons who are now asleep beneath the roof-tree of your house, to make you do what you know and feel to be wrong?'

'It may not be,' said the other; 'my fathers have died on the battle-field, and I must not die in my bed. But I am bound by a solemn vow—by all that I hope and enjoy—to seek revenge, by day and by night, by all honourable means; to risk life, lands, liberty—ay, happiness in this world and the next—before I abandon the pursuit.'

'Ay, but, my son,' replied the aged minister—'for so would I call thee who art dearer to me than life—a vow or oath which has an evil object in view, may be honourably broken. The honour is in breaking, not in keeping it.'

'The oath is no longer in mine own keeping; and I would not break it, even if I could.' It may be that an evil oath should be broken; I pretend not to skill in these matters. But I feel,' said Lord Maxwell, in an energetic tone, 'I feel that this oath of mine cannot be broken. I have not taken it in haste; and sooner would I wish that my head, severed from my body, were placed over the gate of Johnstone's castle of Lochwood, there by turns to blacken in the sun and bleach in the rain, than I would now break my vow in one particular.'

'Alas! for thee, my son!' exclaimed the minister, in the tremulous accents of age and of distress. 'I dreamed that thou wouldst prove an honour to thy kind and thy country,—that for thee it was reserved the task of healing the wounds of this distracted land.'

'Forgive me, my second father,' said the young baron, taking his aged friend by the hand; 'my doom is fixed, but my deeds must be done within a narrower sphere. My objects are not like those of peace. Blood has been shed, and it must be wiped away. My father has been lost, and it must be avenged. My father has perished miserably—yet not miserably, for he died on the field of battle. His blood cries aloud for vengeance.'

The aged minister's grief would not allow him to pour the prayer that passed from his heart to heaven, on behalf of his erring pupil. Lord Maxwell silently wrung the hand that was enclosed in his own, and hastened to meet the barons, who had now assembled in the hall, and only waited until their host should resume his place, before beginning their morning's repast.

Considerable division of opinions existed in the councils of the Nithsdale barons, with regard to the propriety of putting an end to the disturbances, by entering into league with Sir James Johnstone; but the determination with which Lord Maxwell avowed his intention of calling upon them all to act in conformity with their previous letters of *manrent*, soon put an end to the deliberations of the morning, and immediate steps were taken for pursuing the warfare with renewed vigour. Sir Robert Maxwell of Orchardstone, who was married to a sister of Sir James Johnstone, but who had, nevertheless, taken the part of his chief, Lord Maxwell, in the recent dispute, was permitted to remain inactive; but his contingency of men was [illegible] as that of any other baron who [illegible] himself to give all support to the head of the clan. Day after day incursions were made by these hostile tribes into the territory of each other; their hatred hourly waxed stronger; those courtesies which even marauders sometimes practised, were thrown aside with shameful indifference. Rapine, and crimes of every complexion, were of daily occurrence; villages were burned without compunction; neither age nor sex was spared; slaughter and conflagration was now the end and aim of the freebooters, instead of plunder. No redeeming ray was cast over the horrors of this continued warfare by any of those circumstances which sometimes show the hearts of men in their more favourable aspects; and to describe the progress of events in this district of country for the course of many succeeding years, would be to weary the reader with a repetition of the most fearful atrocities.

Is it wonderful that a familiarity with scenes of blood should steel the heart of the young baron, and make him deaf to the voice of compassion or remonstrance? Need it be said that cruelty became the characteristic of his mind; that his temper became harsh, his disposition imperious, and his spirit as untameable as it was fiery? Neither the threats nor the entreaties of his sovereign himself could make Lord Maxwell lay aside his vindictive purpose: the former were despised, because they could not be executed; the latter were unheeded, because they were as dust in the balance compared with the revenge which the young chief had vowed to obtain. The appointment of his experienced rival to the wardenry of the middle marches, about five or six years after the battle of Dryfe Sands, made the cup of bitterness overflow. Lord Maxwell took advantage of Sir James Johnstone's absence, to ravage that baron's territory with greater ferocity than ever; and, on the pretext afforded by this last fearful inroad, he was prohibited from approaching the Border counties. The mandate was scorned because it could not be carried into effect; and these hostile tribes continued to lay waste the territories of each other until King James ascended the English throne, when, in the course of a year or two, the power of that monarch was so much strengthened, that he was, ere long, enabled to place under the command of Sir James Johnstone a force which was found sufficient for the purpose of expelling the refractory Lord Maxwell.

The fugitive baron, half-frenzied with anger and disappointment, was invited by his kinsmen, the Marquis of Hamilton, to take up his abode in Craignethan Castle, a stronghold situated in the most fertile district of Clydesdale, upon a rock which overhangs the river. The Marquis and his father (who had died a short time before the arrival of Lord Maxwell at Craignethan) had always supported their relative whenever differences arose betwixt him and the court of King James; and this support was tendered not so much from the coarser motives, which, for the most part, lay at the foundation of noble friendships in those days, as from regard to Lord Maxwell, whose better qualities had not been so totally obscured in the course of his brief but

bloody corse, so to prevent him from becoming an object of affection among his own kindred and dependants.

But neither the Marquis, nor his mother, (who still lived to relate, rather for her own amusement than for the edification of her hearers, the achievements of her sons,) nor his sister, the Lady Margaret, could devise any means of dispelling the gloom which marked the countenance and deportment of their guest; and he seemed even to hate the very amusements with which his friends endeavoured to draw his thoughts away from the bitter recollections that were the daily subject of his contemplation. His only enjoyment seemed to consist in traversing the romantic scenes which lay around; and scarcely a day passed without a visit to some of those spots in which the rude magnificence exhibited by nature in the rocks and ravines, was contrasted with the gentleness and beauty that characterized many patches reclaimed from the waste by the industry of the neighbouring husbandman. At other times he would roam through the woods until he lost himself in their mazes, and his mind was roused into activity by the effort to retrace his steps.

A beautiful dell, in which all sorts of scenery were harmoniously combined, was a favourite haunt of the baron; and here he often stretched himself at mid-day beneath the shadow of some vast oak or beech, that he might meditate in solitude and in silence on schemes for recovering his affairs; for restoring him to his possessions in their full extent and without restraint; and, above all, for consummating that revenge which was still ungratified, notwithstanding all the repine and slaughter of eight years.

As he was one day engaged in such contemplations—profaning, with evil thoughts, the retreats which seemed to have been consecrated, by nature, to peace and holiness, and all good affections—his attention was arrested by a song familiar to Borderers, and composed by one of the men who had been executed for the murder of Sir James Johnstone's predecessor in the wardenship of the middle marches. But although the associations which were awakened in the mind of Lord Maxwell on hearing *Johnie Armstrong's Last Good-Night** were of a mixed nature, the sweet tones of the singer and the allusions to the Border made him forget, in the delight of the moment, the more painful meditations which had been thus agreeably interrupted. The delicious dream lasted only for a minute: the voice of song was hushed; and although the baron, with curiosity to which he had for years remained a stranger, started slowly from the ground that he might discover the sweet disturber of his thoughts, he was too late; for no one save himself stood within the dell, where he had sought solitude, though, as it turned out, he had not altogether found it.

His reveries were now at an end for the time; and he returned to the castle with that reluctance which every man feels when he is about to mingle in society without possessing the power of deriving delight from his intercourse with human kind.

In the course of the evening—which was mostly devoted by the guests of the Marquis to sports varied by occasional conversations on all sorts of subjects, from lively to severe—a keen dispute arose between a young French count and one of his comrades with regard to the merits of Scottish music. After arguing, and stating, and restating their opinions, until they found that the one could not convince the other, they agreed to refer the point to Lord Maxwell, who seemed to be the only person not talking or listening to talk at the moment; and they then proceeded to give specimens at once of their own vocal powers and of the beauty of the music peculiarly prevalent in their respective countries. After the trial was completed, a round of laughter greeted the competitors, whose performance, it may be supposed from this reception, was none of the most beautiful. The umpire, when asked to deliver his award, only shook his head.

'Though I don't pretend to say which is the *better* singer,' said Lord Maxwell, 'I will undertake to convince our foreign friend that Scottish melodies are at least equal to the music which he adores; but you, my Lord, must aid me, otherwise this mighty dispute must remain unsettled.'

'Speak your wish,' said the Marquis, 'and it shall be gratified, if I can help you.'

'You have sometimes told me that I do nothing but roam about your woods and ravines, scarcely opening my lips or my ears; but to-day, at least, it was not so. My day-dreams were agreeably dispelled by some songstress, who had escaped, however, before I could discover whether the lips which breathed such melody were as sweet as the song. Could you only hear *Armstrong's Good-Night* warbled as I heard it to-day, your disputes would soon be at an end. Perhaps some of the village girls may'——

'No village girl, my lord,' exclaimed the defender of Scottish music.

All eyes were in a moment fixed upon Lady Margaret, whose blushes had betrayed her. The ballad was once more sung; and need it be said that the disbeliever in Scottish melody became a convert, and, like other converts, became even more zealous than his old antagonist in praises of the song and of the songstress? Lord Maxwell began to chide himself for not having sooner discovered that Lady Margaret was not only endowed with a sweet voice, but possessed of great personal attractions. He had, indeed, frequently heard her sing; but the right chord had never been touched before; and it was only when the ballads with which he was familiar, and which were the native growth of his own province, fell upon his ear, that his attention was awakened, and the full beauty of the vocal powers possessed by his unseen chaunter was perceived.

Margaret Hamilton was now in her eighteenth year,

* "The music of the most accomplished singer," says Goldsmith, in his Essays, "is dissonance to what I felt when an old blind crowder came into tears with *Johnie Armstrong's Last Good-Night*." Of this ballad only two stanzas (which are subjoined) have survived till modern times. The beauty of these only deepens the feeling of regret at the loss of the rest.

"This night's my departing night,
For here no longer must I stay;
There's neither friend nor foe o' mine
But wishes me away.

"What I have done through lack of wit,
I never, never can recall;
I hope you're a' my friends as yet—
Good night, and joy be with you all!"

and possessed that irregular beauty—glowing with life and health—which wins the heart more readily than the most faultless but chilling perfection of feature. The high intelligence and elevated feeling which sat 'in her aspect and her eyes,' her bright complexion and raven ringlets made her such a being as the imagination delights to portray and contemplate, though the beautiful vision which flits across the mind seldom has a living, and breathing, and moving counterpart in the material world.

The excursions of Lord Maxwell were not now so solitary as they had been before the occurrence of the incident already mentioned; and a walk without a companion was now the exception from the general rule. That companion—need it be recorded?—was Margaret Hamilton. Every scene that deserved a visit—every wondrous work of nature or curious work of man, within a range of several miles around Craignethan Castle—was pointed out by Lady Margaret for the admiration of her brother's guest. Nor was it long before the admiration bestowed upon the lifeless scenes which they contemplated in common, was transferred to each other by the animated observers themselves. They rapidly proceeded through all the stages of that fever which in its crisis is called love. The feuds, and animosities, and revenge, of the Nithdale baron were for a time forgotten; those better affections which had been cherished by the preceptor of his youth—the gentler feelings which produce the courtesies and kindnesses of life—the intellectual tastes which had long lain uncultivated, and had indeed borne many weeds under the influence of harsh passions—all these began in some measure to revive; his spirit, freed for a season from the operation of those motives which had hitherto guided it with so much power, appeared to be softened; his demeanor lost somewhat of its sternness; and a new passion seemed to be expelling all those fiercer emotions by which he had hitherto been governed.

But these delightful days could not last forever; and the Marquis, although he was pleased when he first saw the change in the deportment of his relative, felt that the intimacy of his sister and his kinsman could not last long without ripening into attachment. Yet he attempted to soothe his disquietude by the usual excuse that his apprehensions were outrunning the reality; and he delayed all interference until interference was in vain. Besides, he was himself about to enter into the state of wedlock; and could not be in a very fit condition for testing the affections of others with anything like severity. Autumn had arrived before the Marquis introduced the subject. He rallied his kinsman on his bachelorship.

'But why may not I remain a bachelor and be as happy as you?'

'What!—I would Lady Margaret heard you. Could she not make you change your mind?' said the Marquis, keenly eyeing Lord Maxwell.

The baron gave no reply—for the words died on his lips. The blood forsook his cheek; the fire was quenched in his eye; even his stature seemed to lessen; and he looked as if heaven in its wrath had struck him with its thunderbolt. The oath which he had sworn, and which he had broken even by his sloth in lingering at Craignethan Castle, recurred to his mind in all its force:—one aim, one hope, one affection, one object—revenge, bloody revenge, on the head of the clan that had slain his father, was all for which he had vowed to live, until the deed of death was accomplished, or he himself was laid in the dust. He remembered, with loathing unspeakable, the words which he had uttered; his heart fell crushed within him; and he stood without speaking a word until his horror-stricken friend roused him by the hand and roused him from the fearful reverie into which he had so suddenly fallen.

'I thank you—I thank you,' cried Maxwell, abstractedly; 'but I forget. Your roof can shelter me no more. I must leave you now—yes, this very instant.'

'But, my dear friend,' said the Marquis, interrupting him, 'Why do you speak of departure? I did not mean offence; and let none be taken.'

'Nay, nay, I am not offended at aught: you have reminded me of my duty—and every moment that I stay here is a moment lost. I must to horse.'

'But not without telling me why you leave me so abruptly. You say I have not offended you; and yet you talked not of departure until this moment. If the reason be one that can be told, why should you conceal it from your warmest friend?'

'My father's death is unavenged. I have loitered here like a dull slave shrinking from his task. I have forfeited my faith—I have broken my oath. I must redeem the one, and fulfil the other.'

'What task? what faith? what oath?' ejaculated the Marquis, hurriedly.

'I have told you the task—to revenge my father's death. I have sworn that, until the life's blood of his foe be sprinkled on the earth, I will not rest by day or by night—I will not enjoy land, power, or life itself, except as the means of accomplishing my purpose. I will remain unwedded—I will possess no hope on earth or in heaven, save one—the hope of revenge. I have broken my faith; for I have not laboured without ceasing, but have lazily sojourned under this roof. That faith must be redeemed by the fulfilment of my vow. Should the fair lady of whom you spoke,' he added, in a tone little elevated above a whisper, 'deign to look down on one so unworthy, she will see me a suitor at her feet whenever my first duty has been discharged.'

The remonstrances of the Marquis could avail nothing, and Lord Maxwell sallied forth from Craignethan Castle. The prohibitions of his sovereign had no power to prevent the baron and his vassals from renewing hostilities against their hereditary enemies. The awakened chief hastened, despite the royal mandate, to his native possessions; the joyous news of his return spread, in a day, from Thrieve Castle to the remotest hamlet in Eskdale—for the authority of the Maxwells extended over the vast district of country which lies on the Scottish side of the Solway. Immediate preparations were made for an incursion into Annandale. But these movements did not take place without the knowledge of Sir James Johnstone, who, on his side, mustered his vassals, and obtained reinforcements of royal troops, for the purpose of protecting his own territory, as well as enforcing obedience to the will of his sovereign, by compelling Lord Maxwell

once more to retire from the Borders. The Lord of Nithdale proceeded on his expedition, with the view of pressing his opponent into his fastnesses in the hills; but his schemes were baffled by Sir James Johnstone, who selected a rising ground not very far from the scene of the bloody conflict of Dryffe Sands, as an advantageous position for receiving the attack of his enemy. Lord Maxwell had expected that he would have taken his opponent unawares—that he would have found Johnstone's retainers scattered, and his territory undefended; but, nevertheless, with characteristic impetuosity, he resolved to risk a battle; the disgrace of retreating without striking a blow, the decency which anything like vacillation was likely to produce among his retainers, add those motives which addressed themselves more directly to his passions, all weighed with him, even though he learned that his force was inferior to that of his foe.

The conflict was severe and protracted; but, although Lord Maxwell's followers fought, with desperate courage, they were unable to keep their ground against the large and well-appointed force arrayed against them. Their leader rallied them once and again; animated them by his own example; called on them to bear themselves as they were wont; reminded them, by one or two words, of former conflicts bravely fought; and did all that he could to secure victory. But his efforts were in vain, and his retainers fled on every side, after the battle had been contested until not a man remained without a wound. He, however, did not join his followers, though they tried to hurry him from the field; but he disengaged himself from their grasp, and, frantic with disappointment, rushed into the midst of his adversaries. The cry, 'Take him alive,' was instantly heard; and Lord Maxwell, overwhelmed by numbers, and exhausted by his unremitting exertions, was the prisoner of Sir James Johnstone.

But he was not now permitted to choose his own place of retirement; and, after remaining some days in Annandale, he was conveyed to Edinburgh, and immured in the castle. Solitude, instead of soothing his passions, made them more vehement than ever; and the desire of revenge, which had been originally produced on the death of his father, now derived additional energy from his sense of personal injury and suffering.

It could not be supposed that the fate of Lord Maxwell could be regarded by his friends with that cold indifference which is the general feeling among men when misfortune overtakes their neighbours. The ties of clanship had not lost their strength in the days of King James; and other ties, which had been knit under happier circumstances, were not forgotten in the hour of danger. Lady Margaret Hamilton, who, like persons of the same rank, usually resided in Edinburgh during the winter and spring, heard of the imprisonment of the baron with grief, which, it may be, was not unmingled with joy at the anticipation of his presence in the same city; and the resolution that she would endeavour to procure his release, was scarcely formed when she found an agent and coadjutor in the person of a retainer of Lord Maxwell's, commonly called Charlie o' Kirkhouse. This freebooter, who was the baron's foster-brother, was devotedly attached to his chief; and he would have cheerfully partitioned the sacrifices to place him in attendance on Lord Maxwell, had he not recollected that he would thereby, in a great measure, be prevented from seizing that moment to escape. Charlie, though a shrewd fellow, had been more in the practice of executing than devising schemes; and as he thought it scarcely possible for himself, single-handed, to effect his object, he proceeded to the Marquis of Hamilton's, for the purpose of obtaining an interview with Lady Margaret, who, as he supposed, would readily give him all the aid in her power. Charlie made his application on the pretext that he wished to visit his chief, and suggested that the Marquis could facilitate his free and frequent admission. But Lady Margaret recommended him rather to enlist in the royal service; and, as he would then be received into the castle, he would be better able to assist Lord Maxwell in any attempt to escape; while, at the same time, he would be able to co-operate with her in any schemes which she might devise for effecting the same object. By dint of perseverance, Charlie overcame the proverbial and preliminary difficulty of making the first step; and, by abusing his chief for a tyrant and everything that was bad, (his peculiar dialect told too many tales,) he next endeavoured to win the confidence of his superiors, and thus remove the only obstacles which prevented him from obtaining access to the prisoner. This, however, was a much more tedious process than he had imagined. Will o' Gunmerlie, a follower of Johnstone, who was stationed in the castle by his chief, with the view of making up for the deficiencies in point of vigilance on the part of the constituted authorities, retained the clannish dislike of the Nithdale soldier, and thwarted him so often that he began almost to despair of success; but he still hoped, by ingratiating himself with some of the superior officers in the garrison, that all obstacles would ere long be overcome.

While he was one day on guard, in the immediate neighbourhood of Lord Maxwell's prison, one of his comrades approached, accompanied by a youth, whose bonnet was pulled down upon his brows, and whose face was, in consequence, for the most part concealed from view.

'Wha's this, Charlie, think ye?' said the soldier, laconically.

'I canna say I ken,' replied Charlie, closely scrutinizing the stranger.

'Hae ye nae guess wha he is?' repeated the soldier. Charlie shook his head.

'Am I not,' said the youth, stepping up to the perplexed sentinel,—'am I not Lord Maxwell's brother?'

'His brither!!!' exclaimed Charlie, in a tone which can only be represented by a regiment of notes of admiration.

'Yes—his brother,' repeated the youth, at the same time slightly raising his bonnet, so as to give Charlie a peep of a very fair complexion. 'Look at me again.'

Charlie's wonder ceased in a moment.

'I daurna dispute what you say.'

'Then he is Lord Maxwell's brother?' said the conductor of the youth.

'Wha else should he be?' replied Charlie o' Kirkhouse, at the same time resuming his duties.

Leave of admission was soon obtained for the youth; and, in the course of a few minutes, he stood in the presence of Lord Maxwell. The room into which he was introduced was small and gloomy—for the light was admitted only by a single loophole, guarded by a bar of iron; and everything showed that this was, indeed, a prison. The tenant of this apartment was engaged at a table, placed as near the scanty window as possible, and covered with books and papers, which he seemed to be intently studying.

'Your brother, my Lord,' said the gaoler. 'I will return in half an hour,' he added, turning to the youth, whom he then left standing in the middle of the room.

'My brother Charlie!' exclaimed Lord Maxwell, starting up and hastening to meet his visiter. 'I thought you had been in London. But how? you are not my brother. Charlie was a strapping fellow when last I saw him, and—excuse me, you have the advantage.'

But, instead of answering, the youth blushed 'celestial rosy red, love's proper hue'—and that so deeply that even through the gloom the baron saw the glow on the cheek.

'What! a youth—and to blush!' said he, eyeing his visiter, keenly; 'it cannot be; and yet who should it be but' ——

'You have not forgotten *Johnie Armstrong's Good-night*,' whispered the youth.

'Nor that voice,' added the baron, saluting his pretended brother. 'What good spirit has brought you here, my dear Lady Margaret?'

'I have brought you the means of escape; you can disguise yourself in my cloak and hat; the gaoler will not know the difference in this dismal light, or rather darkness; the sentinel at the end of the court is Charlie o' Kirkhouse, who may be sent as your guide and guard to the gate; the cloak and hat will deceive the rest, whose recollection is, doubtless, by this time, faint enough to favour the attempt.'

'It must not be; for, even though no evil were to result from the attempt, I would not have you subjected to the rudeness of menials.'

'Say not so, my Lord; for nobody will dare to injure me. I never made a request before, and I may never make another.'

'Nay—not so, I hope; but it cannot be that I should meanly leave you in my stead. Forgive me, my dear lady, if I refuse to avail myself of the means of escape which you propose; but deem me not so selfish as to value my own freedom above yours—as to skulk in disguise from these walls, and leave you here exposed to the insults of the angry underlings deputed by a suspicious enemy to watch my every movement.'

'Would that I could prevail upon you, my dear Lord,' said Lady Margaret, affectionately, 'to make the attempt; and would that I could prevail upon you to cast aside your schemes of vengeance, to devote your energies to the cause of your country, and to hear in your halls the sounds of merriment rather than the wailings of sorrow over friends whose lives have been lost in feudal warfare.'

'Would that I could prevail upon myself,' rejoined Lord Maxwell, 'and be content to pass my years in peace and in happiness, with none save one to care for. But I forget myself: these things cannot come to pass.'

'And why not?—why may they not now? If you will sign a bond, disavowing all intent of renewing your hereditary warfare with your hereditary foes, you would be placed at liberty; and my brother will pledge his life and land for your word.'

'No more—tempt me no more; my will was weak and wavering; but I have not yet renounced my vow. You have spoken of my hereditary foes—shall I be the first of my race to cast away my heritage? Happiness is a dream: I know it now—for this moment—though bolts and bars restrain me here—though the sun's blessed ray scarce reaches me—though I have passed my days in tumult and trouble, which will accompany me till life has reached its close. But this is all a dream: in a little while, you, my dear lady, will leave me; and with you, the dream will depart.'

'Is there no hope left? Is your heart closed against me? Is your ear deaf to my prayer? Will you not hasten from these horrid walls? Will you sign no bond?'

'Never—never: I would as soon sign my own death-warrant, or yours; for to sign my own would not wring my heart. I will sign no bond: I will give no pledge. I need no man's honour to be gaged for my forbearance. Pardon me, if I seem rude, and rough and stern. I would that the time were come when it might not be so—that my destiny were accomplished; for it may be that, by brooding over schemes of vengeance, our minds are filled with strange presentiments. When one deed has been done—when my first task has been completed—when my vow is fulfilled—happiness may yet be in store.'

Neither the tears nor the entreaties of Lady Margaret could prevail on the inflexible baron; who, however, declared his resolution to try some other means of escape; and with this view suggested the propriety of ascertaining what assistance could now be rendered by Charlie of Kirkhouse. Lady Margaret, as she was conducted from the baron's cell, communicated to the trooper the joint wishes of his chief and of herself.

Lord Maxwell now occupied his mind with projects of escape; and closely examined the aperture which admitted a scanty portion of light into the apartment; but its construction presented almost insuperable obstacles. Nothing daunted, however, he resolved to try whether by displacing a part of the wall he might not be able to open a passage; but the rate at which the work advanced was so slow, that a whole lifetime would have been required to accomplish his object.

As he had one evening arranged the rubbish according to his usual custom before meal-times, so that his operations might not be visible to the jailer, that functionary entered; but, instead of quietly placing on the table the viands which he bore, he addressed himself, in an under tone, to Lord Maxwell: 'Would you like to escape, my Lord?'

'Charlie o' Kirkhouse, as I'm a living man!' exclaimed the baron. 'How got you here?'

'Hush—you shall know afterwards. Let us change dresses: I will remain in your stead.'

'But you must not run into danger on my account.'

'Danger? What danger? They dinna care to meddle wi' sae' gentry like me. You maun do as I bid you.'

'Well, well, Charlie,' said the baron, nothing loath to seize the opportunity of escape, undeterred by any feeling of delicacy in the event of his substitute being discovered, and satisfying his scruples with the reflection that Charlie's insignificance would protect him from insult or injury.

The exchange was forthwith made; and so well had Charlie selected the hour, that Lord Maxwell received no interruption, except from the sentry at the outer gate, who wanted to crack a joke with his friend Charlie o' Kirkhouse. Though the soldier looked somewhat suspicious when his joke was acknowledged only by a "humph," yet, nothing further occurring to strengthen his suspicions, he quietly resumed his measured tread.

The baron soon provided himself with a horse; and the following morning found him at Thrieve Castle.

Meanwhile, Charlie o' Kirkhouse, who remained the tenant of Lord Maxwell's apartment, was missed by his comrades; but the story of the sentinel, that he had seen 'the Nithsdale trooper in a huff trampin' doun the toun,' satisfied them for the night. The jailer—who had a second key, and thus was able to obtain admission—was taken aback on visiting the cell on the following morning, when he found himself rather roughly hugged by the prisoner, who thrust him head over heels into a recess filled with what was, in courtesy, called a bed. Before the astounded functionary could open his mouth, he heard the door locked, and found himself a prisoner. He shouted, kicked, and thumped, on the door, and made all the din in his power. Charlie found the key in the door at the end of a passage which led to the cell, and which had prevented him from making his escape in the night-time; but his dress attracted the notice and suspicion of some officers. He was seized without delay. His excuse, however, that he had been a 'guizardin,' would have served his purpose had not the imprisoned jailer, by dint of clamour, brought some of his comrades to the door, and let them know the state of the case. Charlie was immediately pursued; and, as he had not reached the castle gate, he was captured without difficulty.

'A pretty fellow you are,' said Will o' Gunmerlie, 'ye leein' scoon'rel! but ye'se get your ser'in for lattin' yon villain that you used to misca' waur nor ony Johnstone. Here, Habbie, Dandie, gie him a roun' dizzen—and syne anither—and syne anither.'

Charlie o' Kirkhouse fidgeted a little on hearing this order issued, and he would fain have made another attempt to escape; but it was in vain. 'Come ane, come a',' he recklessly cried, when no hope was left—'I carena; four dizzen's nae waur nor ane.' The punishment was inflicted with full vigour, by Will o' Gunmerlie's ministers of justice; and the luckless Charlie was thrust out of the castle to find comfort and shelter where he might.

Meanwhile, Lord Maxwell tried to raise the barons of Nithsdale; but the times had changed so greatly since the accession of James to the English throne, that the lairds felt themselves more independent than they were of old, when their only choice was either to join the standard of some powerful chief, or to suffer their possessions to be spoiled by his retainers. Besides, they were weary of contests with their neighbours; and most of them peremptorily refused to comply with the baron's wishes. His wrath may be more easily conceived than described. After spending some weeks in ineffectual attempts to overcome the resolution of his refractory vassals, he applied to Sir Robert Maxwell of Orchardstone, (who, as has already been stated, was connected by marriage with Sir James Johnstone,) for the purpose of obtaining an interview with his antagonist, and of trying whether that baron could not be prevailed upon to intercede for him with the King. The aged knight, gratified at the conciliatory disposition shown by Lord Maxwell, fixed time and place for a meeting between the two chiefs, who accordingly hastened, each with a small body of attendants, to the confines of their respective territories, with the view of holding an amicable conference. Leaving most of their attendants at some distance, Sir Robert Maxwell of Orchardstone, Sir James Johnstone, accompanied by Will o' Gunmerlie, and Lord Maxwell, accompanied by Charlie o' Kirkhouse, (who had recovered from the effects of his whipping,) proceeded to enter on the business which had called them together.

'I houp ye're nane the waur o' bein' i' the castle, Charlie,' cried Will o' Gunmerlie, sneeringly.

'Nae thanks to you; I'll hae it oot o' yer hide some day. Tak ye tent, ma'man; ye've taen gude whangs o' ither folk's leather—look to yer ain.'

'Ha! ha! ha!' was the only reply of the other.

'Dinna anger me,' vociferated Charlie, in a nettled tone, looking at his pistol; 'I thuld ye ye would get yer ser'in. There's nocht to hinder me frae giein ye't noo. There—tak that!' And in a moment the freebooter raised his pistol and shot the unsuspecting Will o' Gunmerlie, who rolled from his horse in the agonies of death.

Sir James Johnstone, on hearing the shot and the groans of his murdered attendant, turned about, to see what had happened; and (in the words of the old chronicler) 'immediately Maxwell shot him behind his back with ane pistoll chargit with two poysonit bullets.' The unfortunate chief fell from his horse; and, although he lingered for some time, his wound was mortal. He lived, however, so long as to declare his wishes with regard to various weighty matters, and to utter a word of consolation to Orchardstone, whose grief was rendered agonizing by the recollection that his credulity had been the means of hastening the death of Sir James.

Lord Maxwell immediately proceeded to the Castle of the Thrieve, where a large company was assembled for the purpose, as they thought, of celebrating the reconciliation betwixt the two clans, and also the marriage of the chief with Lady Margaret Hamilton, who had been conducted thither by her brother. On Lord Maxwell's return, he sought a private interview with the Marquis—told him what he had done—asked him to communicate the circumstances to the bride, and learn whether she would be wedded to a man whose hand was newly stained with blood.

'But he has slain his enemy in honourable battle,'

said Lady Margaret; 'he has borne himself like a true knight; and, even though he may now depart for a season, the King has pardoned more heinous offences.'

When the reply was reported to the baron, he muttered, with that sneering tone which betrays the bitterness of the heart—'In honourable fight!—most honourable! Would it had been so! But I will not now undeceive her.'

The nuptials proceeded; the festivities were commenced and continued to a late hour. Early on the following morning, the baron left his weeping bride, and, with his faithful retainer, Charlie o' Kirkhouse, hastened in disguise from his own home and country.

Notwithstanding all the efforts of the Marquis of Hamilton and other friends of the expatriated baron of Nithdale, no pardon could be extorted from King James—whose virtue seems for once to have been proof against all the temptations and threats which his most powerful Scottish subjects could hold forth. Lord Maxwell's peace of mind was gone; for all that was dear to him—his country and kindred—were at a distance; the engrossing object of his thoughts for many years past had been attained; and his memory would not allow him to forget that his revenge had been accomplished by meanly assassinating his enemy. After he had remained for about three or four years, wasting the prime of his days in exile and in misery, he learned that Lady Margaret was in bad spirits; then in bad health; then that her life was despaired of; and he resolved, at all hazards, to revisit Scotland. But, before his voyage was ended, Lady Margaret had breathed her last—heart-broken in the midst of those enjoyments—wealth, power, and rank—which are fondly supposed by those who possess them not, and by not a few who do possess them, to be the infallible means of securing human felicity. The only object which made life worth retaining in the estimation of Lord Maxwell, was thus snatched from him; and he would have immediately delivered himself up to justice had it not been for the remonstrances of his faithful attendant, Charlie o' Kirkhouse. The family of Sir James Johnstone, as well as the constituted authorities, hunted the baron over the whole country; until, after frequently enduring the extremity of distress, he was seized in the wilds of Caithness, to which he had ultimately been driven.—The indefatigable industry of his hereditary foes pursued him even to this distant retreat; and he was brought to Edinburgh, where, once more, he returned to his old quarters in the castle.

Among the friends who came to visit him, with the view of concerting measures for his defence, was the Marquis of Hamilton.

'Do you know that they mean to rob Charles of his birthright?' said the baron, on the entrance of his friend. 'Oh, my good Lord, such deeds would never have been done had some of your ancestors filled the seat of the mean-spirited prince who rules this unhappy country.'

'Hush, hush, my friend!' said the Marquis; 'speak nought like treason. I know it all. My lord treasurer, or his deputy, cannot want the estates; and you must therefore submit to a charge of fire-raising as well as of murder.'

'May my curse or my blessing—for I know not which is more likely to bring the worse consequences—rest upon them all, if they take from my race their own inheritance, because I, forsooth, have sent a hoary villain a little before his time to his account!'

'Speak not so harshly, kinsman; your sense of your own sufferings makes you unjust. Men say that those sufferings have been self-inflicted; but I will not say so. I come to learn if in ought I can mitigate them.'

'Mitigate them, did you say? I ask no mitigation; for my life is now a burden. I ask no pity; I ask no sympathy. I have but one possession which I can still call my own; it is not inherited; I cannot transmit it; it is my sole luxury, my sole treasure—and it is one which you will not covet. I have nought but my own misery that I can call my own—self-inflicted it may be; I dispute not about a word. But if it be self-inflicted, so much the more is it my own property. Forgive me, my Lord, if I seem rude and hasty in temper; but I have scarce slept under a roof since, after long absence, I last touched my native soil, until last night, indeed, when I harboured here. I have been hunted by hounds of human breed; I have skulked in mosses, forests, and caverns, as familiarly as you have trodden the courts of palaces. Need you wonder if I am worse to what I am—a mere skeleton—a wretched decrepit thing—more like a being returned from the grave, than a living man?'

'It is but too true,' said the Marquis; 'yet is there nought you would wish me to do? No token of affection to send to your friends'——

'Nothing—nothing.'

The time of trial at length arrived, and Lord Maxwell was indicted for the crimes of murder and of fire-raising. The introduction of the latter charge was the cause of bitter complaint on the part of the prisoner; for he well knew that the object of the public authorities was to obtain the forfeiture of his estate; and the treasurer-depute, Sir Gideon Murray, was supposed to have instigated them to combine this minor accusation with the other. The crime of fire-raising, according to the ancient Scottish law, if perpetrated by a landed man, constituted a species of treason, and inferred forfeiture. The purpose of public justice, however, was, on this, as on other occasions in the same reign, sullied by being united with that of enriching some needy favourite. No difficulty was felt in proving either of the charges: the former, indeed, was not denied; and the latter was established by the evidence of some sufferers in the course of the first outrages committed after the battle of Dryfe Sands. The baron was found guilty of both crimes, and sentenced to be beheaded.—Every effort was made to obtain pardon for him; but the King and his counsellors were inexorable.

On the night before the execution, Sir Robert Maxwell of Orchardstone, who was now very far advanced in years, visited his kinsman and chief, under the guidance of the Marquis of Hamilton.

'And it has come to this at last!' exclaimed the old man; 'would to heaven, my dear Lord, you had listened to the prayer of your humble clansman, eighteen years ago, when these troubles began!'

'They will soon be at an end; you will outlive me, Orchardstone. Nay,' added Maxwell, in a gay tone, 'you will outlive me, even had I no royal road to the other world. Tell me, my Lord,' said he, turning to

the Marquis, 'tell me, whether Orcharlstone, in his green old age, or I, blasted in my prime—whether he, hale and hearty, or I, withered and worn—be more likely to join our ancestors in the common course of nature?'

The Marquis could not answer. The old man seemed to be shocked at Maxwell's levity.

'Do not utter such words, my Lord—they are unworthy of you. Brief time is left to make your peace. Some holy man may be able to soothe your mind, ruffled though it be by a tumult of passions.'

'Mock me not, dear uncle,' said the baron, in a tone of bitterness which startled the old man with horror. 'Torture me not with talk about peace and holy men. They cannot give me peace—they cannot give me happiness on earth or in heaven. I am content with the share I have enjoyed. One gleam of sunshine has crossed my path—one fair flowerset has blessed my sight—one spring has gladdened the weary wilderness—one human heart has been mine; and, though it is mine no longer—though the flower has been blighted, and the bright gleam of happiness, now departed, has only made me more sensitive to the succeeding darkness, and the spring is dried, and the human heart lies in the dust—I ask no more. My cup of bliss is full—one drop has filled it. My heaven has been already enjoyed—no detail can bring me tidings of weal or woe; I cannot part with it. Leave me, good uncle and good cousin, leave me. I would bless you, but my blessing might prove a curse.'

His sorrowing friends left him as he wished—and, although his feelings of impatience occasionally burst forth, the tender assiduity of his sisters and his brother, who had been constantly in attendance upon him since his imprisonment, had the effect of soothing in some degree his feelings of irritation. The rest of his history is contained in one sentence:—He was beheaded on the following morning.

His estates, which had been forfeited, were granted in part to the treasurer-depute, a favourite of the King; but, after the lapse of a few years, the attainder was reversed, and the honours and estates conferred upon his brother.

With the execution of John Lord Maxwell terminated the feud betwixt the Johnstones of Annandale and the clan of which he was the chief. During its continuance, and within the short period of thirty years, 'each family lost two chieftains in this warfare: one dying of a broken heart—one in the field of battle—one by assassination—and one by the sword of the executioner.'

THE GUDEWIFE OF COLDINGHAM;

or,

THE SURPRISE OF FAST CASTLE.

NEAR where St. Abb stretches in massive strength into the sea, still terrible even in ruins, may be seen the remains of Fast Castle, one of the most interesting in its history, as it is the most fearfully romantic in its situation, of all the mouldering strongholds which are still to be traced along the Borders, like monuments of war crumbling into nothingness beneath the silent but destroying touch of time. After the death of the bluff Harry the Eighth of England, who had long kept many of the corruptible amongst the Scottish nobility and gentry in his pay, the ambitious Somerset succeeding to the office of guardian of the young king, speedily, under the name of Protector, acquired an authority nothing inferior to the power of an absolute monarch. He had not long held the reins of government, when he rendered it evident that it was a part of his ambition to subdue Scotland, or the better portion of it, into a mere province of England.

The then governor of Scotland, Hamilton, Earl of Arran, (for queen Mary was but a child,) was not ignorant of the designs of Somerset, and every preparation was made to repel him on his crossing the Borders. It was drawing towards evening on the first of September 1547, when the Protector, at the head of an army of eighteen thousand men, arrived at Berwick, and nearly at the same instant, while the gloaming yet lay light and thin upon the sea, a fleet, consisting of thirty-four vessels of war, thirty transports and a galley, were observed sailing round Emmanuel's Head—the most eastern point of Holy Island. On the moment that the fleet was perceived, St. Abb's lighted up its fires, throwing a long line of light along the darkening sea, from the black shore to the far horizon: and scarce had the first flame of its alarm-fire waved in the wind, till the Dow-hill repeated the fiery signal, and in a few minutes Domilaw, Dumprender, and Arthur Seat exhibited tops of fire as the night fell down on them, bearing the tidings, as if lightnings flying on different courses, revealed them through Berwickshire and the Lothians, and enabling Roxburgshire and Fife to read the tale; while Binning's Craig repeating the telegraphic fire, startled the burghers of Linlithgow on the one hand, and on the other aroused the men of Lanarkshire.

Before therefore the vessels had arrived in the bay, or the Protector's army had encamped in the Magdalen Fields around Berwick,—Berwickshire, Roxburgh, the Lothians, Fife and Lanark, were in arms. The cry from the hills and in the glens was, 'the enemy is come!—the English!—to arms!' The shepherd drove his flocks to the inaccessible places in the mountains, he threw down his crook and grasped his spear.

At the same time that Somerset crossed the Borders on the east, the Earl of Lennox, who from disappointed ambition had proved false to his country, entered it at the head of another English army to the west.

But I mean not to write a history of Somerset's

invasion, of the plausible proposals which he made and which were rejected,—nor of the advantages which the Scots through recklessness or want of discipline flung away, and of the disasters which followed. All the places of strength upon the Borders fell into his hands, and he garrisoned them from his army, and set governors over them. The first place of his attack was Fast Castle, in which, after taking possession of it, he left a governor and strong garrison, composed of English troops and foreign mercenaries, causing also the people around for their own safety to take to him an oath of fealty, renouncing their allegiance to the young queen. But while there were many who obeyed his command with reluctance, there were others who chose rather to endanger or forfeit their lives and property than comply with it. It had not, however, been two years in the hands of the English, when by a daring and desperate act of courage it was wrested from their hands.

A decree went forth from the English Governor of the Castle, commanding them to bring into it from time to time, all necessary provisions for the use of the garrison, for which they should receive broad money in return. For Somerset, and his chief officers the lord Grey and others, had caused it to be published, that they considered the inhabitants of that part of Scotland as the subjects of young Edward in common with themselves, and not as a people with whom they were at war, or from whom their soldiers might collect provisions and pay them with the sword.

The English, indeed, paid liberally for whatsoever they received, and there was policy in their so doing, for there were not a few who preferred lucre to their country, and the effigy of a prince upon a coin to allegiance to their lawful monarch. But, while such obeyed with alacrity the command of the governor of Fast Castle to bring provisions to his garrison, there were many others who acquiesced in it reluctantly, and only obeyed from the consciousness that disobedience would be the price of their lives.

At this period there dwelt in Coldingham a widow named Madge Gordon. She was a tall and powerful woman, and her years might be a little below fifty.—Daily she indulged in invectives against the English, and spoke contemptuously of the spirit of her countrymen in submitting to the mandate of the Governor of Fast Castle. She had two cows, and more than a score of poultry, but she declared that she would spill the milk of the one upon the ground every day, and throw the eggs of the other over the cliffs, rather than that either the one or the other should be taken through the gates of the Castle while an English garrison held it.

Often, therefore, as Madge beheld her neighbours carrying their baskets on their arms, their creels or sacks upon their backs, or driving their horses laden with provisions towards the Castle, her wrath would rise against them, and she was wont to exclaim—

'O ye slaves!—ye base loun-hearted beasts o' burden!—how long will ye bow before the hand that strikes ye, or kiss the foot that tramples on ye? Throw down the provisions, and go hame and bring what they better deserve—for if ye wil gie them bread, feed them on the point o' your fathers' spears.'

Some laughed as Madge spoke, but her words sank deep into the hearts of others, and a few answered—

'Ye 'are as daft as ever Madge,—but a hairsay woman's tongue is no scandal, and ye ken that the governor winna take cognizance o' ye.'

'Me ken or care for him! ye spiritless carls ye!' she replied, 'gae tell him that Madge Gordon defies him and a' his men, as she despises you, and wad shake the dirt from her shoon at baith the one and the other o' ye. Shame fa' ye, ye degenerate, mongrel men, for if ye had one drop o' the blood o' the men in your veins who bled wi' Wallace and wi' Bruce, before the sun gaed down the flag o' bonny Scotland wad wave frae the Castle towers.'

'Mother! mother!' said an interesting-looking girl of nineteen, who had come to the door as the voice of Madge waxed louder and more bitter, 'dinna talk foolishly—ye will bring us a' into trouble.'

'Trouble! ye silly lassie ye,' rejoined Madge, 'these are times indeed to talk o' the like o' us being brought into trouble; when our poor bluiding country is groaning beneath the yoke o' an enemy, and we see them harrying us not only out o' house and ha', but even those that should be our protectors out o' their manhood! See,' added she, 'do ye see wha yon is, skulking as far as he can get frae our door wi' the weel-filled sack upon his shoulders—it is your ain dearie, Florence Wilson! O the betrayer o' his country!—he's a coward, Janet, like the rest o' them, and shall never call ye his wife while I live to call ye daughter.'

'O mother!' added the maiden in a low and agitated voice, 'what could poor Florence do? It lies wi' a man body as it is wi' the like o' us. If he didna do as the lave do, he wad be informed against, and he must obey or die!'

'Let him die then as a man, as a Scotchman,' said the stern goodwife of Coldingham.

Florence Wilson, of whom Madge had spoken, was a young man of three or four and twenty, and who then held, as his fathers had done before him, sheep lands under the house of Home. He was one of those who obeyed reluctantly the command of the governor to bring provisions to the garrison, and until the day on which Madge beheld him with the sack upon his shoulders, he had resisted doing so. But traitors had whispered the tale of his stubbornness and discontent in the Castle, and in order to save himself and his flocks, he that day took a part of his substance to the garrison.—He had long been the accepted of Janet Gordon, and the troubles of the times alone prevented them, as the phrase went, from 'commencing house together.' He well knew the fierce and daring patriotism of his intended mother-in-law, and he took a circuitous route, in order to avoid passing her door laden with a burden of provisions for the enemy. But, as has been told, she perceived him.

In the evening Florence paid his nightly visit to Janet.

'Out! out! ye traitor!' cried Madge as she beheld him crossing her threshold, 'the shadow o' a coward shall never fall on my floor while I have a hand to prevent it.'

'I am no coward, gudewife,' retorted Florence indignantly.

'Nae coward!' she rejoined, 'what are ye then? Did not I this very day, wi' my ain een, behold ye skulking and carrying provisions to the enemy?'

'Be aright,' said Florence, 'but one man canna take a castle, nor drive frae it five hundred enemies. Bide ye yet. Fool-hardy courage lens manhood; and had more prudence and caution, and less confidence been exercised by our army last year, we wouldna had this day to mourn owre the battle o' Pinkie. I tell ye therefore again, just bide ye yet.'

'Come in Florence,' said Madge, 'draw in a seat and sit down, and tell me what you mean.'

'Hoots, Florence,' said Janet in a tone partaking of reproach and alarm, 'are ye gaun to be as daft as my mother? What matters it to us wha's king or wha's queen,—it will be lang or either the one or the other o' them do ony thing for us. When ye see lords and gentry in the pay o' England and taking its part, what can the like o' you or my mother do?'

'Do! ye chicken-hearted trembler at your ain shadow!' interrupted Madge, 'though somewhat past its best, I hae an arm as strong and healthy as the best o' them, and the blood that runs in it is as good as the proudest o' them.'

Now the maiden name of Madge was Home, and when her pride was touched it was her habit to run over the genealogical tree of her father's family, which she could illustrate upon her fingers, beginning on all occasions—'I am, and so is every Home in Berwickshire, descended frae the Saxon kings o' England, and the first Earls o' Northumberland.' Thus did she run on, tracing their descent from Crinan, chief of the Saxons in the north of England, to Maldredus, his son, who married Algatha, daughter of Uthred, prince of Northumberland, and granddaughter of Ethelrid, king of England; and from Maldredus to his son Cospatrick, of whose power William the Conqueror became jealous, and who was therefore forced to fly into Scotland, in the year 1071, where Malcolm Canmore bestowed on him the manor of Dunbar, and many barony in Berwickshire. Thus did she notice three other Cospatricks, famous and mighty men in their day, each succeeding Cospatrick, the son of his predecessor, and after them a Waldrave, and a Patrick, whose son William marrying his cousin, he obtained with her the lands of Home, and assuming the name, they became the founders and parents of the clan. From the offspring of the cousins, who took the name of Sir William Home and from him through eleven other successors down to George, the fourth Lord Home, who had fallen while repelling the invasion of Somerset, a few months before, did Madge trace the roots, shoots, and branches of her family, carrying it back through a period of more than six hundred years; and she closed, therefore, with true aristocratic indignation at the remark of her daughter to Florence—'what can the like o' you, or my mother do?' And she concluded her description of her genealogical tree, saying—'talk now o' the like o' your mother, hizzy.'

'Aweel, mother,' said Janet, meekly, 'that may be, but there is one cause for you fleeing into a tift upon the matter, for she hears sweet. I only spoke with Florence to be putting his life in jeopardy for neither and nae purpose. I'm sure I wish that our gentility would keep to their bargain, and allow the spoiled, though she is but a lassie yet, to be married to young King Edward, and thus we might hae peace in the land, and other folk would be married as weel as them.'

'We shall be married Janet, my doo,' said Florence, gazing on her tenderly, 'only ye bide a wee.'

Now it must not be thought that Janet loved her country less than did her mother or her betrothed husband; but while the land of blue mountains was dear to her heart, Florence Wilson was yet more dear, and it was only because they were associated with thoughts of him that they became as a living thing, as a voice and as music in her bosom. For, whence comes our fondness for the woods, the mountains, the rivers of nativity, but from the fond remembrances which their associations conjure up, and the visions which they recal to the memory of those who were dear to us, but who are now far from us, or with the dead! We may have seen more stupendous mountains, noble rivers, and more stately woods,—but they were not ours!—They were not the mountains, the rivers, and the woods by which we played in childhood, formed first friendships, breathed love's tender tale in the ear of her who was beautiful as the young moon or the evening star, which hung over us like smiles of heaven; nor were they the mountains, the woods, and the rivers near which our kindred SLEEP! But I digress.

'Tell me, Florence,' said Madge, 'what mean ye by 'bide a wee?' Is there a concerted project amongst ony o' ye, and are ye waiting for an opportunity to carry it into effect?'

'No,' answered he, 'I canna say as how we have devised ony practicable scheme o' owrecoming our oppressors as yet; but there are hundreds o' us ready to draw our swords and strike on the slightest chance o' success offering, and the chance may come.'

'And amongst the hundreds o' hands ye speak o',' returned Madge, 'is there no a single head that can plot and devise a plan to owrecome and drive our persecutors frae the Castle?'

'I doubt it—at least I have never heard ony feasible-like plan proposed,' said Florence sorrowfully.

Madge sat thoughtful for a few minutes, her chin resting on her hand. At length she inquired—'When go ye back to sell provisions to them again?'

'This day week,' was the reply.

'Then I shall take my basket wi' eggs and butter, and gae wi' ye,' answered Madge.

'O, mother! what are ye saying?' cried Janet; 'ye must gang nae nic gate. I ken your temper will flare up the moment ye heard a word spoken against Scotland, or a jibe broken on it, and there is nae telling what might be the consequence.'

'Leave baith the action and the consequence to me, Janet, my woman,' said the patriotic mother; 'as I brew I will drink—but ye hae naething to fear; I will be as mim in the Castle as ye wad be if giving Florence your hand in the kirk.'

The day on which the people were again to carry provisions to the garrison in East Castle arrived, and, to the surprise of every one, Madge, with a laden basket on each arm, mingled amongst them. Many marvelled, and the more mercenary said—

'Aye, aye!—Madge likes to turn the penny as weel as other folk. The English will have good luck if ony o' them get a bargain out o' her baskets.'

She therefore went to the Castle bearing provisions with the rest of the peasantry; but under pretence of disposing of her goods to the best advantage, she went through and around the Castle, and quitted it not until she had ascertained where were its strongest, where its weakest points of defence, and in what manner it was guarded.

When therefore Florence Wilson again visited her kinsman, she addressed him, saying—

'Now I have seen our enemies in the heart o' their strength, and I have a word to say to ye that will try your courage; and the courage o' the hundreds o' good men and true that ye has spoken o' as only bidein' their time to strike. Now, is it your opinion that between Dunglass and Eyemouth ye could gather together a hundred men willing and ready to draw the sword for Scotland's right, and to drive the invaders from Fast Castle, if a feasible plan were laid before them?'

'I has the doubt o't,' replied he.

'Doubts winna do,' said she, 'will ye try it?'

'Yes,' said he.

'Florence, ye *shall* be my son,' added she, taking his hand—'I see there is spirit in ye yet.'

'Mother,' said Janet, earnestly, 'what dangerous errand is this ye wad set him upon?—what do ye think it could matter to me wha was governor o' Fast Castle, if Fleetwoo should meet his death in the attempt.'

'Whesceht! ye silly lassie ye,' replied her mother, 'had I no born ye I wad have said that ye hadna a drop o' my blood in your veins! What is it that ye fear? If they will abide by my counsel, though it may try their courage, our purpose shall be accomplished wi' but little scaith.'

'Neither fret nor fear, dear,' said Florence, addressing Janet, 'I have a hand to defend my head, and a good sword to guard baith.' Then turning to her mother, he added, 'and what may be your plan, that I may communicate it to those that I hope to be zealous in our country's cause?'

'Were I tell ye now,' said she, 'that ye might communicate it to them, before we were ready to put it in execution, the story wad spread frae the Tweed to John o' Groats, and frae St. Abb's to the Solway, and our designs be prevented. Na lad; my scheme must be laid before a' the true men that can be gathered together, at the same moment, and within a few hours of its being put in execution. Do ye ken the dark copse aboon Houndwood, where there is a narrow and crooked opening through the tangled trees, but leading to a bit o' bonny green sward where a thousand men might encamp unobserved?'

'I do,' answered Florence.

'And think ye, that ye could assemble the hundred men ye speak o' there, on this night fortnight?'

'I will try,' replied he.

'Try then,' added she, 'and I will meet ye there before the new moon sink behind the Lammermoors.'

It was a few days after this that Madge was summoned to the village of Home to attend the funeral of a relative; and while she was yet there, the castle of her ancestors was daringly wrested from the Protector's troops by an aged kinsman of her own and a handful of armed men. The gallant deed fired her soul more keenly, and strengthened her resolution to assist Fast Castle from the hands of the invaders. She had been detained at Home until the day on which Florence Wilson was to assemble the stout-hearted and trustworthy in the copse above Houndwood. Her kindred would have detained her longer, but she resisted their entreaties, and took leave of them saying, that 'her bit lassie, Janet, would be growing irksome wi' being left alone, and that at any rate she had business on hand that couldna be delayed.'

She proceeded direct to the place of rendezvous, without going onwards to her own house; and as she drew near the narrow opening which led to the green space in the centre of the dark copse, the young moon was sinking behind the hills. As she drew cautiously forward, she heard the sound of voices which gradually became audible.

'Well Florence,' said one, 'what are ye waiting for? Where is the grand project that ye was to lay before us?'

'Florence,' said others, 'let us proceed to business. It is gaun to be very dark, and ye will remember we have to gang as far as the Peathe* the night yet.'

Florence answered as one perplexed, but in his wonted words—

'Hae patience—bide a wee;' and added in a sort of soliloquy, but loud enough to be overheard by his companions—'She promised to be here before the moon gaed down upon the Lammermoors.'

'Wha did?—wha promised to be here?' inquired half a dozen voices.

'I did!' cried Madge, proudly, as she issued from the narrow aperture in the copse, and her tall figure was revealed by the fading moonbeams. With a steady step she walked into the midst of them, and gazed around as though the blood and dignity of all the Homes had been centered in her own person.

'Weel, Madge,' inquired they, 'and since ye are come, for what hae ye brought us here?'

'To try,' added she, 'whether inheriting as ye do your faithers' blood, ye also inherit their spirit. To see whether ye hae the manhood to break the yoke o' your oppressors; or if ye hae the courage to follow the example which the men o' Home set ye the other night.'

'What have they done?' inquired Florence.

'Hearken,' said she, 'one and all o' ye, and I will tell ye, for wha my own een I beheld a sight that was as joyfu' to me as the sight o' a sealed pardon to a condemned criminal. Ye weel ken that for near two years the English have held Home Castle, just as they still hold Fast Castle beside us. Now it was the other night, and just as the gray gloom was darkening the towers, that an auld kinsman o' mine, o' the name o' Home, scaled the walls where they were highest, strongest, and least guarded; thirty gallant countrymen had accompanied him to their foot, but before they could follow his example, he was perceived by a sentinel who shouted out,—'To arms!—to arms!' 'Cower, lads, cower!' said my auld kinsman in a sort of half whisper to his followers, and he again descended the wall, and they lay down, with their swords in their hands, behind some white bushes at the foot of the

* The Peath Bridge.

battlements. There was running, clanking, and shouting through the Castle for a time, but as nothing like the presence o' an enemy was either seen or heard, the entry that had raised the alarm was laughed at, and some gaed back to their beds and others to their wine. But after about two hours, and when a' thing was again quiet, my kinsmen and his followers climbed the walls, and rushing frae sentinel to sentinel, they overcame one after another before they could gie the alarm to the garrison in the Castle, and bursting into it, shouted 'Hurra!—Scotland and Home for ever!' Fasle seized the garrison; some started frae their sleep,—others reeled frae their cups,—some grasped their arms,—others ran they knew not where,—but terror struck the hearts of ane and a'; and still as the cry 'Scotland and Home for ever!' rang frae room to room, and was echoed through the lang high galleries, it seemed like the shouting o' a thousand men; and within ten minutes every man in the garrison was made prisoner, or put to the sword! And now, neighbours, what my kinsman and a handfu' o' countrymen did for the deliverance o' the Castle o' Home, can ye not do for Fast Castle, or will ye not,—and so drive every invader out of Berwickshire.'

'I dinna mean to say, Madge,' answered one who appeared to be the most influential personage amongst her auditors, 'I dinna mean to say but that your relation and his comrades hae performed a most noble and gallant exploit, one that renders them worthy o' being held in everlasting remembrance by their countrymen, and glad would I be if we could this night do the same for Fast Castle. But, woman, the thing is impossible; the cases are not parallel. It mightna be a difficult matter to scale the highest part o' the walls o' Home Castle, and ladders could easily be got for that purpose; but at Fast Castle, wi' the draw-brig up, and the dark, deep, terrible chasm between you and the walls, like a bottomless gulf between time and eternity!—I say again, for my part, the thing is impossible. Wha has strength o' head even for a moment to look down frae the dark and dizzy height o' the Wolf's Craig?—and wha could think o' scaling it? Even if it had been possible, the stoutest heart that ever beat in a bosom would, wi' the sickening horror o' its owner's situation, before he was half way up, be dead as the rocks that would dash him to pieces as he fell! Na, na, I should hae been glad to lend a helping and a willing hand to any practicable plan, but it would be madness to throw away our lives where there couldna be the slightest possibility o' success.'

'Listen,' said Madge; 'I ken what is possible and what is impossible as weel as ony o' ye. I meant that ye should take for example the dauntless spirit o' my kinsman and the men o' Home, and not their manner o' entering the Castle. But if your hearts beat as their hearts did, before this hour the morn night the invaders will be driven frae Fast Castle. In the morning we are ordered to take provisions to the garrison. I shall go wi' you wi' in the front o' you. But though my left arm carries a basket, beneath my cloak shall be hidden the bit sword which my gudeman wore in the wars against King Harry, and as I reach the last sentinel—now lads! now for Scotland and our queen! I shall cry, and who dare follow my example?'

'I dare! I will!' said Florence Wilson, 'and be at your side to strike down the sentinel; and sure am I that there lens a man here that winna do or die, and drive our enemies from the Castle, or leave his body within its walls for them to cast into the sea. Every man o' us the morn will enter the Castle wi' arms concealed about him, and hae them ready to draw and strike at a moment's warning. Ye canna say, friends, but what this is a feasible plan, and ye winna be outdone in bravery by a woman. Do ye agree to it?'

There were cries of—'Yes, Florence, yes!' 'Every man o' us!'—and 'It is an excellent plan, it is only a pity that it hadna been thought o' sooner'—resounded on all sides; but 'better late than never,' said others.

'Come round me, then,' said Madge, and they formed a circle around her. 'Ye swear now,' she continued, 'in the presence of Him who seeth through the darkness o' night and searcheth the heart, that none o' ye will betray to our enemies what we have this night determined on, but that every man o' you will the morn, though at the price o' his life, do your utmost to deliver our groaning country free the yoke o' its invaders and oppressors! This ye swear?'

And they bowed their heads around her.

'Away, then,' added she, 'lika man to his ain house, and get his weapons in readiness.' And, leaving the copse, they proceeded in various directions across the desolate moor. But Florence Wilson accompanied Madge to her dwelling, and, as they went, she said—

'Florence, if ye act as weel the morn as ye have spoken this night, the morn shall my daughter Janet be your wife, wi' a fu' purse for her portion that neither o' ye kens about.'

He pressed her hand in the fullness of his heart, but she added—

'Na, na, Florence, I'm no a person that cares about a fuss being made for the sake o' gratitude—thank me wi' deeds. Remember I have said—a' depends on your conduct the morn.'

When they entered the house, poor Janet was weeping, because of her mother's absence, for she had expected her for two days, and her apprehensions were not removed when she saw her in the company of Florence, who, although her destined husband, and who, though he had long been in the habit of visiting her daily, had called but once during her mother's absence, and then he was sad and spoke little. She saw that her parent had prevailed on him to undertake some desperate project, and she wept for his sake.

When he arose to depart, she rose also and accompanied him to the door.

'Florence,' said she tenderly, 'you and my mother have some secret between you, which ye winna communicate to me.'

'A' that is a secret between us,' said he, 'is that she consents that the morn ye shall be my wisdome bride, if ye be willing, as I'm sure ye are; and that is nae secret that I wad keep frae ye, but I didna wish to put ye about by mentioning it before her.'

Janet blushed, and again added—

'But there is something mair between ye than that, Florence, and why should ye hide it frae me?'

'Dear me, hinny!' said he, 'I wonder that ye

should be nae apprehensive. There is nae secret between your mother and me that lass wool hanned to every one in the country-side. But just ye hae patience,—bide a wee,—wait only till the morn, and when I come to lead ye afore the minister, I'll tell ye a' thing then.'

'And wherefore no tell me the now, Florence?' said she; 'I am sure that there is something brewing, and a dangerous something too. Dare ye no trust me? Ye may think me a weak and silly creature; but if I am not just so rash and outspoken as my mother, try me if I hanna as stout a heart, when there is a necessity for showing it.'

'Weel, Janet dear,' said Florence, 'I winna conceal frae ye that there is something brewing—but what that something is I am not at liberty to tell. I am bound by an oath not to speak o't, and so are a hundred others as weel as me. But the morn it will be in my power to tell ye a'. Now, just be ye contented, and get ready for our wedding.'

'And my mother kens'——— Janet was proceeding to say, when her mother's voice was heard, crying from the house—

'Come in, Janet—what are ye doing out there in the cauld? ye hae been lang enough wi' Florence the night—but the morn night ye may speak to him as lang as ye like. Hae come in lassie.'

As the reader may suppose, Madge was not one whose commands required to be uttered twice, and with a troubled heart Janet bade Florence 'Good night,' and returned to the cottage.

It was little after sunrise on the following day, when a body of more than a hundred peasantry, agreeably to the command of the governor, appeared before the Castle laden with provisions. Some of them had the stores which they had brought upon the backs of horses, but which they placed upon their own shoulders as they approached the bridge. Amongst them were fishermen from Eyemouth and Coldingham, shepherds from the hills with slaughtered sheep, millers, and the cultivators of the patches of arable ground beyond the moor. With them also were a few women carrying eggs, butter, cheese and poultry, and at the head of the procession, was Madge Gordon, and her intended son-in-law, Florence Wilson.

The drawbridge had been let down to them. The last of the burden-bearers had crossed it, and Madge had reached the farthest sentinel, when suddenly dropping her basket, out from beneath her grey cloak gleamed the sword of her dead husband!

'Now, lads! now for Scotland and our queen!' she exclaimed, and, as she spoke, the sword in her hand pierced the lady of the sentinel. At the same instant every man cast his burden to the ground, a hundred hidden swords were revealed, and every sentinel was overpowered.

'Forward lads! forward!' shouted Madge.

'Forward!' cried Florence Wilson with his sword in hand, leading the way. Within half an hour Fast Castle was in the hands of the peasantry, and the entire soldiery who had defended it had either fled, were slain, or made prisoners.

Besides striking the first blow, Madge had not permitted the sword of her late husband to remain idle in her hands during the conflict. And as the conquerors gathered round Florence Wilson, to acknowledge to him that to his counsel, presence of mind, and courage as their leader in the midst of the confusion that prevailed, they owed their victory, and the deliverance of the east of Berwickshire from its invaders, Madge pressed forward, and presenting him her husband's sword, said—

'Take this, my son, and keep it—it was the sword o' a brave man, and to a brave man I gie it—and this night shall ye be my son indeed.'

'Thank ye, mother!——mother!' said Florence, and as he spoke a faint smile crossed his features.

But scarce had he taken the sword into his hand, ere a voice was heard crying—

'Where is he!—where shall I find him!—does he live!—where is my mother!'

'Here love!—here! It is my Janet!' cried Florence; but his voice seemed to fail him as he spoke.

'Come here, my bairn,' cried her mother, 'and in the presence o' these witnesses receive a hand that ye may be proud o'.'

As part of the garrison fled through Coldingham, Janet heard of the surprise by which the Castle was taken.—As she rushed forward, Florence was observed to stagger; and when she fell upon his bosom, and her mother took their hands and pressed them together, the multitude burst into a shout and blest them. He muttered 'Janet!' but his arms fell from her neck, and he sank as lifeless on the ground.

'Florence!—my Florence!—he is wounded!—murdered!' cried the maiden, and flung herself beside him.

They endeavoured to raise him, but his eyes were closed, and as he gasped they with difficulty could understand the words he strove to utter—'water! water!'

He had indeed been mortally wounded,—but he spoke not of it. They raised him in their arms and carried him to an apartment in the Castle, but ere they reached it the spirit of Florence Wilson had fled.

Poor Janet clung to his lifeless body. She now cried—'Florence!—Florence!—we shall be married to-night!—yes!—yes!—I have every thing ready!' And again she spoke bitter words to her mother, and said that she had murdered her Florence. Madge stood as one on whom affliction in the midst of her triumph had fallen as a palsy, depriving her of speech and motion.

'My poor bereaved bairn!' she at length exclaimed, and she took her daughter in her arms and kissed her, 'ye hae indeed cause to mourn, for Florence was a noble lad!—but O dinna say it was my doing hinny!—dinna wyte your mother!—will ye no, Janet?' It is a great comfort that Florence has died like a hero!'

But Janet never was herself again. She became, as their neighbours said, a poor, melancholy, wandering creature, going about talking of her Florence and the surprise o' Fast Castle, and ever ending her story—

'But I maun awa' home and get ready, for Florence and I are to be married the night.'

Madge followed her, [illegible] bearing with and soothing all her [illegible] had not long to bear them, for [illegible] was laid by the side of Florence. [illegible] ham kirkyard, and before [illegible] their peaceful graves, Madge lay at [illegible]

FIRST LOVE.

"Time makes all but True Love cold:
The burning thoughts that then were told
Run molten still in memory's mould,
And will not cool."

CAMPBELL.

"Oh, the hallowed form is ne'er forgot
Which First Love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste."

MOORE.

Love, however modified by time or circumstance, however disguised by cautious prudence or the blending of other passions, is ever the natural, the abiding inhabitant of the human heart. It seems its distinguishing characteristic. It displays itself, in its most innocent simplicity, in the happy eyes and glad voice and gesture of the infant, when it hears its mother's well-known words of endearment. The school-boy, amid all his frolic, wanderings, and light-hearted carelessness, feels, in every hour in which the buoyancy of his playful spirits permits him to feel, that his home, and the inmates of that home, are dearer to his young heart than words could utter—ay, and not infrequently, there are some of his playmates the subjects of his fond recollections, even though they have not been among those whose residence was at his father's fireside. Youth!—that is the very reign of love! It would be superfluous to say, that then its trembling and restless glow is the one subduing and engrossing feeling. Ambition may lead the haughty heart of manhood astray; but the hero or the conqueror feels his heart bound, when he lays the trophies he has won at the feet of her before whom he is himself subdued, with a rapture far deeper, purer, even prouder, than it did when his resistless prowess forced Victory to declare the triumph his. Nay, his ambition was love misdirected, as was proved by the sweet, calm, satisfied thrill that passed through all his frame, and fixed its abode in his delighted heart, when he performed the homage due to his spirit's rightful sovereign. All powers, all passions, become enfeebled by age, with the single exception of love. The heart loves on, though judgment and reason may have departed. Let the dotage of the infirm old man be pardoned, pitied, if you will, but not despised; for [illegible] but a proof that, while the human being exists [illegible] he cannot cease to love. Infant imbecility [illegible] there; but it is most touching to see that one [illegible] most delicate, and purest passion outliving all [illegible] nature, clinging to him, with all its soft human yearnings and attachments, even in the midst of his decay, and refusing to quit its dwelling in his heart till [illegible] heart's feeble fluttering are stilled.

Nor is this less useful to [illegible] than permanent abiding. No one [illegible] tell [illegible] may be, do, or endure, till the [illegible] him into action or sufferance [illegible] his powers and capabilities, [illegible] a mighty [illegible] of unknown, [illegible] the hidden spring; and, stirring up all those dormant faculties, sends the gifted being forth into the world, with all his energies aroused, the character of his heart and life indelibly stamped upon his every purpose, and prepared to brave, with unshrinking fortitude, every peril which may threaten to obstruct his path, though arrayed in the wildest and most appalling form. And, oh! who could forego the consolation that it pours upon the fainting heart in its hours of sickening despondency! If such its influence upon man, what must it be in woman—that beautiful assemblage of all that is amiable, delicate, refined, and exalted in human nature! In the tender care, the unwearied solicitude of a mother, behold its perfection! There it displays a depth and a purity which man may emulate, but can never hope to attain.

But first love has been distinguished by a peculiar disdainfulness of sneer, as if less likely to be true and enduring than that of a more advanced and matured period of life. 'Oh, lame and impotent conclusion!' When the heart is young, is it less qualified to receive a deep and an abiding impression than after its trembling sensibilities have been seared, its fresh and dewy purity sullied or departed, and the bright fervour of its morning radiance overcast and darkened? It has been called childish; but are not the feelings and passions of the child the germs of which the outbudding is to give a shade to the character of the man? Reason says that first love must be the purest; and experience declares that it is the most lasting. To confirm this, it would be enough to appeal to the personal experience of every one—to his own individual feeling—if his heart have not, in his very youth, been deadened by the degrading pursuit of some [illegible] purpose. Even then, the [illegible] heart will own that what enchanted its affections when young, left an impression which no subsequent event could ever wholly obliterate.

We [illegible] into an unwonted degree of prefacing, by a desire to eradicate certain prejudices, ere we proceed to relate an event which one influenced by those prejudices, and a stranger to the reality of the circumstances, might be inclined to think improbable; but which some will know to be true. To the latter, this prefacing was unnecessary, and might be passed over; the former—if they have not felt, do not feel, nor can be brought to feel and understand the deep, and engrossing, and abiding power of love, especially of first love—are more to be pitied than envied.

Edward Bruce had been recently united to a most amiable young lady, whose charms both of mind and person had long engaged his tenderest affection. Deep, calm, unutterable was the happiness which filled his soul in his hours of undisturbed retirement, accompanied by her who was to him a ministering angel of quiet bliss. But, like all earth's happiness, those hours sped fast away. He was one of those gallant men "whose home is on the deep:" and soon, too soon, he received orders to resume his command on board the —— frigate. The call of his king and his country could not be heard in vain. He joined the vessel, mastering his feelings as he best might, and showing before his gallant crew no symptoms of backwardness to leave his native land. Indeed it was not possible for a man of such daring courage to look around him upon so many brave fellows, all ready to

execute whatever enterprise of peril he should command, and, while he beheld their hardy resolution, still feel sick despondency weighing down his heart. His feelings were partly hid, partly thrown aside; and he bore himself as became a British seaman. During his cruise, he received one letter from home, telling him that his presence would have been very acceptable, to hail a young stranger, whose lineaments bespoke him a Bruce. His young wife had gone to reside with a distant relation till his return. That relation had been some time married, but had as yet no family; and, as there had been, even from their earliest years, a very friendly intimacy between her and Mrs. Bruce, she had prevailed upon the latter to reside with her, chiefly with the kind intention of preventing that melancholy into which she appeared so inclined to sink. The affectionate and maternal care of Mrs. Maxwell, the relation alluded to, was of the greatest advantage to the lonely and te[illegible] mother. But her chief pleasure was to sit and [illegible] her infant son, tracing what she conceived [illegible] resemblance to his distant father. The[illegible]nt was no doubt dear, very dear, to its mo[illegible]rt, as her own infant; but what was the extent of her love to the father, when every faint resemblance which the lovely innocent bore to him made it doubly dear! Oh, that man could but duly appreciate the deep love of woman! —that he could feel but the hundredth part of that fervent, disinterested passion which fills all her soul, and makes her esteem all her sufferings as nothing, if she can but [illegible] to his happiness! Were he but as blessed as he ought to be, in feeling himself the object of such pure [illegible], he never could act to woman the mean, the [illegible] part that he too often degrades [illegible]. While woman thinks but of him [illegible] all her actions, all her wishes, all her [illegible] to his happiness, man—proud, selfish, [illegible]—regards but the gratification of his own [illegible]—his love scarce passes beyond himself; and he seeks but his own happiness in his intercourse with woman. Yet this is too severe and general a censure. Men are not all so; and the wisest, best, and greatest of men, are those who can best estimate the value of woman's gentle, loving heart.

A considerable time had elapsed, and Edward Bruce was shortly expected home from his cruise. His young wife would often pass hours caressing her infant, and telling the unconscious, smiling creature that his father would soon be home to share those sweet infantine looks and embraces. Her life seemed to be wrapt up in her child and the thoughts of her husband and his speedy arrival. Alas! who can foresee the storm that may be gathering and approaching even when the day shines the fairest! Who can tell what sorrow may be impending even when hope smiles and beckons the most alluringly! Even at the time when not a day dawned in which she did not encourage the thought that she might embrace her Edward ere nightfall, she little knew what mournful tidings were at hand. But those tidings came. She received a letter announcing that the —— frigate had captured a French vessel of superior size, after a very sharp action, in which considerable loss had been suffered on both sides—that the brave Captain Bruce had been mortally wounded in leading the boarding party, and had survived the engagement but a few hours. The dismal intelligence smote the tender affectionate wife, as the chill and untimely winter gale smites the delicate unsheltered floweret, and withers up its source of life. She did not long survive: she could not. Her grief was too deep to be violent in its expression; but, while she sat alone, or at least in unbroken silence, her low, soft sigh, growing gradually weaker, seemed to be the passing away of her spirit; and, in spite of her fond love for her dear babe, she sank to the tomb. Before her death, she saw her infant cradled in the bosom of Mrs. Maxwell, and heard her fervent assurance that he should be to her as a son. She looked a grateful mother's blessing upon them, for she could not speak; and, after a faint struggle, her earthly troubles ended.

Rather more than two years had elapsed since the melancholy events which have been briefly related, and Henry Bruce had become a gay happy prattler, the favourite of every one, and the peculiar delight of Mrs. Maxwell, his mother by adoption, when her secret wishes were at length gratified, and she pressed to her bosom a lovely daughter. Though she now felt that deep full throb of the heart which none but a mother can ever feel when enfolding her own offspring in her arms, she forgot not Henry Bruce. She had loved him too long and too fondly to be able to lay aside her confirmed affection for a child so engaging, and, what to a female heart is a still stronger recommendation, so lone and unfriended. He, therefore, though no longer the sole object of her attention, experienced no neglect; and, as he had been accustomed to call Mrs. Maxwell "Mother," he soon learned to love the little baby with all the tenderness of brotherly affection.

It would be tedious and uninteresting to trace the progress of the children through the years of their unconscious infancy. Suffice it to say that, as they advanced in years and in growth, Henry became the constant companion, and, in some measure, the protector of his little friend, Fanny Maxwell. In all their times of recreation, they were almost constantly together; and if by any chance they were separated, when they again met they had so much to tell each other of what they had seen and done, that such little intervals served only to make their friendship for each other the stronger, and their pleasure in each other's company the more intense. They lived together like brother and sister; and it was indeed many years ere they knew that they [illegible] not really so.

From the time [illegible] Henry Bruce first learned whose son he was [illegible] had been the fate of his gallant father and [illegible] mother, a very striking alteration seemed to h[illegible] in all his manner. Much of his childi[illegible] at once forsook him; and he [illegible] advance in mind beyond what co[illegible] from his years. [illegible] was he [illegible] in tive to his [illegible] Fanny, [illegible] had calling her. [illegible] still yo[illegible] Mrs. never once ente[illegible] begin to Maxwell, that the [illegible]

reflect upon the peculiarities of his [illegible] remarked, indeed, that he seemed [illegible] alone more than he had used to [illegible] been awake to suspicious observation, [illegible] perceived more tenderness, mixed wi[illegible] behaviour towards Fanny. Not that [illegible] nor even that he loved her more; but, [illegible] of her as not his sister, he feared to lose [illegible] at the same time, doubted that his wonted [illegible] wanted now the sanction of so near and dear a [illegible] ship. Such thoughts rolled at times over his mind, like the clouds of evening over the cull skies; and, like those clouds which serve as materials to receive and display the glorious, the inimitable tints shed over them by the sun, they received, modified, and reflected, the bright or wild colouring of his imagination. A romantic and imaginative cast of thought gradually took possession of his mind, and called forth a train of sensibilities which might otherwise have lain dormant in the unexplored recesses of his heart. The time of boyhood had scarcely passed away; but his playfulness was gone—at least such exuberant playfulness as boys of his age generally display. To wander alone in the deepening twilight, beneath the shade of the branching oaks, listening to the sad music of the increasing gale, as its moans announced the coming tempest—to recline in some shady nook where not a sunbeam could penetrate the arching boughs, while the ceaseless murmurs of the rivulet gliding past induced a listless dreaminess of mind—or to stand upon the bursting brink of some cataract, watching the little floweret, as its bending head, surcharged with the spray of the foamy wave, hung trembling over it:—these were dear to him. But, dearer far than all of these solitary enjoyments, was it to roam abroad, be where it might, if accompanied with Fanny Maxwell. The song of the evening birds was then most sweet—the tints of the curtained twilight most purely ethereal—the sound of the evening gale, though plaintive, spoke not of wo—the murmurings of the brook were the faint notes of half-heard music—and even the roar of the waterfall, though still solemn and capable of exciting a deep emotion, was, to his awakened and delighted soul, the majestic voice of a power whose utterings had commenced with creation, and would continue unweakened so long as the world should endure. Fanny Maxwell could perceive and appreciate the romantic and poetical feelings which at such times took possession of Henry's soul. But, with the gay toying of a lively, happy girl, she used to take pleasure in interrupting his pensive moods by some frivolous remark or unimportant request. She would command him to gather her wild flowers, and wreath them into a garland befitting her dignity as the nymph of so beautiful a glen and stream. Often would she lay her sovereign mandate upon him to celebrate her in his lays; for the deep feelings which had been aroused in his heart, had impelled him to give them their appropriate measure and expression, and had taught him to clothe his thoughts in verse.

So glided on their days, till Henry Bruce had reached his seventeenth year, and Fanny Maxwell was approaching her fifteenth. Their intercourse had, by [illegible] degrees, become less frequent and less unrestrained. The sense of extremely delicacy had told the innocent girl that, though there was no actual harm, there might be impropriety in such free intercourse with a youth who, though bred up with her from infancy, she knew was not her brother. Y[illegible] grove which began to be observed by both [illegible] nothing of coldness. Henry felt in his [illegible] sensation to which he could not, dared not give [illegible] or utterance, when roaming with Fanny Maxwell beneath the trees of the old grove in the quiet moonshine. Such roamings, it is true, were most delightful; but they were accompanied by a strange feeling of embarrassment, which told him that they ought not to be frequent. His heart, however, would have inclined him to indulge in them much oftener than he did, had not the superior delicacy of the lovely girl furnished a powerful check. She could have depended upon the honour of Henry Bruce for the protection of her life and all that was dearest to her, without the slightest hesitation; yet she felt that the days of childish freedom were gone, and that she could no longer roam at all times, accompanied solely by one whose presence awoke a strange fluttering in her guileless heart. In short, though no words of love, nothing that could bear the least reference to that passion, had ever been breathed by Henry, he had for some time been conscious that the beautiful, the graceful form of Fanny Maxwell; her soft, sweet-toned voice; the gentle, yet eloquent expression of her lovely face; the dewy light of her mild brown eye, bright as the star of evening when the ruddy tinge of the setting sun has not yet forsaken the heavens—all had a subduing, a fascinating influence over his soul, which it were vain to attempt describing, and as vain to endeavour to resist. Perhaps he might have perceived the similar embarrassment of her manner; but he never could have had the confidence to interpret it in his favour. Shyness, delicacy, dislike, would have been more probably the construction he would have put upon the cause of such reserve; but his own backward and unassuming manner prevented him from making any such observations. The truth is, that a young, tender, and deeply seated passion had taken possession of his heart, perhaps of hers also; but the natural delicacy of woman, which makes her shrink from investigating much of her own feelings, had drawn a veil over these secret workings of that silently insinuating passion. An untold, unexamined affection had united the hidden pulsations of their hearts, in their unsullied innocence; and, though not a word or look, scarce even a sigh, in unison, had divulged that attachment, it dwelt in the bosoms of both, with a warmth which neither had dared to think or to acknowledge.

Henry Bruce was now arrived at that period of life when it becomes necessary for a young man to mingle in the affairs of the world, and pursue some occupation or profession. Several times he had hinted something to that effect in the hearing of Mr. Maxwell, and had declared that his choice would be to enter the navy, and lead the life his father had led. Against this choice, all lent their persuasions; and at length their joint entreaties prevailed. He could not, however, be persuaded to embrace some peaceful, but less dignified profession, and remain at home, or at least in Britain. He would relinquish his desire to enter the navy, only

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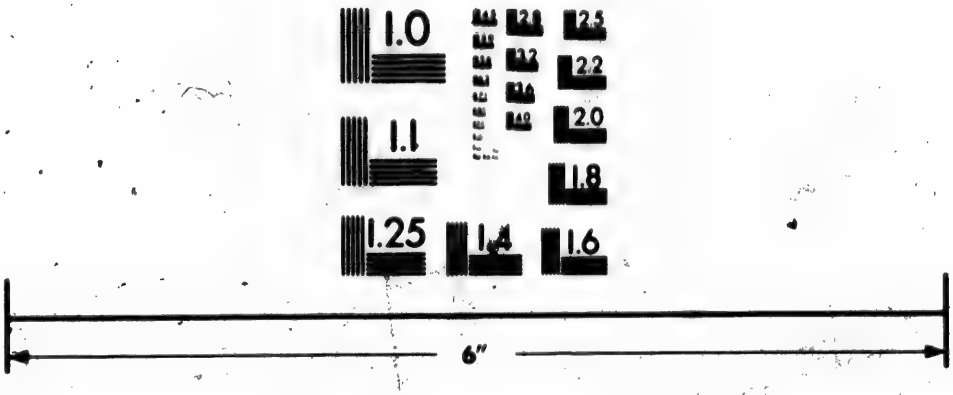

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If a post in the army should be procured; and, though this also was against their wishes, yet, thinking that there was less imminent peril on land than on sea, exposed alike to the foe and the storm, they assented to his latter choice, and immediately took the necessary steps to procure him a commission. The time of his departure was not yet fixed, though it was certain that it could not be distant, when Fanny Maxwell was seized with an illness which threatened to be of some continuance, if not of immediate danger. Without suffering violent distress, she became gradually weaker, till, at length, she was scarcely able to leave her room.—This was most afflicting to the heart of poor Henry, especially in the prospect of an early departure. He could not and he would not think that death could lay his cold hand on so lovely, so amiable a being; yet, when he thought on his departure, and the probable duration of his absence, and looked upon the pale cheek of the still lovely though fading girl, or heard the low and somewhat enfeebled tone of her sweet mild voice, a dark thought—too dark for words to express—came over his mind, and his very soul was blackened with dismal bodings, which he would not credit, but could not chase away. Aware, however, that the health of the body is much influenced by the state of the mind, he often endeavoured to give a lively turn to the conversation in her presence, and his words were often cheerful, while his heart was sick with doubt and wo. He was not one of those who think every reference to mind, to spirit, to religion is necessarily gloomy, and should be sedulously avoided in the company of a person in delicate health; but neither did he think a feeble state of body the most favourable time for agitating the mind with sterner views and doctrines, which some, at such seasons, so incessantly urge. He endeavoured to steer a middle course. He clothed what inspiring religious hopes he wished to bring before her mind in the attire of imagination; and he gave to the language of imagination the spirit of a cheerful religion, such as might at once excite the feelings and encourage the soul, and thus call forth fresh energy in the whole frame. For this purpose, he invoked his muse, as poets say, and, among others, one day produced the following verses, in which he endeavoured to lead the steps of fancy into the path of religious hope:—

Fair flowret! why so pale?
  Why has thy spring bloom fled?
Whence breathed the chilly gale
  That smote thy drooping head?
Did the dank dew frosts o'er thee fall,
Blighting thy unblown beauties all?

Where slept the young spring gales?
  Amid what leafy bowers?
Down what retiring vales,
  Toying with early flowers?—
Where roamed, where loitered they, when thou
Bent, vainly bent, thy suppliant brow?

And have they left thee all?
  And must thy bloom decay—
Thy fair weeds droop and fall,
  Before thy morn of May?—
Thy parent stem hang darkly o'r
Its bosom gem—a gem no more?

No! Lift thy drooping brow;—
  The blight shall pass away—
The chill that binds thee now
  Dissolve in brighter day!
To thee, young lovely flower, be given
Strength, life, light, from the founts of Heaven!

Once or twice, his voice faltered as he read; and, when he concluded, a slight tinge of confusion reddened his cheek; but he remained silent. At length, with a gentle smile, Fanny observed that she supposed he assumed the right of a poet to understand the language of flowers, and also of a second-sighted person, to foretell future events; and really she could have no objections to his elegant and complimentary gallantry in the one character, nor to the propitious spirit of his agreeable predictions in the other, unlike many of his brethren of the second-sight. To this, he stammered out some commonplace reply; and the conversation soon took a direction less interesting and less dangerous. This interview was decisive as to the state of his heart. The thought of departure from the home and the friends of his youth, had already predisposed his mind to the reception and the development of every tender affection. Love had, indeed, long held his heart bound in a soft, silken captivity, so gentle and so sweet that he scarcely felt its mild thraldom; but her illness occurring at that time when the feelings of his mind were excited into more than their usual sensibility, called forth the deep secret of his soul, and compelled the awakened affections to display themselves in that character which they had been long silently acquiring.

The time was fast approaching when his departure must take place; but, meanwhile, he had the happiness to observe that a perceptible improvement had commenced in Fanny's state of health. This was a greater source of consolation to his heart than he ventured to express. It was to him the first forming radiance of hope's bright arch of promise, gilding the gloom of a dark cloud with an enlivening and cheering splendour. In the midst of his secret happiness, the day came—that day of first departure from the home of his infancy and boyhood, which awakens a pang that can never come but once to any in its power and untried depth. Why should I attempt to describe it? A few there may be who have never felt it—to them any description would be unintelligible; but many have felt it deeply, and perhaps the hearts of some are yet throbbing freshly with its pang—them I would spare a renewal of a pang so severe. To this sore agony of bereavement—this uprooting of the being from his natal soil, which all who have the blessing or the misery of possessing sensitive hearts must once suffer—was added another of a peculiar nature. The panting, fluttering, and glowing agitation of his heart, was now no longer an ambiguous feeling. He was compelled to know that he, in reality, loved Fanny Maxwell; yet he left her without venturing to make mention of his love, without having the confidence to make one effort to obtain one ground of hope to soothe him in his absence.

The departure of Henry Bruce occasioned a deep and saddening blank in Mr. Maxwell's family, which continued to be felt for many a weary day. Fanny Maxwell, forgetting at times the cause of his absence, expressed her surprise where he might be, till the recollection of his distant and perilous pursuits came darkly upon her mind; and she could not avoid paying the tribute of a tender sigh to the memory of her earliest friend, the playmate of her infancy. A month passed over slowly, laden, as it appeared, with an un-

common weight of loneliness, and the disappointed expectation of hearing from Henry. Another and another rolled their course; a year completed its round, and yet they had never heard whether he were still alive. They had begun to think that he must either have fallen on some early field—as many youthful heroes close their brief career—or that he had forgot the home and the friends of his youth. No intelligence came to account for his protracted silence, or to mention that he still existed, even during another year; and, though he sometimes was present to the recollections of those who had known and loved him so long, such times began to come rarely; and, when they did, to be accompanied either with somewhat of a careless wondering what might have been his fate, or the expression of a firm persuasion that he had long ago filled the measure of his days. In the mind of Fanny Maxwell there still remained a kind of lingering regret that he had so soon and so entirely disappeared; mixed with an unowned feeling of dissatisfaction at his conduct, if he should still survive. At times she would blame herself that she could permit a single unkind thought to enter her mind, concerning one for whom her heart, in its season of guileless youth, had felt all a sister's attachment, if not one of a more tender and passionate nature. She thought that it was ungenerous in her to forget him; yet she could not avoid the consciousness that he was in so far forgot that it required an effort to recall him to memory. Often, however, she excused herself with the reflection that she had no certain grounds for believing that he ever had thought of her otherwise than as his sister; and that all the tenderness he had shown, all the emotion he had appeared to feel, might have only been the natural expression of a mind full of romantic ardour and poetic sensibility, such as she well knew his to be. Then came a feeling of female pride, and she chid her heart that she could yet think so much of a person who, perhaps, had never once bestowed a thought upon her, since the day on which he bade her farewell. A third year passed over, and Henry Bruce was but occasionally remembered, like one who has been long time dead. The mention of his name might, indeed, chance to call forth the tribute of a sigh, like that which is paid to the memory of the departed; but it dwelt not on the mind, nor awoke other than vague and evanescent feelings, indistinct as clouds of light floating mist, and passing away as soon. In short, he was all but forgotten, even by those who had been to him a mother and a sister.

The fourth year since Henry Bruce had ceased to be an inmate in the retired dwelling of Mr. Maxwell had commenced; and now, even the neighbouring cottagers had nearly lost all recollection of the lonely but amiable boy, whose story they all knew, and whom they all loved so well; and yet it is well known that of any class of people that ever existed, Scottish cottagers are the most steadily tenacious in preserving their affection for those whom they have known and loved. The simplicity and purity of their character gives depth and tenderness to their attachments; and they are little exposed to such circumstances as might tend to banish their recollections of old friends by the introduction of new. They love much, rather than many.

About this time it chanced that George Campbell, a young gentleman, a native of a different part of the country, came to reside in the neighbourhood. He was a younger son of a family respectable more from their rank and connexions than their wealth. It was of course necessary that he should choose some occupation whereby to maintain himself. His choice had been made; and he had commenced his pursuits high in hope, and with an ardent desire to secure a competency as soon as possible; and then retire to enjoy it. His efforts had been almost uniformly unsuccessful, and he was beginning to sink into gloom and sour moroseness, when a small estate in the neighbourhood of Hillside was left to him by a maternal relation. He immediately quitted his unproductive pursuits, wandered over the greater part of Scotland, to satisfy a curiosity which he had long felt; and visiting the little retired estate to which he had so opportunely succeeded, resolved to make it his residence during the remainder of his days.

He was yet young—perhaps not more than twenty-five or twenty-six years o'd; but the crosses and vexations of his outset in life had given him a distaste for the world and a dislike to society. He accordingly made it a rule to shun intercourse, or at least all approach to familiarity with either his equals or inferiors. The peasantry had of course formed many strange notions concerning him; especially as he had never been seen at the church—a circumstance which, though perhaps not very uncommon in towns, and among those who make worldly gain their chief object, struck these simple and religious people as something of an unaccountable, a dark, a horrible nature. It happened, however, that, one fine Sunday morning, attracted by the bright and the fervent smiles of promise so peculiar to spring, he had wandered out beyond the limits of his usual walks, and continued to stroll along in a state of dreamy, almost unconscious delight, listening the sweet song of a thousand happy warblers. His steps were invited by one of those *kirk-roads* which, in country places, are always kept in the neatest order, and are so planned as to lead through the most beautiful and romantic parts in the neighbourhood; and which, by partaking of that sacred character which, in Scotland, is attached to everything connected with religion, are held to be beyond the power of any proprietor to stop. He had not proceeded far along this footpath, till, by the frequent little parties which he perceived, proceeding along, from various directions, and all seemingly tearing to one point, he became aware that he was near the church. Perhaps he might have turned; but a certain feeling, near akin to curiosity, impelled him to continue on his way and enter the place of worship. There he felt himself, however, a stranger; and, though his property gave him a right to a seat, he knew not where to find it. He had advanced into the body of the church, and was near Mr. Maxwell's seat, when he hesitated as uncertain where to go. Fanny Maxwell perceived his embarrassment; and, opening the seat door, beckoned him to enter. Though he had long ceased to practise polished civility, he nevertheless knew its laws and requirements; he bowed and entered, took his seat beside the young lady, and seemed to listen to the

preacher with reverent attention. To say the truth, however, he was far otherwise engaged; his whole powers of observation were secretly occupied in scrutinizing the person and manner of Fanny Maxwell.

She had now nearly completed her eighteenth year; and her person displayed all the graceful developement of woman's softly-moulded harmonizing form. Her stature was scarcely what is termed middle-sized; but the delicately rounded and exquisite proportion of her figure made it difficult to estimate her height, and impossible to suppose that any increase or diminution of it could have increased the captivating elegance of her appearance. George Campbell gazed on her with astonishment and admiration. Just at that instant, a sun-beam, streaming through the window of the old Gothic structure, fell upon the clustering ringlets of dark auburn locks which shaded her lovely forehead, tinging them with a bright and golden lustre, and giving a radiant expression to her fair cheek, where the lily rather predominated over the rose. The congregation began to hymn their Creator's praise; and Campbell heard her voice joining in the hymn, with its soft, low, but richly melodious tones, while the sacred spirit of the inspired words awoke a more fervent and kindling intelligence in the dewy glance of her mild but expressive eye. The fascination was complete. Before the service was ended, George Campbell had confessed, in his secret soul, that he had never seen a being so beautiful, and, as his heart durst not but think, so full of purity and goodness.

When the congregation were in the act of separating, he took the opportunity of thanking Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell for their kindness in giving him a seat, mentioned his name and residence, received an invitation to visit them, expressed his willingness to avail himself of that opportunity to do himself an honour and a pleasure, and bent his steps slowly homeward.

A new set of sensations and ideas had suddenly taken possession of his mind, and he felt himself unable to rest till he had visited his new acquaintances. A few repetitions of his visit were enough to tell him that nothing on earth could give him such pleasure as to secure an interest in the heart of Fanny Maxwell. This he feared he should not be able to effect; but yet he could not help repeating his visits as often as possible, and doing all that lay in his power to make himself agreeable. His manners were at first blunt—almost rough and sullen; but that was greatly atoned for by the open manliness of his deportment. His personal appearance corresponded well with such a character. His tall and strongly-built frame, expanded forehead, dark and somewhat stern eye, and the bold cast of his decided and almost harsh features, gave him a noble and commanding air. The powers of his mind were very considerable; and he was possessed of many dignified feelings—rough and uncultivated, indeed, and long uncalled into action—but, though dormant, not departed, and, though unseen, only awaiting the excitement of some worthy purpose to call them into operation. Love had given that excitement—had furnished him with a purpose capable of calling forth all the best and most valuable qualities of his mind and heart. Love is indeed the great improver of human nature. The desire to please draws forth and exercises all that is good and honourable in the human bosom; and while, in order to gain the affections of the object beloved, we strive to act nobly and to appear amiable, we insensibly acquire those qualities and that character which passion and policy had led us to assume. How beneficial might this refining and ennobling tendency of love be made! how productive of matrimonial felicity!—for thus has woman in her power to make her lover gradually become all that she could wish her husband to be. Pay heed to this, ye fair; and yield not up your undisputed ascendancy, till ye have drawn forth and made permanent in your lover those qualities which ye could wish in your lord!

The friendship which had commenced between George Campbell and the family at Hillside, had continued uninterrupted for some time, and was gradually assuming a more intimate and tender character. The object of his repeated visits could not be misunderstood, and had not been attempted to be concealed. He had at length talked of love to Fanny Maxwell, and had not been forbidden. Indeed, his character had become so much improved since the commencement of the intercourse between them, that it was now by no means repulsive. Still manly and frank in his bearing, he had learned to temper the roughier parts of his disposition and manner with much of that yielding, yet dignified kindness, which is at once so flattering and so pleasing. The growing cloud of misanthropy, which had formerly clouded his [illegible] and shut up the avenues of generous feeling [illegible] heart, was chased away by the mild, soothing, and subduing influence of love; and he was now warmly actuated by a spirit of free and kind benevolence. Such, and so ennobling being the change in his disposition and manner, and knowing that it had been produced chiefly by the influence of his strong love to her, was it strange that Fanny Maxwell had begun to permit his addresses, nay, to receive them with a secret pleasure? Censure her not as inconstant to the memory of Henry Bruce! She had no means of ascertaining whether he were actually in existence, and, if alive, whether his passion for her, if indeed he had ever felt a passion for her, remained still unchanged.

But why should an apparent inconstancy be deemed a matter of such unpardonable delinquency? If we inquire into it dispassionately, we shall find that, in a great many instances, it is extremely excusable—particularly in woman. How can she know whether the protestations of her admirer be the genuine aspirations of a faithful heart, or merely the common expression of unmeaning gallantry? It is often impossible; and even when she has no room to doubt his sincerity, she may be thrown into such circumstances as may render the permanent constancy of her affection extremely difficult, almost impossible. She may be beset by a lover at once persevering and respectful; ardent in pressing his suit, yet displaying a winning deference to her, mingled with a manly and a becoming confidence in himself. His frequent and flattering attentions, the consciousness that those attentions are meant as indications of his preference of her to all her sex, and all the thousand indescribable witcheries of love, may insensibly steal away her affections, while her will remains, or endeavours to remain, constant to her former lover,

That citadel, the heart, once gained and possessed by a secret friend, feeble is the resistance that can be made by the betrayed will. A change of affection—what the world brands by the name of inconstancy—must take place. If woman would maintain a constant affection to her absent lover, let her avoid, as much as possible, the company of all, particularly of an ardent and unremitting admirer. It is true she may at first take a determined dislike to the person who annoys her with his disagreeable attentions, and that may increase into a perfect antipathy; but it is no less true that the presence of a fervent lover, and his warm demonstrations of pure and glowing affection, often spread a sympathetic influence around, like the melting and blending power of a mighty flame, and, ere she is herself aware, awaken feelings of love in woman's sensitive bosom. Let her, therefore, if she would avoid the stealthily-overpowering influence of that insinuating passion, beware of coming within the range of its attraction.

Nor let woman's censure fall with extreme severity upon man, if he do occasionally relapse from the faith which he plighted. Let her consider the peculiarities which attend his progress through life as man; let her conceive how often he is exposed to the bewitching influence of some most lovely being, when all his heart has been warmed and predisposed to the reception of the sweet enchantment; let her think of the many engagements of mental occupation which must often completely absorb his attention, and prevent all possibility of indulging in the tenderer passions; let her reflect upon the influence, the powerful influence, in weakening the affections, which, in spite of the protestations of the lover and the songs and romances of the poet, experience tells us that protracted absence and extensive distance, have upon the heart even of the most faithful; and let her learn from all, to prize, highly prize, as an inestimable jewel, constancy when she meets it; and, while she blames inconstancy, to blame it gently, and to pardon it as an unavoidable frailty, incident to human nature.

These reflections have been drawn forth by a desire to show that Fanny Maxwell, in giving way to a second love, was not acting a part of rare and inexcusable inconstancy. Nor am I relating a fiction; where, for the purpose of producing effect, some gentle fair one shall remain plighted in heart to her absent lover, while the sickening of hope deferred sinks and deepens over her like winter, till that bosom which never harboured one unkind or faithless thought, is laid to rest beneath its kindred clay—cold to love only when cold to life. I must relate the truth. Fanny Maxwell was not an immaculate heroine of romance. She was only a young, lovely, and amiable woman; and consequently susceptible of being gained by the persevering and kind attentions of one who now appeared truly deserving to be beloved. She had given her consent to bestow her hand upon George Campbell; and it only remained to appoint the day when the ceremony should take place.

It was yet early in autumn. The afternoon was mild, calm, and soberly majestic, as autumn, with all its profusion of mellow richness, its luxuriant and happy associations, and its more pensive anticipations, most frequently is. The wind scarcely stirred the many-tinted leaves; yet even its whisper, though low and calm, was sadly plaintive. The abrupt and pillared fragments of the clouds, or their massy and voluminous ranges, slowly floating or sleeping in stately repose, and beginning to reflect the colouring rays of the descending sun, gave an air of solemn magnificence to the expanded arch of heaven. A warm admirer of nature's ever-varied, ever-delighting beauties, Fanny Maxwell had wandered forth to yield her rapt soul to the thoughts and feelings awakened by the sublimity and grandeur of such a scene. Unconsciously she bent her steps towards that secluded glen which had been the frequent resort of her earlier years. A solitary footpath, untrodden save by a few, passed through it, and opened up a more direct communication with the highway. As she proceeded along the path, pausing oft, and gazing around her, then resuming her walk, she perceived, at a little distance, some person approaching. A slight tremor passed over her frame; for she supposed it might be George Campbell come to urge her to fix the day of their union; and, though she meant one day to do so, yet with that sweet and maidenly delicacy so charming in woman, she trembled but to think of it, and always endeavoured to get it postponed. As he came nearer, however, she perceived that he was not the person she feared yet hoped to meet. The stranger seemed to be in the elastic entrance of manhood—youth was still about him. He was dressed in a rich military uniform; a medal depended from his breast, bearing the impress of a sphinx, and the word *Egypt*. His step and air spoke a man who had been used to command, to meet and despise danger, and to undergo peril, toil, and privation with indifference. The sun and the wind of the desert had bronzed his cheek to a hue darker than his natural complexion, as appeared by his light blue, yet keen and intelligent eye, and the shade of his thickly clustering locks. Fanny Maxwell, absorbed in her own thoughts, had but slightly noticed him, when he accosted her, and inquired the way to Hillside. She pointed it out, and seemed about to continue on her aimless ramble, when the stranger hesitated, stood still, gazed on her a moment, then exclaimed, 'Fanny Maxwell! my own Fanny Maxwell! do you not remember Henry Bruce?' and then clasping her in his arms, held her to his throbbing bosom. Overpowered with a sudden rush of tumultuous feelings, she remained for some time breathless, and nearly fainting in his arms. As she recovered, she gently disengaged herself, and, looking upon him with a tender and mournful expression of countenance, burst into tears.

Thinking that this was but the natural expression of pleasure at such an unexpected meeting, he would have renewed his endearments, in order to soothe her agitation; but she gently repelled him, and in a low, faltering voice, said, 'Henry, we never thought to have seen you more.'

'But I have returned, my dearest Fanny—returned from many a scene of peril—once more to see my dear sister, as I fondly called her in my boyhood, and to try if I might win her permission to address her by a still dearer title.'

'That title, Henry,' said she, in a faint tone, 'is the dearest by which you may ever address me. Indeed

by your absence, and the want of any information concerning you, I thought—I thought that you were—that you could return no more; and I have listened to the addresses of another. I am, though not his wedded, his betrothed bride. I have plighted my faith—my honour is at stake—I will not, I must redeem my pledge.'

He shrunk and staggered as if he had received a deadly wound, leaned against a tree, pressed his hands forcibly upon his heart and head, and fixed his eyes upon her with a gaze of wild and frenzied astonishment; while a quivering thrill of mortal agony shook his whole frame, and writhed the convulsed features of his manly countenance. At length he spoke, and his words were low, broken, and full of a melancholy tenderness.

'And is it thus we meet, after an absence so long, so full of griefs and dangers? I left thee, Fanny, and my tongue had not uttered, could not utter, what my heart so deeply felt; yet I fondly supposed that you could not but have perceived and understood my emotion. I joined the British army,' continued he, feeling a melancholy satisfaction in tracing his progress, and mentioning his feelings and his hopes, though those feelings seemed now all unrequited, and those hopes all withered for ever—'I joined the British army; and our march was soon in foreign lands. I saw their beauties; but I saw them only to despise them. My heart was in the land of my fathers. Often our steps were on the fields of slaughter; and at times, too, disaster pressed us hard. But dangers or sufferings moved not me—there was a mounting spirit, a warm hope within me; and I shrunk not from the combat, nor drooped beneath privation. Uncertainty was around us, and our communication with Britain was unfrequent and interrupted; yet, though far distant, thou wert to my soul like its hopes of heaven, and it would not resign thee. Our course was bent to Egypt, and a new world of strange, mysterious, and awful objects was around us; but there, amidst the ruins of temples, of obelisks, of sphinxes, framed in the infancy of the world—beneath the shade of those majestic pyramids whose enduring strength seems to mock at time—upon the brink of the broad magnificent Nile, with all its associations of the wondrous times and actions of countless antiquity:—even there I could not refrain, in the midst of my excited wonderment, from thinking upon my native Caledonia, her heathy hills, the quietude and happiness of her woody glens, the wild music of her brawling mountain streams, and, oh! dearer than all! the beautiful, the gentle being whose smile had shed bliss upon all my previous existence. When the simoom of the desert smote upon us, hot as the fiery breath of a furnace, I thought of the cool, invigorating breeze of my native mountains. And in that glorious day,' continued he—his warrior spirit kindling within him as the scene rose bright upon his memory, and making him, for a brief moment, forget his sorrows in its high excitement—'in that glorious day, when we ploughed through the foamy surge in the bay of Aboukir, till the keels raised the yellow sands, while shot and shells rained around us, fierce and frequent as hail in a winter storm—when we mounted the rugged heights, in stern unanswering silence, till our bayonets, resistless as the red gleaming lightnings of heaven, burst and destroyed the astonished hands of France; or in that more glorious and bloody day, on the heights of Alexandria, the gallant Abercromby's latest field, when the Highland claymore drank deep of France's heaviest blood, and the tartan was richly stained in the gore of those presumptuously styled Invincibles!—in the midst of the indescribable horrors and wild headlong frenzy of fight, of victory, and of pursuit—thy image shed a softening ray into my heart, and withheld my hand from the feeble or the unresisting foe.

'But why enumerate my feelings and hopes? In the midst of all my scenes of danger and of horror, my only source of support and consolation was to think of thee and of my hoped return to the land of my fathers. And now to have returned, and to have found thee thus—the betrothed of another! O Fanny, Fanny! amidst all my wanderings there never ceased to dwell within my heart a longing desire for that pure domestic bliss, the fruit of reciprocal affection; and I ventured to hope that it might have been found in thee, the innocent playmate of my childhood. That hope has left me too. Now, I——But why should I disturb the happiness of one who is dearer to me than my own existence? I shall leave you, Fanny, at once and for ever; and may he whom you love be to you all that I could have joyed to have been!'

Again he bent on her one long impassioned look; but its character was indeed different. It spoke of the interminable attachment, the soft regard, the tender affection, and the deep devotedness of one who regarded not self, so that he might minister to the happiness of her whom his whole heart loved so fondly. That one look passed through her whole frame like a warm glow of young life; it awakened at once, in full power, all the pure fervour of that affection which had formerly quickened the trembling pulsations of her youthful heart. Though years had passed, and a considerable change had taken place in her situation and in her mental capacities, yet had her first love remained in the innermost recesses of her bosom, pure as the elemental fire in the rays of the sun. It was indeed hidden for a time by one of a less celestial nature; but it mingled not with it, nor could it be extinguished—it was the love of the soul. That look of pure ethereal love, beaming from the expressive eyes of Henry Bruce, had rekindled its sleeping embers; and she felt that George Campbell held but a very secondary place in her affection. A throb of unutterable anguish swelled her heart as she reflected upon her present circumstances. But her high sense of honour pointed out her line of conduct. 'Leave me, Henry!' said she, with a sad, but resolute voice; 'leave me, for I cannot now be yours; and to listen to you in that strain is improper in the destined wife of another. We must meet no more; but wherever you go, or whatever may be your fate, if it will console you in any manner, know that Fanny Maxwell would have died a thousand deaths rather than done what she has done, had she known that her first lover still survived!'

Just as she finished speaking these words, and before the fervour of her meaning and utterance had left her quivering lip, George Campbell advanced, and stood beside the lovers. His face was deadly pale, and his fixed features and compressed lips betrayed the emo-

then which he was evidently struggling to suppress. He had seen the first meeting and embrace of the lovers; and, thinking that he had a right to know who dared assume such familiarity with his affianced bride, he approached unseen, so near as to overhear all their conversation. This he was easily able to do, from the nature of the place, and the engrossing power of their feelings, which rendered them insensible to all around them. He soon learned that, though he should claim and obtain the hand of Fanny Maxwell, it was no longer in her power to bestow her heart. It would be superfluous to say that this discovery agonized his bosom more keenly than all that had ever befallen him. But his heart had learned that there was more real gratification in the exercise of noble and generous virtue and self-denial, than in all the pleasures that could flow from the enjoyment even of life's dearest blessing. His love for Fanny Maxwell had taught him generosity; and her words, when she knew not that he heard the sacrifice they vowed to make, for whom that sacrifice was to be made, confirmed him in his purpose. He took her trembling hand in his, pressed it fervently to his lips, and spoke:—'Heaven knows, my dearest Fanny! with what sincerity I have loved you, and how fondly I would have made you mine. My heart, before I loved you, was a deadened, selfish thing. If it now has any virtue, any sense of generosity, it is to you that it owes them. Let me prove my gratitude. I have heard all that has passed since your meeting with your first lover. To him I resign any claims which I might have conceived that I had upon you. Receive, sir, this highly-valued hand from me. May you both be as happy as your brightest hopes can picture, in the auspicious return and the steady continuance of that purest, sweetest of human passions, "FIRST LOVE!"'

THE COUNTESS OF CASSILIS.

AT a short distance from the ancient castle of Tyningham—the seat, at the period of our story, (the beginning of the seventeenth century,) of Thomas, first Earl of Haddington, a man remarkable at once for his talents and successful ambition—there is a sequestered little spot, enclosed with steep banks, now cleared and cultivated, but then covered with natural wood, which, together with the abruptness of the rising ground, excluded all view of the smooth stripe of greensward that lay between, until approached within a few yards' distance.

Here, in this lovely and retired spot, met, every evening, or at least as often as circumstances would permit, two fond and happy lovers; and here had they vowed a thousand times to remain true to each other while life endured, under all changes of circumstance and time. One of these personages was a remarkably stout and tall young man, of about three-and-twenty, of a frank, bold, and manglise expression of countenance; the other was a young lady in the nineteenth year of her age, possessing more than ordinary beauty, together with a singularly graceful form and carriage.—The first was no other—a personage of no meaner note—than Sir John Fea of Dunbar—a gentleman who had already established a high reputation for bravery and for superior prowess and dexterity in all manly exercises. The other, more than his equal in rank, was the Lady Jane Hamilton, daughter of the Earl of Haddington already spoken of.

It may be thought that such clandestine meetings between persons of such condition as this, was not altogether becoming in either. But there was a reason for it.

The addresses of Sir John to the Earl's daughter were not approved of by her father, who, desirous of connecting himself with the older peers—his own title being but a recent one—intended that Lady Jane should marry the Earl of Cassilis—a stern Covenanter, and a man, besides, of haughty and imperious temper, who had already made some overtures for the hand of the Lady Jane.

The interviews between the lovers, therefore, were—no uncommon thing—stolen ones; as the Earl, aware of their attachment, had peremptorily forbidden Sir John his house, and had as peremptorily forbidden his daughter ever to see or hold any correspondence with him. But love was stronger than the sense of duty; and the fair lady continued to evade her father's injunctions, to elude his vigilance, and to meet with her lover, in the little dell between the woods, as often as occasion permitted or opportunity offered.

This intercourse, however, was carried on, on the part of the young Knight, at the imminent risk of his life; since, had his stern rival, the Earl of Cassilis (who already considered himself as the affianced husband of the Lady Jane, although he had never deigned to consult the lady herself on the subject) been aware of his perseverance in his suit, his death would have been inevitable. The proud Earl would not have brooked the insult, and it is not unlikely, had he known what was going forward, that others besides Sir John would have felt his vengeance. The lovers, therefore, were perfectly aware of the dangerous game they were playing; but this circumstance, instead of damping the ardour of their passion, had the effect only of increasing it, and of endearing them still more and more to each other.

It will readily be conceived, from what has been related, that the two rivals for the hand of the Lady Jane Hamilton entertained the most deadly dislike of each other—for the Earl of Cassilis was not ignorant of Sir John's pretensions; and this feeling never failed to evince itself when by any chance they happened to meet—a circumstance which more than once occurred.

On one of these occasions, they had even gone so far as to draw upon each other, and were prevented from closing in deadly strife only by the determined interference of some mutual friends who chanced to be present.

'Beware, Sir John,' said the stern Earl, on the occasion we allude to, at the same time sheathing his

jerked with violence into its scabbard—'Beware, Sir John, of crossing my path—you know the quarter I mean—otherwise, you may rue it. Remember, young man,' he added, 'I have cautioned you.'

'And remember I have defied you,' replied the undaunted youth whom he addressed, 'Earl though ye be!' And he turned haughtily on his heel and left the apartment which was the scene of this occurrence.—To this defiance the Earl made no reply; but those who were near him saw an expression of deadly wrath on his dark stern countenance that made them at once congratulate themselves on not being the objects of it, and fear the worst for him who was, should he ever be unfortunate enough to fall into his power.

'And when, Sir John, will you return?' was a question put in a gentle and faint voice—faint with emotion—by the Lady Jane Hamilton to her lover, as they walked arm in arm in the little sequestered dell of which we have already spoken, one beautiful summer evening shortly after the occurrence of the circumstance just related. 'When do you think you will return?' she said coldly, on being informed by her lover that the following day was fixed upon for his departure for the Continent, whither he had, for some time previously, intended going—an intention of which the Lady Jane had been perfectly aware—to improve himself by a few months' travel.

'This is June,' said the young Knight, in a voice scarcely less tremulous than that of his fair companion. And he paused a moment, and then added—'I will be home, my love, God willing, about the latter end of October; and, believe me, Lady Jane, short as this time is, it looks an eternity to me.'

A lengthened silence succeeded; for both were too much engrossed by the melancholy thoughts which their approaching separation gave rise to, to prosecute the conversation. Another short, but sad and yet happy hour, quickly flew over the lovers, when the gathering shades of night intimated to them that their interview must terminate. Feeling this, the fond pair, for the thousandth time, solemnly pledged themselves, in the face of heaven, to continue faithful to their vows, tenderly embraced each other, and parted.

On the day following, Sir John set out for London, from whence he proceeded to Paris, thence to Madrid, where suddenly all traces of him were lost; and no after inquiries could ever elicit the slightest explanation of his mysterious disappearance.

Weeks, months, and years passed away, but they brought no intelligence of the fate of the unfortunate young Knight. It was the universal belief that he had perished by the hands of assassins; and in this conviction all further inquiry regarding him finally ceased; while time, as it passed on, produced its usual effects in lessening the general interest in his fate, and in gradually obliterating the recollection of him from the minds of his acquaintances. But there was one over whose memory time had no such power—one who did not only fondly remember him, but who, night and day, sorrowed for his loss through long tedious years. Lady Jane Hamilton, although circumstances subsequently changed her destiny, never forgot the first love of her young and affectionate heart.

Soon after the departure of Sir John Fae, the Earl of Hedlington, taking advantage of that circumstance, resolved, if possible, to accomplish the marriage of his daughter to the Earl of Cassilis before the return of the former; and, fortunately, as he conceived, the latter himself, as if actuated by the same motive, renewed at this moment certain overtures connected with this matter which had lain for some time in abeyance, and pressed his suit with the lady's father with an urgency that would admit of no evasion or delay.

For full two years, however, after the departure of her lover, and fully a year and a half after the period when he was first believed to have perished, neither the threats of her father nor the importunities of her noble suitor could prevail on the Lady Jane to become the Countess of Cassilis. At the end of this period, however, the broken-hearted maiden—believing in the death of her lover, and unable longer to withstand the incessant and remorseless persecution with which she was assailed, daily and hourly, by her ambitious father—permitted herself to be dragged to the altar, but not before she had been shown a letter, whether forged or not is not known, from the English ambassador at the Spanish court, giving assurance of the death of Sir John Fae, whom he represented as having perished in the way generally believed—namely, by the daggers of some braves.

The marriage of the Lady Jane Hamilton to the Earl of Cassilis was celebrated at Tyningham Castle, with all the magnificence and pomp which the magic wand of wealth could call into existence. Its tall and numerous windows blazed with light. Its liveried lackeys flew through its illuminated halls, preciously burdened with silver trenchers, on which smoked the rarest and the richest viands; or bore massive flagons of the same precious metal, filled with the choicest wines; while its gorgeous apartments rung with the joyous sounds of mirth and music. But it was a striking thing to note, in the midst of all this splendid pageantry, and in the midst of this crowd of merry faces, that the only one who wore sad looks, the only one who appeared unmoved by this stirring scene, and who took no share in the rejoicing that was going forward, was her on whose account and whom to honour, all this bustle and magnificence had been created.

In a corner of the principal hall, where all the *élite* of the night were assembled, the Countess of Cassilis sat all alone, pale as death, gazing with vacant eye on the moving and glittering spectacle before her, and looking only the more wretched and unhappy for the splendour with which she was attired. All the efforts of her father and her husband were unable to compel her even to assume the appearance of a becoming happiness; and, finding this, they at length refrained (from a fear that perseverance on their part would lead to some more awkward exposures) from insisting upon her taking any share in doing the honours of the evening, and allowed her to occupy undisturbed the retired seat which she had chosen, and to which, though frequently brought forward to receive the congratulations of new comers, she seized every opportunity of instantly returning.—Nor was the conduct of the unhappy bride during the ceremony of these congratulations, brief though they were, less marked by indications of the unmitigated feelings which overwhelmed her, than on other more important

occasions. Her pale and emaciated countenance, the faint forced smile, and the slight, cold, formal courtesy with which she acknowledged the wishes of the guests for long life and happiness to the Countess of Cassilis, but too plainly showed how little of the latter she anticipated, and how little of the former she desired.

All the stirring and joyous revelry usual on such occasions, nevertheless, went on; but it was soon interrupted by an occurrence that threw a damp on the revellers and finally hastened their departure. In the very midst of the mirth and rejoicing, and at the moment when those seemed to have attained their height, the whole assembly was suddenly thrown into the utmost consternation by a loud and piercing shriek proceeding from that end of the hall where the Countess of Cassilis was seated. All hurried towards the spot—some leaving the dance unfinished, others hastily throwing down the untasted goblet—and crowded around the sufferer from whom the alarming cry had proceeded. It was the bride. Senseless and extended on the floor, there lay the miserable Countess of Cassilis. But what had happened to cause this extraordinary accident no one could tell. It was ascertained that she had been sitting quite alone when the illness, of whatever nature it was, under which she was now suffering, had seized her; so that no sudden injury of any kind could have befallen her. Her illness, in short, was quite inexplicable. But, as she was about being removed, which was instantly done, there were one or two around her who, hearing her muttering, as she was being raised from the floor, 'I've seen him, I've seen him!' more than guessed the cause of the poor lady's sudden illness.

On the removal of the Countess, there were some attempts made to revive the revelries of the evening and to reinfuse the spirit of mirth into the revellers, which the occurrence just related seemed to have dissipated; but in vain. After some ineffectual efforts of this kind, the company broke up; and, long before the anticipated hour, the guests were gone, the lights extinguished, and silence reigned in the halls of Tyningham Castle.

On the day following this event, the Countess of Cassilis was removed by her husband to Cassilis Castle, an old, heavy, gloomy-looking fortalice on the banks of the Doon, in the shire of Ayr, where the unhappy lady remained for four years, heart-broken, crushed in spirit, and looking forward to the grave as the only termination of her sorrows. Her stern husband took no pains to reconcile her to her destiny, nor did he even show her any of those little kindnesses and attentions which are so well calculated to win on the female heart, and which, had they been employed in this case, might have induced the Countess of Cassilis, since she could not love, at least to esteem her lord. But the Earl had obtained, in a large accession of wealth, all that he desired or cared for in uniting himself to the unfortunate Lady Jane; and the consequence was, that, soon after his marriage, he neglected her, to pursue his schemes of ambition and personal aggrandisement. Thus left alone, as she often was, for weeks, nay, for months, in the lonely castle in which she had been immured, the Countess of Cassilis might often be seen walking on the battlements—almost the only species of recreation within her power—in solitary sadness; at one time, stopping to gaze, but with listless eye, on the wide and romantic scene that lay around her; at another, to look on the leaping and foaming waters of the Doon, immortalised by the poet's song, and to think of the days that were past, of her blighted hopes and untoward destiny.

Most appropriate to her, to her feelings and circumstances, would have been the melancholy song of Burns, of which her present locality was long afterwards to be the scene. Well might the Countess of Cassilis have exclaimed—

> "Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon
> How can ye blume sae fresh and fair?
> How can ye chaunt, ye little birds,
> And I sae weary, fu' o' care?"

But this beautiful lyric was not then in existence, nor for nearly two centuries after.

It was about the end of the fourth year after her marriage, and while leading this solitary and melancholy life, that the Countess of Cassilis, as she walked one evening, as was her wont, on the battlements of the castle, was suddenly alarmed by seeing a numerous band of gipsies approaching the building; and she was the more alarmed, that the Earl, with nearly all his immediate retainers, was at that moment from home, the former being then in attendance on the assembly of divines at Westminster. The Countess, however, would have felt but little uneasiness at the threatened visit of these wanderers, although they had been even much more numerous than they were—for such visitations were then of ordinary occurrence—had they presented the usual appearance, and had the band been composed of the usual materials—that is, of men, women, and children. But in this case there were none of the latter. The whole were men—and all young, stout, active-looking men they were; and hence the alarm of the Countess.

Her fears, however, did not prevent her watching their motions for some time ere she descended from the battlements; and this surveillance discovered to her that they were under the conduct of a leader, and that they were approaching the castle with a very suspicious degree of caution, and yet with a still more startling haste.

Strongly suspecting that the designs of the gipsies were evil, the Countess of Cassilis hastened down from the battlements, and secured herself within the walls of the castle. In the meantime, the band of gipsies approached; but, instead of attempting any violence, they began to sing some of the wild strains with which they usually sought to attract the notice and excite the charity of those to whom they appealed. Her apprehensions somewhat allayed by this pacific indication, the Countess ventured towards a window that overlooked the rude minstrels, and was about to fling them a suitable guerdon, when, on obtaining the nearer view of their leader, which this step afforded, she uttered a piercing shriek and fell senseless on the floor. His disguise had not been able to conceal him her—for sharp, sharp are the eyes of love—that in the leader of the gipsies, she had met with the lost Knight of Dunbar. In the next instant, the Countess was in the arms of the lover of her youth. He it was who acted as leader of the gipsies; and the purpose for which he now came was to carry off, in the absence of her husband—of whose absence he was aware—the betrothed of his early years.

In place of having been unnoticed, as was generally believed, Sir John had been consigned to the designers of the inquisition in consequence of some unexplained expressions, regarding the holy office, which he had allowed to escape him when in Madrid; and he from dungeons had he lain, from the time he was first lost sight of till within about six weeks of his appearance at Castile Castle. On his return home, he had learnt, for the first time, of the marriage of the Lady Joan to the Earl of Castile; and this information having been accompanied by the intelligence that the latter was then in London, had determined him on the desperate enterprise in which he was now engaged. All this Sir John now communicated to the Countess, and ended with proposing that she should fly with him.

'No, no; Sir John,' said the now weeping and deeply agitated lady—'I cannot, I will not, do anything so unbecoming the daughter of the Earl of Huddington and the wife of Castile. However unwillingly I may have become the latter, I feel myself equally bound to commit his honour as my own, and to do nothing that might sully either. Go then, Sir John,' she continued—'oh, do depart from me—do leave me, and take with you an assurance of my confidence and unchanged'—she paused for a moment, and added—'esteem.'

But vain, vain were the good resolutions of the unfortunate Countess—vain her determination not to take so hazardous, and perhaps it ought to be added, so infamous a step as that proposed by her desperate and unthinking lover. Love, almighty love, finally prevailed—all the Countess's resolutions melted away before the energetic importunities of her lover, like snow beneath the midsummer sun; and the succeeding hour saw her mounted on the mottled steed which he had brought for the express purpose of carrying her away—

> 'He light to the crump the fair lady he swung,
> He light to the saddle before her he sprung.'

This done, exactly as the poet has described it, the ill-starred pair commenced their flight, still attended, however, by the gipsy band which Sir John had employed to aid him in the abduction, and which he thought it necessary to keep around him till he should have got to a sufficient distance to be relieved from all apprehensions of pursuit.

Leaving the guilty lovers to pursue their way, we shall return to Castile Castle, destined to be almost instantly afterwards the scene of another interesting and most ominous event. This was the unexpected return of the Earl, who, with a large body of retainers, suddenly rode into the castle yard, within less than half an hour after the departure of the Countess and her lover.

Before he had yet got his foot to the ground, the Earl was informed of what had occurred.

'Gone, said you!—the Countess gone, and with Sir John Fan!' exclaimed the amazed and now infuriated nobleman, to the person who gave the intelligence. 'Impossible! Thou liest, knave!—thou wouldst deceive me, and thou shalt hang for it.' But, exhibiting a strange contradiction between his conduct and his language, the Earl, even while he spoke, sprung again into his saddle, and furiously calling on his retainers to follow him, set off at full speed in the direction which the fugitives had taken. Her was his ride, though a rapid, a long one. At a ford across the Dunn, not many miles from Castile Castle, and still called from the circumstance we are about to relate, the 'Gipsies' Steps,' the Earl and his party overtook his unfortunate Countess and her still more unfortunate endeavorer.

On seeing the former approach, which the fugitives did with a degree of concernment which could only have been equalled had they seen them drop from the clouds, Sir John, his natural intrepidity not permitting him to reckon on the fearful odds that were coming against him, prepared to offer resistance; and in this hopeless resolution he persisted, though aware that he could place but little reliance on the co-operation of those around him—the gipsies showing but little inclination to fight, from a well-grounded fear that such a proceeding would increase the severity of their treatment in the event of their being taken; and of this, from the overwhelming superiority in point of numbers of the party coming down upon them, they had no doubt.

Dismounting now from his horse, Sir John assisted the Countess to alight; and, placing her at a sufficient distance to insure her safety from any instant danger, the brave young man leaped again into his saddle, and, drawing his sword, awaited the onset of his enemies, determined to defend the fair companion of his flight as long as he could continue to wield the good weapon which he now so resolutely and proudly grasped.

In a few minutes after, the pursuing party were down upon the fugitives, when the Earl, singling out Sir John, exclaimed, as he rushed upon him, 'Have at thee, villain!' and with those words discharged a blow at him which would have immediately unhorsed him, had it not been adroitly warded off. But of what avail was the averting the stroke of one sword when there were many to contend with, and one single arm only to oppose them; for the gipsies had not offered the slightest resistance. In an instant, a score of weapons were flashing around the head of the solitary combatant; yet long and obstinately did he continue the unequal fight, and well did he prove his manhood, although it could have been wished that it had been exhibited in a better cause. More than one of Sir John's assailants fell beneath his sword, and numbers felt the keenness of its edge, and the dexterity with which it was handled, in their gaping wounds.

Such a contest as this, however, when it was one to fifty, could be but of short duration. In a few minutes, Sir John was severely wounded, unhorsed, and borne, or rather dragged down, bleeding and exhausted, to the earth. The moment he fell, the points of some eight or ten swords were levelled at his heart, and would have instantly transfixed it, had not the Earl called out to those who wielded them to desist.

'Don't kill him—don't kill him!' he shouted out, at the same time forcing his way through the crowd that surrounded him. 'I will clear scores with him in another way,' he added. 'A dog's death is more befitting him than a gentleman's.' These were ominous words, and well understood by all who heard them.

The Earl now rode up, for the first time, to where his unhappy Countess stood, and assuming a mock

gallantry as he approached her, but with a bitter smile on his countenance, took off his hat, and pointing to Sir John, who was now bound and placed on horseback, informed her that her lover intended honouring his castle with another visit, and had commissioned him to say that he would be glad of the Countess of Camlie' company. Having said this, he desired some of his attendants to assist his wretched wife to get on horseback, when, leaving her under their care, with instructions to see her safely conveyed to the castle, he left her without further remark or observation, to join the party who surrounded the prisoners.

The whole cavalcade—the captives, consisting of Sir John and the whole of the gipsey gang, being placed in the middle—now set forward for Camlie Castle. On their arrival there, the prisoners were halted beneath a large plane tree, which grew, and, we believe, still flourishes, on a little knoll in front of the castle gate. All, both the prisoners and their captors, knew full well what the Earl meant by his selection of their halting place. The tree alluded to was one of dismal notoriety; it was known far and wide by the name of the 'Dule Tree'—a name which it had acquired from its having been used by the Earl of Camlie as a gallows on which all offenders within his jurisdiction, who were condemned to death, were executed.

The prisoners were now drawn up in a line, and there kept until they had witnessed, what was immediately exhibited, the final preparations for execution; which consisted simply in fastening a rope, with a running noose, to one of the lower branches, and placing a cart underneath it, with a person standing in readiness by the horse's head to drive off at a given signal.

When these rude primitive preliminaries were gone through, all the prisoners, including Sir John Fee, with the exception of one who was left for instant execution, were marched into the castle, and shut up with a strong guard in one of its apartments.

Everything being now ready for the performance of the dreadful tragedy which was about to be enacted, the Earl of Camlie proceeded to the Countess' chamber, and again assuming the mock air of politeness of which we have already spoken, he bowed low as he entered the apartment, and begged to inform the Countess of Camlie that he had got up a play for her divertisement, in which her lover, Sir John, had obligingly undertaken to perform a principal part, and desired that she would condescend to witness the pastime. Saying this, he roughly seized the Countess by the arm and dragged her to an apartment where there was a window that overlooked the place of execution.

Having placed the Countess at this window, the Earl made a signal to those assembled beneath the 'Dule Tree,' and in an instant afterwards the first of the unhappy captives was seen suspended by the neck, struggling in the agonies of death. Another and another of those miserable men followed in due time, until of the whole party their unfortunate leader, Sir John, only remained.

On this ill-fated gentleman being brought out for execution, the Earl roused the attention of his unhappy wife, by calling out to her, with savage glee, as look attentively, as her lover Sir John was now about to play his part; and he had no doubt, he said, that he would do it handsomely. The wretched lady glanced towards the field too and saw him who had been her first, and was yet her only love, about to suffer an ignominious death. The fatal rope was already about the neck of the gallant, but erring young man, whose bearing, in this dreadful situation, evinced all that unflinching fortitude for which he had always been remarkable.

Just before being thrown off, he caught a glimpse of the Countess' figure at the window. He bowed gracefully towards her, kissed his hand to her, and waved an eternal adieu. In the next instant, he was insensible to all earthly objects. These last proofs of the endeared young man's unchangeable affection, however, of which we have just spoken, were not seen by her for whom they were intended; for, although at the window, she was forcibly held there by her savage husband, her eyes were closed on the dreadful scene, and she heard wholly unconscious of what at that fatal instant was passing before her.

The apartment from which the miserable Countess of Camlie was compelled to witness this dreadful tragedy is still pointed out by the name of the 'Countess' Room.' In this chamber the unhappy lady was kept a prisoner for several days after the execution of Sir John and his followers, when she was removed to another of the family residences in the town of Hayhole, in Ayrshire, where she was confined during the remainder of her life—the Earl her husband, in the meantime, marrying another wife.

Such is the story of the Countess of Camlie, and a veritable tale it is.

THE MONKS OF DRYBURGH.

These worthies were celebrated for "gold hell;" but they were no less remarkable for their ingenuity in directing the wealth of their neighbours and dependants into their own coffers.

In common with others of their profession, they assailed the death-beds of the wealthy, and persuaded the dying sinner that he had no chance of heaven unless he came handsomely down for their holy brotherhood before his departure.

They were thus constantly on the alert when the death of a person in good circumstances was reported to be at hand. This intelligence no sooner reached them—and they were always well informed on such subjects—than they hastened to the couch of the dying person, stationed to prepare him, by spiritual discourse, for the approaching change, and to narrow what they could of the sinner's temporal possessions in return.

It was for such purposes as those that two of the brethren of Dryburgh set out, one day, in great haste, to visit the old Laird of Mistrum, whom, they had been informed, was suddenly brought to the point of

death; and the intimation was but too true—for the old man had not only arrived at the point of death, but had passed it, and that ere they came. In other words, the laird was dead when they arrived, and their services, of course, no longer required.

This was a dreadful disappointment to the holy men; for they had reckoned on making an excellent thing of the job, as the laird had been long in their eye, and had been carefully trained up for the *fleece* of a handsome bequest.

It was with long faces, therefore, and woful looks, that the monks returned to their monastery, and reported the unlucky accident of the laird's having slipped away before they had time to make any thing of him in his last moments. The disappointment was felt by all to be a grievous one, for the laird had been confidently reckoned upon as sure game. While in this state of mortification, a bright idea occurred to one of the brethren, and he mentioned it to the rest, by whom it was highly approved of.

This idea was to conceal the laird's death for a time; to remove his body out of the way, and to procure some one to occupy his bed, and pass for the laird in a dying state; then to procure a notary and witnesses; having previously instructed the laird's representative how to conduct himself—that is, to bequeath all his property to the monastery: this done, the living man to be secretly conveyed away, the dead one restored to his place again, and his death publicly announced.

This ingenious scheme of the monk met with universal approbation, and it was determined that it should be instantly acted upon.

Fortunately, so far, for the monks, there was a poor man, a small farmer in the neighbourhood, of the name of Thomas Dickson, who bore a singularly strong personal resemblance to the deceased—a circumstance which at once pointed him out as the fittest person to act the required part. This person was, accordingly, immediately waited upon, the matter explained to him, and a handsome gratuity offered him for his services.

'A bargain be't,' said Thomas, when the terms were proposed to him; 'never ye fear me. If I dinna mak a guid job o't, blame me. I kent the laird weel, and ane come as near him in speech as I'm said to do in person.'

The monks, satisfied with Thomas's assurances of fidelity, proceeded with their design; and, when every thing was prepared—the laird's body removed out of the way, Thomas extended on his bed, and the curtains closely drawn round him—they introduced the notary, to take down the old man's testament, (having previously intimated to the former that he was required by the latter for that purpose,) and four witnesses to attest the facts that were about to be exhibited.

Everything being in readiness—the lawyer with pen in hand, and the witnesses in the attitude of prof ound attention—one of the monks intimated to the dying man that he might now proceed to dictate his will.

'Very weel,' replied the latter, in a feeble, tremulous tone. 'Hear me, then, good folks a'. I bequeath to honest Tammie Dickson, whom I hae lang respeckit for his worth, and pitied for his strain, the hail o' my movable gudds and lyin' money. Put doon that.' And down that accordingly went. But, if the honest laird had risen into the air with them, or the ghosts of their great grandfathers had appeared before them, the monks could not have expressed more astonishment or consternation than they did, at finding themselves thus so fairly outwitted by the superior genius of the canny farmer. They dared not, however, breathe a word of remonstrance, nor take the smallest notice of the pitch that was about being played them; for their own character was at stake in the transaction, and the least intimation of their design on the laird's property would have exposed them to public infamy—and this Thomas well knew. It was in vain, therefore, that they edged round towards the bed—compelling, however, their movements from those present—and expressed and pinched the dying laird. He was not to be so driven from his purpose. On he went, bequeathing first one thing and then another, to his honest friend, Thomas Dickson, till Thomas was fairly put in possession of everything the laird had worth bequeathing. Some trifles, indeed, he had the prudence and discretion to bestow upon the monks of Dryburgh; but trifles they were, truly, when compared to the valuable legacy he left to himself.

When the dying laird had disposed of every thing he had, the scene closed. The discomfited monks returned to their monastery—the notary and the witnesses departed—and Thomas Dickson, in due time, stepped into a comfortable living, and defied the monks of Dryburgh, on the peril of their good name, even to dare to hint how he had come by it.

THE CLERICAL MURDERER.

The story which has been told of John Smithson, the minister of Berwick, who was, in the year 1672, executed for committing a crime which has seldom stained the hands of the ministers of the religion of Christ, is as true as it is extraordinary. There are connected with it some circumstances which have communicated to it a character of even deeper interest than what generally invests tales of blood. Sympathy for the victim, disgust and hatred towards the perpetrator, and a general feeling of horror at the contemplation of the crime, are the usual emotions excited by the commission of an aggravated murder; but there are sometimes afforded, by these melancholy exhibitions of the weakness and sinfulness of our fallen nature, certain lights "burning blue," which lay open, with their mysterious glare, recesses in the heart of man which no philosophy has ever been able to reach and develope.

It was remarked that Smithson was one of the best of sons. His aged mother was supported by him for a long period, and at a time when he could very ill spare the means. Indeed, such was his filial affection, that he once travelled fifty miles in one day to get payment

of a small sum of money that had been due to his father; and to procure which for his mother, he required to beg his way to the residence of the creditor. When he returned, he presented to her the whole sum; and when asked upon what he had supported himself on the journey, he replied that the cause in which he was engaged procured him the means of subsistence, for he was not refused alms by a single individual whom he had solicited.

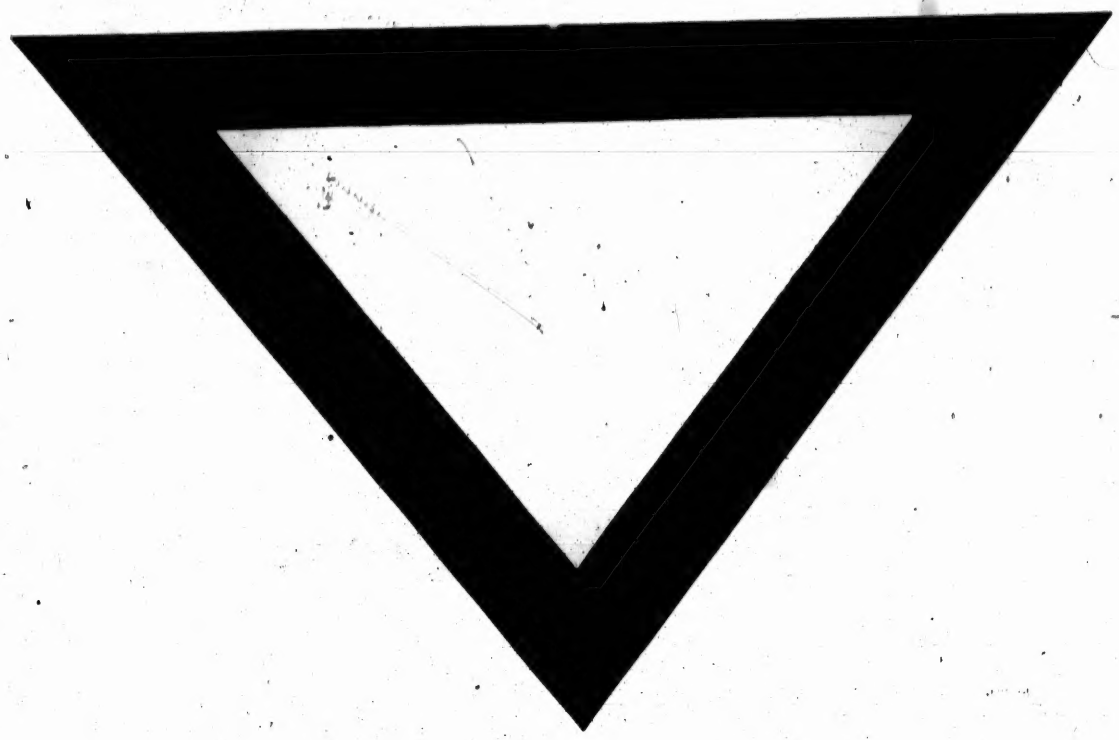
It was in consequence of his kindness to his father and mother that he was assisted by a rich friend to acquire education fitted for his becoming a clergyman. For this patron he ever afterwards felt the strongest esteem; and his gratitude kept pace with his affection. He attended his friend on his death-bed, and administered to him that knowledge and consolation which the clerical education he had received enabled him to bestow on his dying benefactor. Nor did he consider that the gratuitous assistance, which had thus been extended to him, could be repaid alone by affection towards the munificent giver, but declared that, as it came from heaven, so ought the gratitude of his heart to be directed to the origin of all gifts that are bestowed on the deserving.

Gratitude is not only its own reward, but the cause often of the means of its own increase; for Smithson's benefactor was so pleased with his attention to him when dying, that he left him a large legacy in his will, which relieved him from that state of dependence which he found had limited his means of doing good. He soon afterwards married a very beautiful woman, and got himself placed in the church of Berwick.

His ministerial duties were performed with the greatest devotion and zeal for the welfare of the people intrusted to his charge. His attention to his parishioners was unremitting—his prayers for the dying, or the sorrow-smitten, were fervent—and the poor and aged not only tasted of the consolations afforded by his pious sympathy, but often had their wants relieved by his charitable hand. No mortal eye could discover in this any insincerity, far less any cloak put on to cover evil already done, or any false assumption of a good and devout character to avert the eye of suspicion from deeds intended to be perpetrated.

His character had, indeed, in other respects, been tried and found not a-wanting. A relation of his had died, and left a large sum of money to be divided among his nephews and nieces. The money was recovered by Smithson, and upon the young heirs arriving at majority, was divided among them with so much honesty, that they all combined in addressing to him a letter, wherein they extolled his character for justice, honour, and piety, and attributed to him all the qualities of a saint.

In addition to all this, his conjugal character was unspotted. His attentions to his wife were what might have been expected from a good husband and a minister of the gospel; the breath of scandal never dimmed the purity of his fidelity, nor could the most querulous monitor of conjugal obligations have found any fault with the manner in which he fulfilled not only the duties of a husband, but the more generous and less easily counterfeited attentions of the lover. His wife seemed to be grateful for his kindness, and respected his official character so much as she loved those private virtues from which she was so much benefited in her moral, as she was aided in her personal and conjugal capacity.

On a Sunday previous to that on which the fatal event was to be disposed, he preached in the Church of Berwick. His text was the sixth commandment—'Thou shalt not kill.' His sermons, always animated and vigorous, and possessing even a tint of devout enthusiasm, were much relished by his congregation; but, on that day, he outshone all his former efforts of pulpit eloquence. He painted the character of the murderer with colours drawn from the palette of inspired truth; the cruel, remorseless, blood-thirsty heart of the son of Cain was laid open to the eyes of his entranced audience; the feelings of the victim were described with such power of sympathy that the tears of the congregation fell in ready and heartfelt tribute to the power of his delineation; his own emotion, equalling that of his people, filled his eyes with tears, and lent to his voice that peculiar thrilling sound, which calls forth while it expresses the strongest pity. The man of God seemed inspired, and he communicated the inspiration to those who heard him. His hand was observed to tremble; his eye was bloodshot—his manner nervous, tremulous, excited, and enthusiastic; his voice 'broken with pity;' and, at times, discordant with the overpowering excess of his emotion. His whole soul seemed under the influence of divine power; and his body, quailing under the energies of its noble partner, shook like a thing touched by the hand of the Almighty.

On that morning the preacher had murdered his wife. By the time the congregation came out, the news had begun to spread. Nobody would credit what they heard, while they exclaimed that his sermon was strange, and his manner remarkable. A determination not to believe was mixed with strange insinuations, and the town of Berwick was suspended between extravagant incredulity and unaccountable suspicions. But the report was true, and the fact remains as one of those occurrences in life, which no knowledge of the heart of man, though dignified with the proud name of philosophy, has been, or perhaps ever will be, able to explain.